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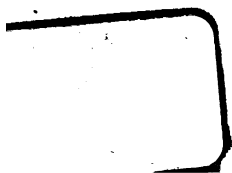
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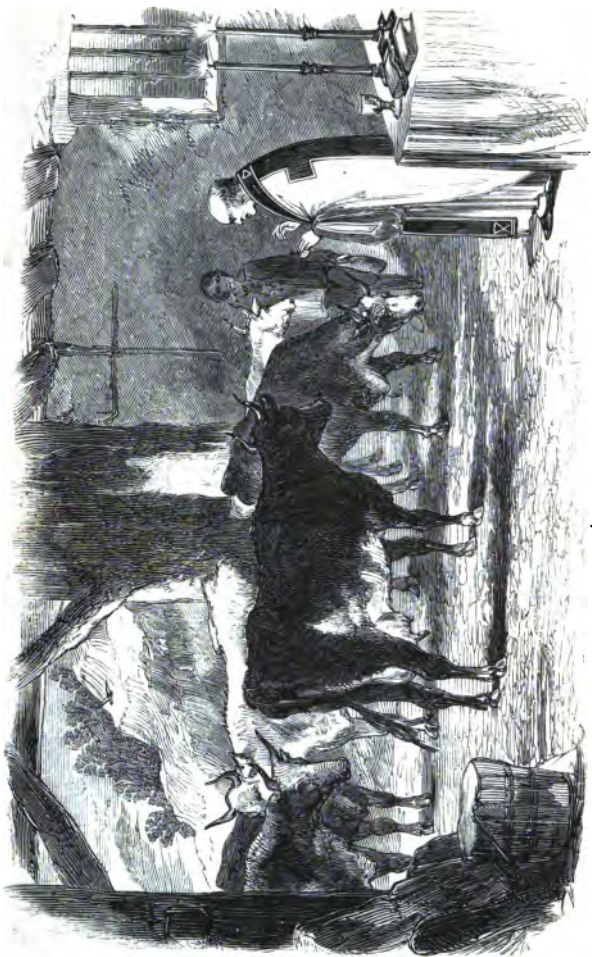
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"THE ISLAND OF SAINTS;"

OR,

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BY

JOHN ELIOT HOWARD.

Seeleys.

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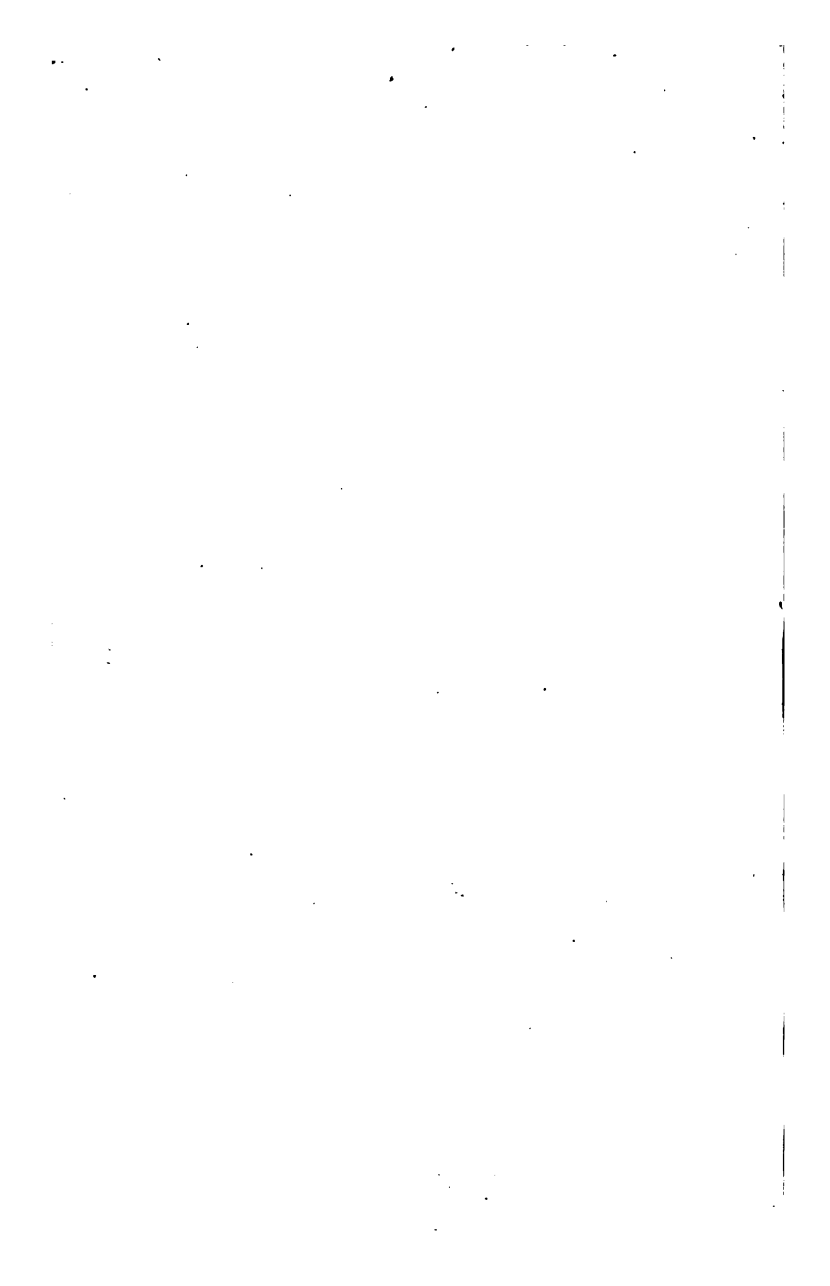
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LONDON:
PRINTED BY WETTHEIMER AND CO.,
CIRCUS PLACE, FINSBURY CIRCUS.

Sketches - 14 April, 1944.

THE ISLAND OF SAINTS.



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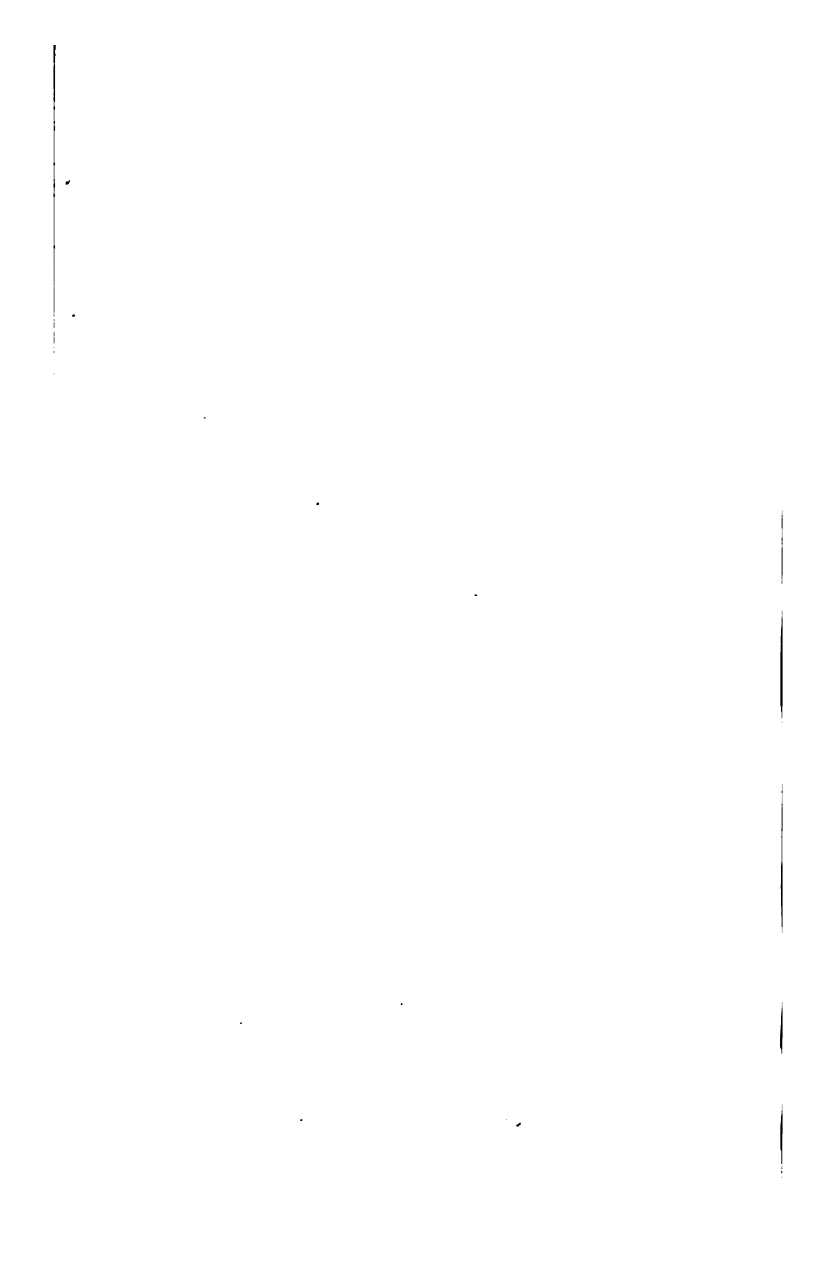
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EXPLANATION OF PLATES.

THE illustrations which I have included in this volume I owe to the photographic zeal of one of my sons who accompanied me in this journey. The lithographs, as copied from these sun-pictures, may thus fairly lay claim to the merit of accuracy, and will require but few words in explanation.

Plate 1. The convent scene tells its own tale, the man of Galway being a characteristic likeness. *Page 12*

Plate 2. The peasant-girl at the gateway of Cong Abbey also stood for her portrait, and her dress will therefore give some idea of the appearance of the Connemara females. The bright colours are, however, wanting, and it must be remembered that their style of dress is very various. *Page 13*

Plate 3. In the gateway of the Abbey, on Inchagoile, will be seen a specimen of very early ecclesiastical architecture. It has the peculiarity of being wider at the bottom than towards the arched top. *Page 62*

Plate 4. The inscription on the tombstone of Lugnaedon, commences towards the summit on the right hand side, and the reader must remember that it is in Irish letters. *Page 64*

Plate 5. The view of Clifden shews the larger portion of the town, and the English church, as also the newly-erected convent on the highest summit overlooking the town, and part of the Protestant school-houses. The mountain-ranges give some idea of the scenery of Connemara. *Page 85*

Plate 6. The portion of the interior of Burrisshoole Abbey, consisting of a tomb with inscription, date 1623, is represented just as we found and left each feature of the scene. *Page 186*

Plate 7. The new colony of Achill shews the vast improvement in the style of building, but the reader must imagine the emerald green of rich verdure in the well-cultivated fields around. The contrast then, even externally, would be very much more remarkable. Slievemore was too grand an object to be represented in this view. *172*

Plate 8. In the view of Dugort (or Old Achill), the neglected appearance of the place is scarcely done justice to, as, in order to effect this, it would have been necessary to shew the interior, as well as the exterior of these dwellings; and this was, from various causes, found to be impracticable.

The potatoe ridges nearer the foreground, are, however, well represented. 176

Plate 9. The Abbey and Round Tower on Devenish Island, allows the difference of architecture to be seen in part, but not so fully as a more close inspection would make manifest. 212

Plate 10. In the second view is seen the portion of the Abbey which has been converted into a cowshed. The entrance to the Round Tower, it will be seen, is elevated eight or ten feet above the ground, so as only to be reached by a ladder which we had caused to be brought for the purpose of exploring the building. The opening towards the summit is the east window or orifice. 210

Plate 11. The cross at Clones is of black stone, and much defaced. I am not sure of the date, nor of the meaning of the figures. One of these may be a lamb, but perhaps, more probably, from its appearance, a dog, which emblem was often introduced as a symbolical representation of the flesh, as opposed to the christian life. 213

The woodcut in the frontispiece is copied from the publications of the Rev. E. Nangle, who pledges himself to the accuracy of the narrative of the scene as given in the Appendix. This appears to be by no means an unusual or unsanctioned piece of superstition, but a legitimate part of popery. It

seems, some of the priests begin to be ashamed of it, as they tell the people the mass will be of no efficacy if the secret is communicated to their Protestant neighbours. Thus we read in the Ladies' Irish Association Report for 1855, from the neighbourhood of Sligo, the following statement: "A poor woman happened to have a sick cow, and she went to one of these priests to say a mass for her sick cow. He asked the woman, did she tell any of her Protestant neighbours? 'I did,' said she, 'and I had no harm in doing so.' 'Now you may go home,' said he, 'for the mass would go for nought when any of them knew anything of it.'" I am informed, the people in Achill used to give the priests 2s. 6d. for each cow or horse the priest would bless in the chapel for them.

The "Wafer" is also copied from the same publication, and presents (according to the Rev. E. Nangle) a faithful portrait of this object of Romish idolatry, as manufactured at Tuam.

The scene representing the delivery of the scapular is from the publication on this subject of which I have given the title in the substance of the work.

INTRODUCTION.

IN confirmation of the statements in this volume, I have recently met with two documents of importance in relation to the Reformation movement in Ireland, and which require a brief notice.

The first of these is the report of the tour of the excellent Bishop of Tuam, in the months of July and August, 1855. The number of converts who were then confirmed is stated to be 305, and "the bishop desires that in drawing up this report, it may be stated, that from the inquiries made by his lordship, he learns from every quarter, that although the people are strongly urged to oppose the work of the missions, there never was a time when the missionaries and Scripture readers found a more ready access and general acceptance amongst the Roman Catholics. His lordship further wishes that it should be observed, that although the population in many parts is greatly diminished, by emigration and various other causes, so that it might have been expected that the congregations and the schools would have been considerably lessened, yet that

this has occurred in a much less degree than could have been anticipated, the places of those who have left having been in so many cases occupied by fresh additions. The improvement in the knowledge of the children in the schools was of the most encouraging kind."*

The second document is an account of the *popish* "Missions in Ireland, especially with reference to the proselytizing movement, shewing the marvellous devotedness of the Irish to the faith of their fathers, by one of the missionaries." Dublin, 1855.

This work describes the orations and triumphs of the Fathers Lockhart and Rinolfi, who were sent amongst the Irish people "by a particular dispensation of Christ,"† as they inform us. "It is always wonderful," they say, "to see the faith and devotion of the good Irish people during missions. Though expected to *pay for admission every time they attended the sermons*,"‡ it seems that "compact masses of human beings" filled the churches from one end to the other, "not leaving room for a pin to drop"; chapels even in Connemara were "crammed to suffocation,"§ and "Catholics" on the wild borders of Lough Mask were reckoned by the half acre.|| On some occasions carriages and cars were seen bringing the most respectable Catholics of the whole country, for ten or twenty miles round, to hear them.¶ On another occasion we read of an

* Signed, "B. J. Clarke, Secretary and Deputy Registrar, Tuam, 14th of August, 1855."

† p. 53. ‡ p. 51. § p. 87. || p. 114. ¶ p. 122.

"immense mass of people," filling "a vast edifice," somewhere in Westland Row, in Dublin, "not less than six thousand persons," who "left the house of God, full of fire and divine love, determined to live and die for their God and Saviour, and for their holy religion." The effect of this on the population of Dublin, whose "piety and devotion," are "proverbial at all times," ought to be visible in the honesty of their dealings; and it is to be hoped the spiritual fathers were patterns to them in this respect, only it would be satisfactory to hear what has become of all the money thus extracted from the poor Irish. No account of this is given, but you may safely trust an Italian to hold fast money given him for religious purposes. It will be long before Rome's balance sheet in account with the nations is published for their satisfaction.

It would be fatiguing to recite even a minute portion of the expressions of enthusiasm which accompanied the missionaries everywhere. The clapping of hands, shouting and waving of handkerchiefs, and of branches of trees (where did they obtain these in Achill?), presents such a painful uniformity, that a change seems needful to relieve the monotony, and this comes at last in a conflict with the Orangemen of the North, and in the "disgraceful occurrence" of the incarceration of "the zealous priest of Newtown Limavady," who had thought it needful to fire a pistol in his own defence in a midnight disturbance, led on by a female and some accomplices.

In all this there is, doubtless, a sufficient amount of truth to justify the statement I have made of the efforts of Rome to regain the ground she has lost in Ireland. They have no doubt cause for much laudation of themselves on account of their own and "the illustrious archbishop's superhuman exertion" in this particular.

But when we read, that after "His Grace had concluded his address, and given his blessing, the people began to tear up the grass, and pick up the very soil upon which his Grace had been standing, and to carry it away as a precious relic; and they were doing this with such pious eagerness as to expose themselves to evident danger of hurting one another,"* I confess myself to be of the number of "poor blind Protestants," who, as they anticipate, will look upon this action as "one of idolatry and superstition, or, at least, the effect of the grossest ignorance."

But when we find this insane act boldly ascribed to the inspiration of "the same divine Spirit who dictated the Bible," we see what sort of converts Oxford sends to Rome, and what sort of religion Rome imposes on the natives of Connemara.

A very special object with the missionaries seems to have been the gift [sale?] of scapulars, of which we read, that in one place "nearly one thousand persons *even* of the most respectable were invested at their earnest request, in the scapular of the passion."

* pp. 253, 254.

This piece of superstition derives additional importance from the fact stated by these "missioners" that the present Pope has sanctioned and accompanied with many privileges and indulgencies, "the Red Scapular, namely the Scapular of the Passion."*

If so efficacious as even to turn bullets,† why did not Pope Pius trust to this unseen red scapular, rather than to manifest *red plush*, or some equivalent investiture of his august person, when in menial disguise he accompanied a celebrated lady in that celebrated flight from Rome, in November, 1848, which the Roman Pasquin compared to the carrying off by Venus of *Pius Æneas*?‡

This work also affords valuable evidence of treachery in certain quarters of the Protestant camp, such as ought to be noticed by those who are supposed to care for its purity. I do not so much allude to the "missioners" parade of Lord Sligo's denial of any sympathy with the proselytizing movement;§ nor to the late Lady Sligo's open patronage of Popery;|| nor to the great consolation which the missioners had in "receiving into the Church before leaving Castlebar, the editor of the

* p. 32.

† See "Short Account," p. 69. The Scapular I have seen was of a dirty brown colour; I do not know the difference between this and the "Red Scapular."

‡ "Abstulit e Româ—celeberrima Papam,

Abstulit Ænean sic Venus alma *pium*;

Deplorate *pios* raptos meretricibus almis—

Convenit heu miserè cum pietate Venus."

§ p. 232.

|| p. 269.

Telegraph newspaper, the honorable Frederick Cavendish." All this is quite natural, and to be expected; but what shall we say to the following:—

“During this Mission, the Fathers were two or three times called upon in a very friendly manner by a Puseyite clergyman, who expressed his great pleasure that the Mission was being held in the place, and hoped it would be productive of a great deal of good. He condemned, in the strongest terms, the conduct of the Proselytizers, declaring that he was fully convinced they were nothing but disguised infidels; he spoke of some of the tricks they used to carry on their traffic in the souls of the poor, which had come to his own knowledge, and which confirmed the missionaries in the opinion they had formed from what they had been told before by the clergy and people, and what they themselves had seen and experienced. From his conversation they were led to hope that, sooner or later, he would become a Catholic, for he approved of every article of the Catholic Faith, and even admitted not only that the Catholic Church was right in all her doctrine and practice, but also that the position of a Roman Catholic was better and safer than any other; but he believed that the Church of England *was* a branch of the Catholic Church, and that it was his duty, being a Minister of that Church, to remain in her bosom, in order to spread Catholic views among the people, whose faith was being supplanted by the infidel section of the Church; and he hoped a union might one day be effected between the trunk (the

Roman Catholic Church) and the branch (the Church of England), and that branch would be found loaded with goodly fruit. The Missioners told him, though in vain, that the first duty of a man, whether a minister or a layman, is to save his own soul, and to put himself on the safest road. But if they did not succeed to bring him to do this, one thing they convinced him he could not do consistently with his own views, and that was, to endeavour to make Catholic children read the Protestant Bible; for though he might give them the Catholic explanation, still they were not receiving that explanation through the proper channel, and they were led, if not to despise, at least to disregard the teaching authority of the Church. It was not difficult to make him understand this; and he said he would not wish any Catholic to read the Protestant Bible, or frequent the Puseyite Church!"*

In connection with my visit to Cong, I have mentioned the hostility of some of the Protestant gentry to the movement. The "missioners" tell us† that "at the other end of the parish there were none of the Proselytizers mentioned above, but there was a rich lady of Puseyite principles, who had built schools, and a nice little Church, and kept a Puseyite minister and curate, who, though more or less Catholic in their views, were still endeavouring to make proselytes." It is doubtless with one of these clergymen that the interview

* p. 117.

† p. 116.

occurred which is described in the following pages.*

I must now part company with these zealous friars, concurring entirely in the sigh which escapes them at the end of their labours in thinking that "the effect of their missions will be of a transient character, and die away, if not kept up by local energies of the clergy and people afterwards." If the regular clergy work well with the friars, it will indeed be a new thing in the history of Romanism.

* pp. 117, 118.

THE ISLAND OF SAINTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE visit to Ireland, of which I have given some account in a previous volume,* had prepared me to feel great interest in the work of "the new Reformation" there. I determined, therefore, to explore for myself those portions of the country in which this movement had been chiefly felt, if opportunity was afforded me for so doing. This I was permitted by a kindly favouring Providence to undertake, and in May 1855, I found myself, with a part of my family, gliding along the Great Western Railway of Ireland towards Galway, from which point I proposed to begin my examination.

We had a good view, *en passant*, of the College of Maynooth, which, with all its modern additions, struck me as a much larger pile of building than I was at all prepared to expect. Mahoney's Hand-

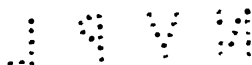
* "The Protestant in Ireland, in 1853." Seeleys, 1854.

book* informs us, that "the building, standing in a spacious park, with a handsome garden in front, was originally too small and incommodious for its purpose; but since the increase of the government grant, *vast additional buildings* have been erected after designs by Pugin." These are built apparently of dark limestone, and covered with long sloping slated roofs, pierced with abundant attic windows, giving the whole a peculiar dove-cote appearance foreign to an English eye. Frazer's Handbook† tells us, that "the Royal College of St. Patrick was founded in 1795, and is capable of containing about four hundred and fifty students. The buildings, so far as they have *yet* extended" (waiting further grants) "form *three* sides of a quadrangle, the principal front of which is four hundred feet in length."

This was in 1849. I know not how much may have been added since. "The collegiate buildings," it is remarked, "are remarkably plain *and extensive, resembling more a military barrack than a college.*"

This is rather an ominous resemblance, for the priests of Rome are compelled to remain unmarried for this very end, that, being set free from all the charities of life, and from all local or national attachments, they may form a body of well-trained ecclesiastical troops, entirely devoted to her service. This is consequently the central fortress of a foreign potentate, not to be feared in a military point of view exactly, (although claiming

* Page 13. † Pages 48, 354.



the obedience of the most gallant and chivalrous nations of the earth), but yet sworn to subdue the world, or perish in the attempt.

The Romanist world believes that the Pope is Christ's vicar and representative on the earth, and to him therefore is the wide dominion accorded, which is announced as subjecting all things under his feet. Nor let it be imagined, that political freedom, any more than spiritual or ecclesiastical liberty, will be permitted to the sons of men; for it is in the person of the Pope that they would have the decree fulfilled, that "in the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of (those in) heaven, and in earth, and under the earth." This is implied in the motto chosen by the Jesuits: "*In nomine Jesu omne genu flectabitur,*" and in this fraternity we have consequently such a conspiracy against the world's liberties as the world never before saw.

Here then is the distinction betwixt the Popish or Western and the Greek or Eastern branch of the (so-called) Church, that, however corrupt the latter may be, it is essentially a *national* and not a *world-subduing* church; but Rome, true to the tradition of its ancient name of "*strength,*" true to the "*iron*" character of its old dominion, and true also to its own interpretation of Scripture, *must* conquer the world, or prove itself the most gigantic imposture that ever was palmed upon mankind.

For the dominion of the Pope is, in the view of his subjects, the fifth monarchy of Daniel, which is utterly to break in pieces and subdue all other

dominions—the stone cut out of the mountain without hands, beneath whose irresistible assault all other dominions become like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor.

It is never wise to despise, because of present weakness, an enemy who is invested with all the traditional glories which must ever gather around the remembrance of the achievements of all-conquering Rome; and proud of the triple crown, powerful as it is asserted, in heaven above, on the earth beneath, and in the unseen world of of spirits, and who may yet be permitted, by the decree of the Most High, to triumph for a season.

This is the great question for those who reverence the Bible,—not what the world may be fearing at the present moment, but, What saith the Scripture? Does the prophetic word give any reason to suppose that Russia will succeed in her projects of ambition? or does it not rather reveal some more portentous evil as yet to afflict the world?

It is not the progress of the human mind, nor liberal opinions, nor any other tower of strength to which modern latitudinarianism can retreat, which will avert that which is foretold, and regarding the character of which I will only now say, that it is possible we have not yet seen the *worst of Rome*. “Her ways are moveable, that thou canst not know them.” She has no acknowledged standard of doctrines. She has just added a new canon of faith, and virtually deified the blessed

Virgin. She may yet incorporate with herself Infidelity, and sanctify Pantheism for those to whom Polytheism is repulsive. Only *submit*—this is the point—*submit* your reason, understanding, strength; submit, with all your powers of body, soul and spirit, to the Church, and to the head of the Church in the person of the Pope.

It was not by an uninterrupted tide of success that old Rome achieved the conquest of the world, but rather by knowing how to learn lessons by its reverses, and to rise with indomitable perseverance superior to all misfortunes.

“The Roman Catholic religion,* or rather the Papacy with which its professors have identified themselves, may and must *change the scene of its labours*, and has acted and suffered during a period of fifteen hundred years; but, whatever the time and whatever the place, *its policy remains the same*, and its encroaching and domineering spirit unchanged and unchangeable. To regard temporal power as the end, and spiritual power as the means,—*never willingly to stop short of omnipotence* in all matters, both ecclesiastical and civil,—to adapt herself to the infinite diversities of climate, manners, institutions, and creeds—to be all things to all men, so long as she may win them to swell the ranks of her nominal supporters, and gratify the pride of her leaders—have been her undeviating

* Thus speaks the *Times* newspaper—or rather, I should say, thus it spoke, before fettered by our present Romanizing alliance.

maxim since the time of Constantine, *and will be, so long as there is a human mind to fetter or a human conscience to mislead.* The soft inhabitants of Languedoc she encountered with the torch and the sword; the gentle Indians of Paraguay she drove with the lash and the goad; the brave Huguenots of France she quelled with midnight massacres; ultra-liberal and democratic in Ireland, absolutist in France, Buddhists in China, Brahminical in Hindostan,—never did any other institution combine so much versatility with so much fixity, such unwavering purpose with such ever-varying expedients. One would have thought that a power to which has been conceded so immense a duration, and which has employed the whole of its long life in the same indefatigable struggle, would long ago have worked out its destiny, and either thoroughly enslaved the human conscience to its will, or sunk overwhelmed by the obloquy which itself had created. This, however, has not been the history of the Roman Catholic Church. It has been pre-eminently a Church-militant, carrying on an incessant war against human progress and human enlightenment, and shifting its ground with infinite dexterity, as soon as the last position has become untenable. The same half-century beheld the Papacy strike a medal in commemoration of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and visit with ecclesiastical censure and temporal imprisonments the discovery that the earth revolved on its axis. Yet this same Church does not scruple to put herself

forward where it suits her purpose, as *the patroness of the advance of knowledge, and the advocate of liberality and philanthropy.*"

I gladly close these remarks by an extract from an able article entitled "Tahiti and China," by a gentleman whom I have the privilege of mentioning amongst the foremost on my list of friends.

Comparing the present aggressions of the French, in the unprovoked bombardment of Shanghai, which was done *simply to favour popery*,* with their atrocious conduct at Tahiti, he concludes with these warning words:—

"The present urgency of the case is heightened by the crowning peril at home, in the appointment of a *Papist* to the office of Under-Secretary for the Colonies.

"Under these circumstances, we may well ask the question, Are our colonies to be under the rule of Rome? Thus, with Romanising influence in China, and Popery holding the helm in our Colonial Office, it will be needful for us to bestir ourselves; and not only to remonstrate, but to act, or we shall have cause bitterly to repent our culpable supineness.

* Thus speaks the *Tablet* of June 2nd: "Shanghai has at length been rescued from the rebels and their depredations, by the Rear-Admiral Laguerre and the force under his command. A *Te Deum* was celebrated on the occasion of the re-establishment of peace, at which the admiral and consul assisted. *It is considered that this result will be attended with great advantages to the Catholic religion in China; and an edict has been granted securing the fullest toleration to the French missionaries.*

“It is becoming every day more evident that the battle of the Reformation must be fought again in England; happily, as yet, it need only be a moral struggle, in which we shall have the mass of the people rallying round the Throne, to sustain its honour and independence against foreign encroachment and against Ministerial indifference, and to preserve our civil and religious liberties, which never can be safe so long as we permit Papal influence in our Government or Legislature; and the sooner we have a banding together of real Protestants, who, worthy of our honoured ancestors, shall dare to act as well as to speak; of men who, loving their country better than party, will be content to stand with God and His Truth outside all mere political associations, the greater will be the hope of averting a more terrific convulsion.

“We well know that *our present French alliance will be the lion in the path*—that it will be urged upon the timid as a sufficient reason for leaving matters to take their course; but who does not see that, as vital interests are at stake, the very difficulties of the Government form the ground for earnest pressure from without, and for a determined resistance to Jesuitical craft and Ministerial indifference. The independence of the Crown is as much imperilled as the liberties of the subject, and he must be surely judicially infatuated who does not see in these attacks on our outposts the plan of the new campaign against England’s Crown and English liberties!”

The reader must pardon this digression, for, in truth, it is not easy for a Protestant to view Maynooth without some emotion. I shall perhaps even be asked why I did not visit the edifice, and describe (as the "Illustrated Handbook" says Sir F. Head did) "with *tolerable* truthfulness" what I saw?

The fact is, that if it had been possible for me to to have depicted with *intolerable* truthfulness, not the place only, but also the machinery by means of which are forged the spiritual chains which hold so many souls in darkness—if I could have illustrated the process by which the soul of the priest is *case-hardened* for the dread confessional—if I could have depicted the withering of all emotions of youthful modesty, and the extinction of all respect for female virtue—if I could quote Dens and Liguori without compelling my readers of that sex which I am most anxious to interest, to cast the page into the fire—then, if all these impossibilities could have been surmounted, I might well have remained and proved the boasted hospitality and candour of the inmates of that building:—

" Ricca, bella, non men religiosa
E cortesa à chiunque venia."

but, as the case was, I preferred hastening to the west, that I might rather see how the chains of darkness have been *removed* from some souls by God's grace. I therefore left Maynooth with its gaunt castle—"one of the most impregnable holds of the Geraldines in remote times," though now in

sad decay—and with its modern edifice, St. Patrick's college; the, alas! quite fresh and undilapidated monument of England's shame and degeneracy.*

* TEN FACTS FROM THE MAYNOOTH REPORT. Published by the Protestant Alliance.

1. The plea of poverty urged for the endowment is unsustained. "Sir R. Peel asserted, that three students were necessitated to sleep in a bed. The moment two students are found in one bed they are *ipso facto* expelled. But the falsehood was suffered to run through the land uncontradicted, because it served a purpose" (Report, vol.ii.310).

Students paid £2,659 5s. 6d. annually for their board before the endowment. Since then "public funds are almost exclusively employed" (vol.i.48, Ap.; vol.i.35).

2. The incomes of the superiors and professors have in some cases been doubled, and in some trebled, by the endowment of 1845. Thus the President is advanced from £316 to 594 12s.; the Vice President from £112 to £326 12s. 8d.; the Dumboyne Professor from £112 to £308 12s. 8d.; the Senior Dean from £112 to £264 12s. 8d.; and all the others have experienced a similar happy effect from the Act of 1845 (vol.i.25—28).

A high premium is paid to the students. Twenty students on the Dumboyne establishment receive from the endowment £40 a year each, and 250 students receive £20 a year each, pocket-money (vol.i.32; vol.ii.338).

But notwithstanding this vast increase of pay, the Commissioners report the discipline of the college defective; the studies a mere system of cramming; and the text-books in many parts unsuited to this country (vol.i.39, 49, 58).

3. The oath of allegiance is evaded by many of the students, some feigning sickness, some repeating the words improperly, and others exercising a mental reservation; and all treat it lightly (vol.ii.301, 307, 312, 330).

By statute, which ought to be read twice a year, the Professor of Dogmatic Theology is required "STRENUOUSLY TO EXERT HIMSELF TO IMPRESS ON HIS CLASS THAT THE ALLEGIANCE WHICH THEY OWE TO THE ROYAL MAJESTY CANNOT BE RELAXED OR ANNULLED BY ANY POWER OR AUTHORITY WHATEVER" (vol.ii.283).

As we approached the bay of Galway, the prospect of the bright, sparkling, white-crested waves of

A student declares, he never heard of this statute till it was mentioned by the Commissioners; and a professor states, that it was never enforced while he was a student, nor did he ever enforce it himself after he became a professor (vol.ii.381).

The money is paid, but loyalty is not taught. Even the Commissioners can only make the negative statement—"We have no reason to believe that there has been any disloyalty in the teaching of the college" (vol.i.64).

5. One of the professors asserts that the priests who took a violent part in politics of late years were not educated at Maynooth. But it has been found, on examination, that almost all the priests whose violence at the last election was recorded by the public press were Maynooth men (vol.ii.57; see Hardy's "Maynooth Grant").

6. Priests, who are styled "THE OFFICERS OF THE POPE," are justified by some of the professors in employing their spiritual power or influence to compel voters at elections to follow their injunctions, under the plea that the exercise of the vote in a certain way may be sin, and it is the duty of the priest to prevent sin in his people (vol.ii.29, 13—16).

7. Maynooth, intended exclusively for Ireland, has furnished Romanist archbishops to Calcutta, Madras, Hyderabad, Trinidad, and Adelaide; twenty-four missionary priests to Great Britain, whose numbers are constantly increasing; and many to the colonies (vol.ii.113; vol.i.34).

8. The laws of the Romish Church as to persecuting heretics and keeping no faith with them, are attempted to be explained away by a definition of the word heretic, but the definition is such that when Romanists are in power any Protestant whatsoever might be treated as our fathers were in the days of Queen Mary (ii.341).

Definition: "Heresy is a voluntary and pertinacious error against any truth of faith, proposed by the Church, in a person who professes himself a Christian" (vol.ii.341).

9. The teaching under the seventh commandment is acknow-

the western sea, gently striking on the rocky headland; the pure, fresh air, and the expanding views of the fine Clare mountains, welcomed us with a sense of refreshment to which we did not find the inns at Galway contribute so much as was desirable. No traveller, studious of ease, should remain at Galway, a town chiefly memorable on account of what it has been, and now fast losing those distinctive characteristics which were supposed to give it a strong resemblance to a Spanish city. A square tablet, with a skull, two cross bones, and the words "Remember Deathe," and "All is but vanitie," is all that remains of the once celebrated Mayor's House, recording thus the sad memorial of the stern justice of the head magistrate, who (in 1493) not only sentenced to death, but with his own hands

ledged to be so bad, that it is put off to the longest possible period, and even then many of the students find themselves compelled to read it on their knees in the chapel, if even by this means they may resist its defiling tendency (vol. ii. 303, 305, 306, 312). Questions which students only dare to read under compulsion, priests are to ask in the confessional! "More priests have been damned from hearing confessions than anything else" (*Liguori*; Report, vol. ii. 339).

10. Neither the teaching of the text-books on questions of moral theology, nor of the professors, is said to be of any authority. The public, therefore, cannot judge of what the teaching at Maynooth may be next year from what it is said to have been in the past. The banishment of Bailly, as a text-book, because of his unacceptability at the court of Rome, indicates a determination to teach in full accordance with the requirements of the Papal See (i. 58, 57).

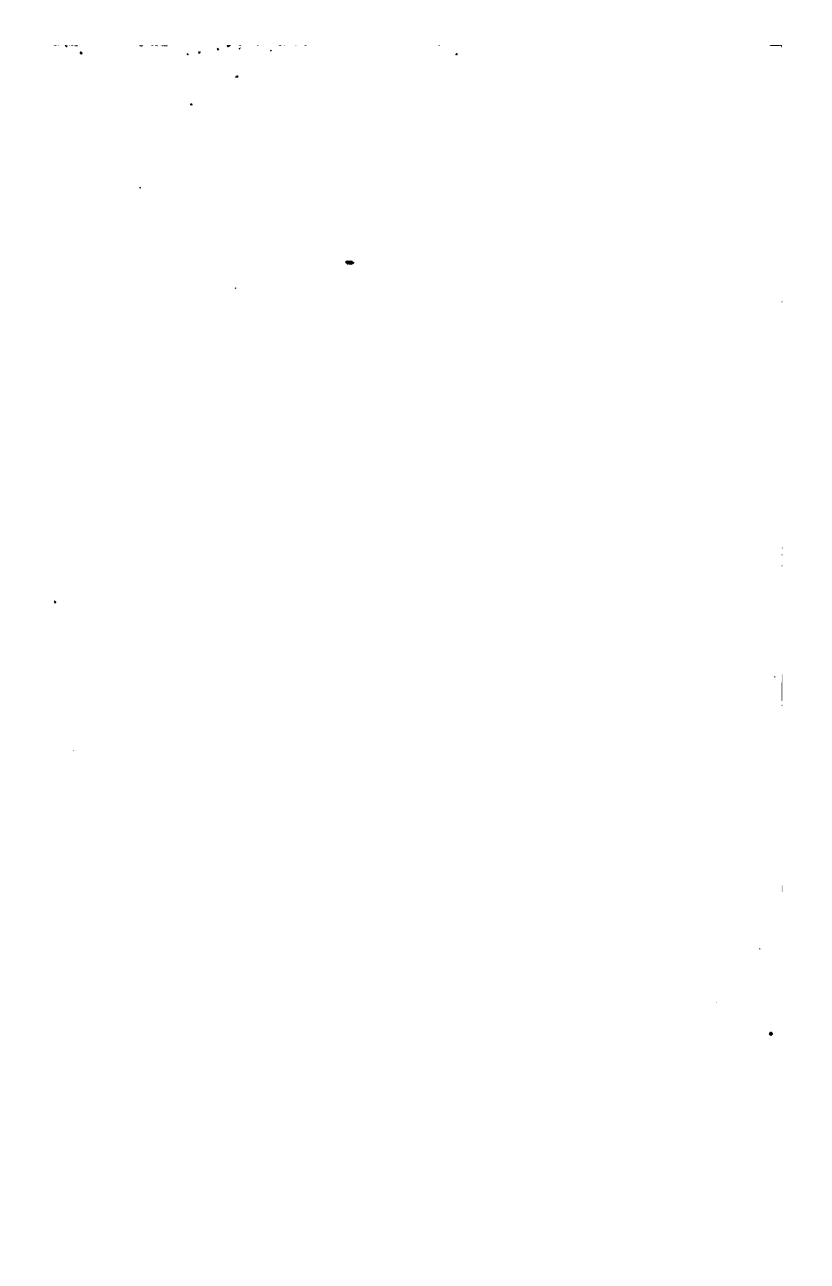


1891

Galway

1891

Nunnery Galway



executed, his unworthy son, for having, in a fit of jealousy, murdered his friend, a Spanish merchant.

One of the best remaining specimens of the old architecture, is now a gloomy convent, into the courtyard of which we were taken to inspect the style of building. We were told that four old women were the only inhabitants of this abode of desolation; but, as the Spaniard would exclaim, "Who knows?" We build sumptuous palaces for idiots and lunatics, and visit these with jealous care, and yet we suffer some of the loveliest portion of the creation to be immured in deep oblivious night, and that without the possibility of its being known whether these so called "Brides of Heaven," are satisfied with their lot; chosen, as it often is, under the influence of an excited imagination in the inexperience of youth, and doubtless bitterly repented of in many cases when stern reality has supplanted the dreams of fiction.

Take the following case,* related by a friend of mine, a gentleman well acquainted with the scene of the occurrence. "An intelligent, high-spirited, and naturally cheerful young woman, probably under the influence of some such motives, or actuated by a passing disappointment, which over-indulgence had ill prepared her to brook, entered into one of these professed abodes of peace. The excitement over, the novelty wore off, she began to repent her rashness. The broken ties of relationship, the love of life, the want of change, and the

* "The Gospel in Central America." London, 1850, p.302.

void of her own joyous heart soon made her prison-house intolerable. Her efforts to procure the annulling of her vows proved unavailing, and only drew down increased severities upon her. The shock proved too much—her reason was dethroned. From a raving maniac she became a senseless idiot. Thus only was her spirit broken, and a tame docility succeeded. The rest of her days were quietly spent in the cloisters. But how? From the elegant basin in the midst of the 'patio' of the convent runs the clear and rapid stream of its constantly overflowing waters. The channel is an open one, and at the end of the yard it suddenly disappears under the massive masonry to burst forth into the sunny street without, and join the streams that issue from the other houses, which together leave the stony thoroughfares for the wild ravine, and that for the foaming torrent, the mighty river, and then the boundless ocean. Just where the water in the beginning of its course passes through the foundation of the dead convent walls, the maniac nun, now a poor wreck of humanity, still clad in her monastic garb—still a 'religiosa'—used to pass the tedious hours day after day, till death removed her, bending over the channel, gazing upon the water, occasionally dropping pieces of straw or other fragments into the playful stream and watching them as they glided onwards and disappeared. If disturbed, or questioned, with a melancholy smile, and an almost animated tone, her invariable exclamation was, 'They are free—

they are free.' After hearing this heart-rending story related by a native lady, who could behold the lofty and blank walls of the numerous nunneries of the capital, or from an eminence look down on their thickly shaded gardens, without a sensation of gloom, or a thrill of compassion? Who could deny that they are living sepulchres 'full of the habitations of cruelty?' "

To return to Galway.

The "Claddagh," or "sea-shore," is a district of huts, inhabited by a rough set of fishermen, who have been celebrated as forming a kind of community amongst themselves. I went into several of these not very tidy habitations, but found nothing markedly distinctive from what is to be noticed in other parts of Ireland.* The beggars are very troublesome; and I was followed pertinaciously by three sturdy ragged lads, who would take no denial. I asked whether they had no one to care for them—whether they could not go out fishing, etc., and found, by their own account, that they were orphans, and that they went to the monks' school. I enquired whether they did not feed them there: "Indade they do, yer Anner," was the ready answer. So Romanists give food at the schools, as well as Protestants—but, indeed, the amount of

* "A poor town this, God help them!" said one poor woman, as she saw me looking at the place. Certainly, they do not seem very successful in helping themselves. The Irish generally make rather timid fishermen—they are afraid of the sea. As in the case of the Irish elk, so with them, it is a subject of wonder how they ever managed to cross it in the first instance.

sustenance received, either for soul or body, did not seem very abundant. I had some conversation afterwards with more reputable scholars of these same friars, but found their knowledge very limited indeed, and the same well-known obliteration of the second commandment which I had before remarked in the south of Ireland,* and have since noted particularly at the entrance of the church of La Madeleine, at Paris, where this omission is most glaring, and combines with the heathen look of this temple, and its dedication, D. O. M. SUB INVOC. SANCTE MARIAE MAGDALENEAE, to illustrate well the religion of the Parisian fashionables. Romanism is poetical and flowery in Paris, fanatical and austere in Galway. In Paris, the voluptuous La Madeleine; in Ireland, the white-washed but still gloomy mass-house, indicate well the *diversity* in *unity* of Romanism.

I asked a lad to show me the way to a street of Galway, in which lived a Christian friend on whom I was desirous of calling. This gentleman questioned the boy whether he knew of any remedy for sin, but the boy could not think of any unless he could keep himself in innocence. This was characteristic, for Rome has really *no* remedy for sin; there is no balm in that Gilead, no physician there. She puts the only sovereign remedy far out of the sinner's reach; justification is not to be obtained by simple faith, but only to be hoped for by

* See "Protestant in Ireland," p. 15.

the devotee who, by his mortification and good works, has made himself worthy of the prize.

The costume of the peasantry is really the most interesting thing to the eye of a stranger at Galway; and it is perhaps the only peculiarity which has not been, and cannot be, exaggerated. We saw this afterwards to much greater advantage. The misfortune is, that the usual want of neatness still disgusts the English traveller. "They have no *claneness* in them," observed a Kildare native of the people of Galway County; but then in that neighbourhood also unfortunately things are no better, as may be seen by turning back to p. 22 of the previous volume. I noticed two Claddagh females, however, painfully washing a pig in the river; so that it is evident some of them are sensible of the advantage of a clean skin and wholesome transpiration for the lower orders of creation, if not for themselves. But then, *why* have they *no claneness* in them? Is this the result simply of race or of religion? Or both?

I think that the records of past generations in England tend to shew, that before the Reformation our English peasantry were in quite as wretched a plight as they can be now in any part of Ireland. The Anglo-Saxon in his Romish days was what the Celt is now. Take, for instance, the description of a ploughman in "Merry Englande" in the days of the Wiclifites, as it is given us in Piers the Ploughman's Creed.

"I wente by the way, wepyng for sorowe,
And feigh a fely man me by, upon the plough hongen;

His cote was of a cloute that cary was ycalled,
 His hod was full of holes, and his heare oute,
 With his knoppede shon clouted ful thykke,
 His ton toteden out, as he the londe tredede,
 His hosen over hongen his hokshynes, on everich a side
 Al beslomered in fen, as he the plow folwede,
 Tweye myteynes as meter maad al of cloutes,
 The fyngres weeren forwerd, and full of fen honghed,
 This whit waselede in the feen, almost to the ancle,
 Foure rotheren hym byforne, that feble were worthi,
 Men myghte reknen ich a ryb, so rentful they weren.
 His wiif walked hym with, with a long gode
 In a cuttede cote cutted ful heyghe,
 Wrapped in a wynwe shete, to weeren her fro wederes,
 Barfoot on the bare iis, that the blod folwede;
 And at the londes ende lath a little crombolle,
 And thereon lay a lytel chylde lapped in cloutes
 And tweyne of tweie yeres old, upon a nother side,
 And al they songen a songe, that sorwe was to heren.
 They cried alle a cry, a kareful note.
 The sely man sighed fore, and sayde, ' Children beth
 stille.'
 This man lokede upon me, and leet the plough stonden,
 And feyde, ' Sely man, whi fyghest thou so harde,
 Gif the lakke liifode, leve the ich wille
 Swich good as God hath sent, go we leewe brother.' "

This graphic description of English poverty and rags has many points of resemblance with that which I have seen in Ireland, and some also of striking contrast. The man, labouring with his plough and his lean cattle, and all bemired with the

stiff loam, is English. In Ireland it would be spade labour, and a freer soil to work. The poor woman, wrapped in a sheet to keep her from the weather, and her rapidly increasing family "lapped in clouts" and sadly hungry, might find even now much kindred in Ireland; and then the generous offer of the poor ploughman to help, out of his deep poverty, the need of his "brother," all this we see pictured to the life in Ireland, for it is almost incredible what sacrifices these poor people will sometimes make to help each other in times of distress.

"The poor man alone, when he hears the poor groan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give." *

Then the barefoot condition of the woman, as contrasted with the more elaborate dress of the husband (I cannot call it *well-shod*, since *his toes toteden out*), all this would look strange to most English persons. We saw, however, abundant evidence even in our first acquaintance with the

* "During the scarcity of last year, many instances came to our knowledge of the generous kindness which is silently exercised by the peasants around us. A poor woman belonging to the Lowlands died here of the fever. Her sucking child, as may well be supposed, did not survive, but a little girl of four years old was left a helpless orphan. His honour inquired of the woman who told the melancholy tale what was become of the child? 'Sure I have her with my own,' was the answer. 'There is no one in this country that she belongs to; and unless your honour will be her friend, I must take to her myself.' This, you will observe, was in a time of general distress, and from one who had a family of her own to support."—*Letters from the Irish Highlands*, p. 238.

peasantry of Galway, that the barefoot condition of the softer sex is quite as much a matter of choice as because "the *craythars* can't get the price of a pair of shoes," as we were told. The only person I noticed walking *painfully* in Galway was an old woman hobbling along in wooden shoes; and, on the other hand, we met some evidently *well-to-do* people—females coming to market, walking with all comfort along the stony road, and carrying good pairs of shoes in their hands, to be displayed in town as a mark of gentility. In this way they avoid "catching cold by getting their feet wet," besides numerous other ills that well-shod flesh is heir to.

In the last Irish parliament, one member is reported to have said, that the proposed tax on *leather* would be severely felt by the *barefooted* peasantry of Ireland. To which the next speaker replied that "this might be remedied by *making the under leather of wood*." Perhaps this was not so far from the mark as it would at first appear.

It is curious that a propensity to blunder should seem sometimes to infect even the English on Irish subjects. The good-natured reader will, I hope, extend charitable allowance if he should find any example in these pages. Mr. Head, in his journey in Ireland, states, that the houses near Kenmare are built of *lime-water*,* instead of lime-stone, as the case is.

* "Ireland in 1834," vol. i. p. 210.

CHAPTER II.

WE left Galway by car, and proceeded towards Tuam, through a limestone country, more *pestered* with stones than any I remember to have seen, but withal fertile, as is the case in general with the districts of limestone formation in Ireland. In order to cultivate the fields, it appears to be necessary first to remove the large stones cumbering the surface. These furnish the materials for interminable stone walls dividing the fields, and rising thus to view, wall behind wall, often as far as the eye can reach; but, in addition to this, it is necessary at times to pile up the superfluous material in great heaps, and I was amused to notice the ingenuity with which every projecting mass of rock which cannot be removed from the field is made useful as a stowage place for the lumber of smaller rocks, which are thus placed *hen and chicken fashion* upon its back. This is the Celtic plan through the West of Ireland; but in the districts brought under the Saxon sphere of cultivation, I noticed that the stones were collected, and carried quite off the field by a handbarrow, or some other similar contrivance.

We visited the ruins of the Abbey of Clare, Galway, rising above the stream which conveys the water of the *thurloughs* of Tuam into Lough Corrib. These are described as vast winter accumulations of water in the flat country towards Tuam; in summer, however, the beds of these loughs afford excellent pasturage, and, as has been quaintly observed, on them horse and boat races are alternately held. The word probably gives origin to the family name Thurlow. In Clare Abbey I copied the following characteristic inscription:



"O Lord have mercy on the soul of Patrick Morris, who departed this life on the 20th Nov., 1824, aged 70 years. This stone was placed here by his sons, in memory of him and their posterity."

Other inscriptions are to be seen here and in similar places exhibiting very similar charitable care for posterity. But if the memory of those who are to come after is thus held in veneration, it is not so with the mortal remains of their predecessors, which exhibit all around a very touching lesson of the frailty of human life, forming altogether a very picturesque scene.

The long file of country people whom we met coming in to the Galway market, afforded us an excellent opportunity of observing the costume. I was surprised and pleased with the air of comparative abundance as evidenced in their robust, healthy

looks and market-day attire. Their clothes are home-dyed, and very well dyed too; and as I was anxious to find out what material they used, I asked leave to enter a cottage by the roadside: the good wife had just been hanging out two pieces of woollen goods either to dry or brighten the colours, or both. The hut was a real Irish one, only there were no children; perhaps they were grown up, but there was native politeness in the way in which the woman set me her chair, first wiping it carefully, though this was by no means a necessary operation. I found my want of Irish, but managed so far to make out the dyeing material as to learn that (as I indeed supposed) it was *madther*, and she showed me how she worked it into the wool with her hands. The turkey-red process, of which *madder* forms the staple, was introduced into Europe from amongst the wild tribes bordering on the Caspian, who first appear to have discovered this curious and complicated mode of working. The Irish must have had a similar art from a very early period.

The favourite colour used by the Galway peasantry for the petticoat, is the madder red in various shades; and for the rest they use indigo, and other foreign material; and, also, some native plants, and (as I was informed) the leaves of the alder in large quantities.

At Headfort, I noticed a conspicuous bill attached to the Police-office, headed—

£80 REWARD.

TWO HOUSES BURNED AT TOURMAKEADY,
ETC., ETC.

I thought this was probably an outbreak of Popish malignity, as we were now getting towards the district where the Reformation has stirred the minds of the people; and this I afterwards found to be correct; and was, moreover, informed by a clergyman, that it was unquestionably in consequence of an altar denunciation by the priest, that the houses of these poor converts were thus set on fire, and this most cruel and summary method resorted to in order to eradicate heresy. Tourmakeady is in the neighbourhood of Lough Mask. I extract from the "Banner of the Truth" further particulars as follows:—

"On the 1st of April the priest delivered a very violent harangue in the chapel, against the Readers and converts; the same night two houses were set on fire, and one of them, belonging to a convert, totally destroyed; the other, in which the Scripture Reader lived, was not consumed, having been seen by — on his way to the police-barrack. This occurrence has caused a great sensation in the parish; many persons blame the priest very much for the language he made use of. The government has offered a reward of £80 for such information as shall lead to the conviction of the parties concerned in the outrage. It was a most diabolical act; and, were it not for the overruling providence of God, sixteen souls might have been hurried into

eternity. I shall never forget the remark of — on the morning after the burning, when the poor man was trying to pick some of the charred and burned tools out of the ashes. I said, it was a sad and melancholy sight. 'Yes; but how thankful we ought to be that we have left a church which teaches her people to do such things.' The poor man, who is a carpenter by trade, lost all that he possessed, and was for some time in great distress. When he applied for compensation on last week at the special sessions, *the priest opposed his claim*, but, I am thankful to say, that — succeeded notwithstanding; still he will have *to wait till the spring of 1856* before he gets his money, which the magistrates awarded him, meantime he has had to borrow tools to work at his trade."

Soon after leaving Headfort, we saw, to our right, the small town of Shrule, like a city set upon a hill, visible at a distance, and furnishing another illustration of the persecuting spirit of Popery; for it was here that in the dreadful outbreak of 1641, there took place "the massacre of a number of unarmed and helpless Protestants, by Edmond Burke, a notorious rebel. To this ferocious man, Lord Mayo consigned the Protestants, whom he had *promised* to protect; and this Burke, *having first received mass*, fell upon them near the bridge. Some were shot, others were piked, others thrown into the river. *Even ladies were stabbed* while lying on the wounded bodies of their husbands endeavouring to protect them. Lord Mayo did not live to

answer for his deed; but his son, Sir Tibbot Burke, was brought to trial, and was shot by order of Cromwell.*

Will any person venture, when he has looked on this picture and on that, to say that the persecuting spirit has passed away from Romanism, or that the massacre of Shrute would not be acted over again on a larger scale if the power of Rome were in the ascendant. It is even now considered to be as much as a man's life is worth to come out from Romanism and openly turn to Protestantism in this district. Fanaticism hardens the heart; and when those who kill the people of God can conscientiously believe they are doing God service, there is no measure of cruelty which they will not perpetrate. But, then, what sort of a religion is it which can both command and patronise such acts, as is seen, for instance, in the medal struck at Rome to commemorate the massacre of St. Bartholomew? I know

* "Sir John Temple, Knt., Master of the Rolls, and one of His Majesty's Privy Council within the kingdom of Ireland, in his 'History of the Irish Rebellion' of the 17th century (printed in 1679), informs us of the extreme cruelty of the Irish Papists. 'There being,' says he, 'since the rebellion first broke out'—viz., from October, 1641, unto the time of its cessation, made Sept. 15th, 1643, which was not full two years after—'above *three hundred thousand* British and Protestants cruelly murdered in cold blood, destroyed some other way, or expelled out of their habitations, according to the strictest conjecture and computation of those who seemed best to understand the numbers of English planted in Ireland, besides those few that perished in the heat of the fight during the war.'"—*Granville Sharp, An Inquiry, etc.*, p. 61. London, 1805.

nothing to which it can be compared, except to the system which has excited so much horror since it has been fairly brought to light in India, that of the Thugs, which teaches its votaries that every unfortunate traveller whom these wretches can strangle is an acceptable offering to their goddess. It is instructive to read the examination of these men before the British Courts, and to see how every sentiment of compassion was eradicated from their breasts by their very religion; how conscience, whilst startling them with terrors at every ominous trifle, never disclosed to them that their *religion* was a lie and a deceit. So in this tragedy at Shrule; it is the religious character of the massacre which stamps it with its peculiar atrocity. It was after having partaken of the mass, and thus (according to the Church of Rome) *having received Christ whole and entire*, that Burke murdered the Protestants. It is *after mass* that the Irish are always most to be mistrusted (*crede experto*).

Nature is ever lovely, however dark the deeds of man, and in contrast with the remembrance of the sad tragedy at Shrule, there rose on my view the distant prospect of the Connemara mountains, indistinct, however, because shrouded in the misty haze of a hot thundery summer's day. Nearer to us, the fine ivy-covered ruins of Ross Abbey adorned the landscape, and as we descended towards the shores of Lough Corrib, I was particularly pleased with the lively emerald green of the wood sorrel (*oxalis acetosella*), which occurs so abundantly

by the road-side, as to suggest the idea that it might once have been taken for a national symbol; indeed, according to the *Florigraphia Britannica* (vol. iii. p. 978), "In former days, the *Shamrock* or *Shamrog*, the national badge of the Irish, appears to have been the leaves of the *oxalis acetosella*; but in more modern times, the leaves of the clover have been its rival for this national honour. It was formerly supposed that clover had a supernatural power, and that it was 'noisome to witches'; and in those times, not only the peasants but the lords of the land wore the clover leaf as a protection against such evil influence."

We found comfortable quarters in Mr. Valkenburgh's inn, at Cong, and as night closed in, had opportunity to admire a grand thunder-storm, which gathering over Ben Leva and the mountains of Joyce's country, darted its grand electrical discharges across Lough Mask, whilst the thunder, reverberating from cliff and rocky glen, rolled around in awful majesty.

At Cong, we passed the day of rest. It is a miserable dirty collection of habitations (the word *houses* seems to imply something too clean and respectable), inhabited by a population as yet devotedly Romish. At one time there was considerable opening here for the Gospel; but about two years since, a special effort was made by means of foreign missionaries. I have noticed, in the previous part (p. 159), the proceedings of Messrs. Lockhart and Rinolfi—the denunciation of the Bible by the

former at Headfort, as "a lying, dangerous, and infamous book," and his eloquent allusion to "blackthorn sticks," as a means of silencing Bible readers. I also recorded the frightful outrages following Mr. Rinolfi's harangue at Tuam.

At Cong, a station was held by, I believe, the same parties; and I learned from one who had suffered extreme violence in the Romish chapel on the occasion, what were their modes of procedure. So excited were the people that during the whole time these religious services lasted, it was supposed not a pound's worth of work was done in the fields. They were taken up, morning, noon and night, in listening to the exciting oratory of those whose object was sufficiently apparent in the counsel they gave their hearers. They enjoined on the children, under the strongest obligations, to hoot the scripture readers, even if they did not throw stones; but the grown-up portion of their auditors they counselled *not* to throw boiling water, or to do any illegal act, as it would bring the law down upon them. Nevertheless, my informant was assaulted in the very chapel in sight of which we were standing, whilst he related this, and the men loitering about, whilst the women, I believe, were at confession. He was thrown down, his knees were cut, and his hand almost broken in the effort to make him cross himself. His account of the craft displayed by some of the speakers, was remarkable. He said that one of them preached most scriptural truth up to a certain point—that nothing but the work of Christ

could avail—that their own works could not purchase heaven—that, after all they had done (and then he led them as it were to the very entrance of the pit of hell, and shewed it yawning before them) *in* they must go, but for *one* thing; and that one thing was CONFESSION—*confession to the priest*, thus, at last, fettering their souls with Rome's strongest chains of darkness!

The effect of all this was for a time most pernicious. No access could be gained to the mind of the Romish population. This is now gradually wearing off; but I think it will not be long before it is attempted to be renewed, as I see the same parties are still in the field, as the following extract from "The Tablet" of June 2nd, 1855, will shew:—

• "CLOSE OF THE MISSION AT KILCONLY.—On Sunday last the mission of the Very Rev. Fathers Rinolfi and Vilas was terminated at Kilconly parish church. *His Grace the Archbishop* conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation upon an immense number of the faithful people, whose attendance during the week was constant and unintermitting, and whose devotion throughout was most edifying. The congregation was so numerous that the ceremony had to be carried on in the yard adjoining the spacious church. Here his Grace addressed the vast concourse assembled in words of thrilling eloquence. The Reverend Missionaries, and several other Clergymen, preached on the occasion. There was a large attendance of the neighbouring gentry,

and several came from a distance to witness the interesting ceremonies. Upwards of four hundred persons were confirmed. The crowd in and around the church could be very little short of ten thousand. The closing scene of the renovation of the baptismal vows by so many thousands kneeling in prostrate adoration was thrillingly and impressively solemn. Following up their previous aggravating conduct, the Protestant Clergymen of this town, we understand, succeeded in having a large police force ordered to the place; but, saving the opportunity afforded the men for enjoying pedestrian exercises, which, from other arduous duties they have to discharge, they would have forgiven, there seemed no other cause whatever for the very unnecessary proceeding of marching such a force amongst a people the most peaceable and well-disposed. Not a single incident occurred on the part of the people to warrant the requiring of the presence of a single policeman upon the occasion. *The Very Rev. Missionaries are at present carrying on a mission in the parish of Ballinakill.—Tuam Herald.*"

The same number of this paper contains a notice of the erection of a "Catholic Cathedral" at Armagh. "This magnificent church," it is said, "will, when completed, be worthy of the city chosen by the national saint for the seat of the Primacy—the ecclesiastical metropolis of Ireland." Also of the "Mission by the Passionist Fathers." Also of the "Fathers of St. Vincent de Paul, at

Crossmaglen." "Between seven and eight thousand persons," it seems, "received the Holy Sacrament of Communion. From a very early hour every morning, to about nine o'clock, p.m., the good fathers were engaged, with slight intermissions, in celebrating masses, hearing confessions, administering the sacrament, and preaching. Many hundreds of children attended daily at two o'clock, and received instruction and *advice*." Also a notice of the dedication of a new convent at Tralee; of a new chapel dedicated to the blessed Virgin Mary, near Gort, and—worse than all—

"THE JESUIT MISSIONARIES IN THE WEST.—The Rev. Messrs Haly, Dwyer, and Fortescue, Jesuit Missionaries, arrived here at the close of last week, and opened their mission on Sunday, in the Roman Catholic Cathedral. Every day since, crowds throng that spacious building from seven o'clock in the morning until nearly ten at night, in the performance of religious duties. The labours of the Missionaries will not, we understand, be brought to a close for another week or ten days."—*Ballina Herald*.

A correspondent in Ballina,* describing these popish proceedings in that town, writes as follows:—

"The most shameless idolatry is openly practised here by the Roman Catholics. There have been some Jesuits here for the last ten days, and they have been carrying about a large Wooden Doll, under a canopy, as the 'Virgin Mary,' and at

* Achill Herald.

last they *buried* the doll amidst great weeping and excitement, erected a cross over the grave, and now the poor people are to be seen on their knees worshipping the cross in open day! They must have made a great sum of money; the people flocked in from the country round in thousands. One of the priests here was forewarned of the advent of the Jesuits by a miraculous appearance of our Saviour's heart!"

Idolatry and intolerant cruelty always go hand in hand: so it has been in Ballina. "A dissenting minister, who distributed some tracts, was seized by the mob, severely beaten, and was with difficulty saved from being thrown over the bridge into the Moy. The tracts which he circulated were not of a controversial character, they merely set forth the necessity of vital godliness; but the minds of the people were wrought up to such a state of combustion by the harangues of the Popish Missionaries, that the least spark sufficed to produce combustion."

From this, it may be judged how active the Papists are in endeavouring to keep the ground they have, and to recover the ground they have lost. They are thoroughly in earnest; whilst, on the other hand, I grieve to say, the "liberal" Protestant gentry are not only opposed to the work of conversion, but (as I was credibly informed in one place by a clergyman who could not be mistaken in the fact) are the first to denounce to their boon companions the priests, every fresh convert to Pro-

testantism, and even to persecute such themselves, by ceasing to employ them.

There are, doubtless, exceptions to this sad state of things; still the broad fact remains as stated, that the greatest hindrance to the evangelization of Ireland is to be found in the state of its nominally Protestant inhabitants.

A friend of mine, a clergyman, well known for his labours and services in another part of Ireland, writes me (under date June 29th, 1855):—"I am very glad to find you were pleased with the portions of the Reformation work that came under your inspection. Every day convinces me more strongly, that *Maynooth and the National Schools, as well as the unfaithfulness of the Protestant Landlords of Ireland (including some Scotch and English), are the main obstacles to the general progress of the Reformation in our unhappy country.*"

I am anxious to guard my readers against the supposition which has been fostered by some indiscreet statements, that Ireland is easily relinquishing her old religion, and contentedly embracing a purer faith. Nothing can be further from the fact. It grieves me even to think of the easy confidence of the Protestant world, and of the neglect to guard the approaches where the battle will be the strongest. As at Inkermann, so in contest with the church of Rome, our countrymen shew themselves wonderfully ill-advised in all matters of prudent precaution and foresight. In the neighbourhood of Lough Corrib was the very cradle of the new

Reformation in Ireland; and here it is obvious that the work is allowed to languish for want of more Scripture Readers, and of more earnest sympathy and co-operation on the part of English and Irish Protestants with those who have long laboured and suffered in this most important sphere.

I would specially here plead the cause of the "Ladies' Irish Association," whose recently published Report* is full of interest. I regret to find, however, that their exertions are cramped for want of funds. In Galway County they have been compelled to withdraw some of their readers; and from another locality a reader writes thus:—

"I regret much to have to tell you, that there is a great decline on the work in this district since the Irish work ceased here, and I think it got a deadly blow by the same, and more especially by Mr. B— being changed out of the great field of labour in which he worked for so many years, with zeal, energy, and success. The enemies of the truth rejoiced much at the change, and so they might.

"Nothing can equal the Word of God in the Irish language in attracting our poor benighted countrymen, women and children; but, alas! all this great work has ceased here, and very little is doing at present. I never knew any plan to ex-

* Report of the Ladies' Irish Association for Promoting the Religious Instruction of the Native Irish, chiefly through the medium of their own language, for the year ending 17th March, 1835. Dublin: printed by G. Drought, 6, Bachelor's Walk.

ceed the monthly meetings which Mr. B— used to hold, where we had from sixty to seventy, the greater part Romanists or converts, all reading and translating the Word of God, and a lecture too was given. Another class of Roman Catholics were committing the Irish Scriptures to memory; and it was very effectual too. Many Roman Catholics seemed to be growing in the knowledge of the truth, and are now left to decline for want of the nurture they had; like birds that would be ripening to burst the shell, and the parent would be taken away, and they left to perish."

In concluding their Report, the ladies observe:—

"If all the cheering intelligence that has been received during the last twelve months was inserted here, it would swell this report to an enormous size; but as enough has been given to show that 'God is working with us of a truth,' and that very many poor Roman Catholics are willing to listen to that Word, 'the entrance' of which 'giveth light,' we shall only add a few words, stating this fact, that unless the funds of the Association be increased, a stop must be put to the work in some districts. There has been a *very considerable falling off in the receipts*, and *that* at a time when from very many places there are the most urgent applications for readers; at a time when several districts once favoured with the exertions of faithful men, are now deprived of their services; at a time when the enemies of the truth are using unheard-of exertions to quench the light; when Satan seems aware that

he 'hath but a short time to work,' and is therefore using all *his* powers for that purpose. And is this a time to grow lukewarm in the cause? *Already, in many places, the adversaries of the Bible are exulting in the removal of those whose work it is to read it to their fellow-sinners; already are they rejoicing in having (as they suppose) crushed the enemy.* Oh! then, let those who are on the Lord's side, those who know by experience that the Word of God 'is more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold,' come to His help against the mighty."

May I not anticipate that the ladies of England will respond to this appeal, and that this lamentable deficiency will be more than made up by renewed efforts?

How important Rome sees the work to be, may be judged by the manner in which the whole of the West of Ireland is deluged with monks, nuns, and missionary priests,

"Eremites and friars,
Black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery."

It is a distinct evidence of divine power accompanying the truth of the gospel, that it makes its way at all in the midst of such opposition; and it was truly pleasant and cheering to behold some warm-hearted and zealous converts assembling to the worship of God as set free from the thralldom of Rome. But why are there not more? Why so few, when conviction is wrought of the error of Rome in the minds of so many? One reason certainly is, that there is *hypocrisy*—but that not the

often imputed hypocrisy of "bought converts" and hypocrisy in the *profession* of Protestantism. No! the hypocrisy is on the other side—in the negation of profession. The deeply gnawing worm of conscience corrodes the heart where there is a knowledge and approbation of a better path, but a fear to walk in it lest it should involve the loss of all that seems valuable in life, and even of life itself. No doubt there should be decision. No doubt these men ought to be martyrs. Would that they were so! But then, is there no fault in their brethren in the faith in England and in Ireland? Is there no call for more *prayer* on their behalf—more *love* shewn instead of cold suspicion? I visited in one place a poor artizan, dependent on his Romanist neighbours for the work by which he maintained his family—a pensive, thought-worn, intelligent man, already past the prime of life, surrounded by a large and pleasing family, all anxious for the gospel. This man was so clearly convinced of the truth, and so well instructed in scripture, that I should consider he would rank among the foremost in biblical knowledge in any of our English congregations. But he was not happy. Whilst diligent in setting the gospel before those who came under his influence, he was not consistent with his own convictions. He dared not expose his fine and promising family to *starvation*, and this not as a dimly seen and visionary phantasm, but as a stern and pressing reality; for I was told by a Christian brother who knew him well, that he

had been on one occasion three days without food.

Take another recently-published case ("Remnant," No. VIII.):—

"The Priest of ——— has influence to get all those who did not promise to give up teaching deprived of their share of the poor-relief, and thus reduced them nearly to starvation; I say nearly, but it would have been total, had not the Readers given to, and begged for them. The great fear of encouraging hypocrisy withholds many a benevolent hand that would otherwise be extended; yet we see the Saviour feeding the multitude that followed Him; though He 'knew what was in man,' and was well aware that they sought Him only 'because they ate of the loaves, and were filled,' yet He would not let them faint by the way. One man betrayed the names of the others, and, as a matter of course, denunciations in the chapel ensued. Each Teacher's name was called; and from every one that answered he exacted a promise not to teach again; the others he denounced. It would be impossible to follow each one of those into his privations and difficulties. As I said before, poor-relief stopped, all kindness from the farmers (any work they could give) withdrawn; none dare even sell them potatoes or milk—doomed to perish for adhering to the word of their God. One man, whom I once told you of, as having, when he received his gratuity as a Teacher (not more than a pound), turned into a bookseller's shop, and purchased an

English Testament and a Douay Bible for 7s. 6d. Turning to and examining one or two passages of the latter, he exclaimed, exultingly, 'Now I am not afraid of the Priest.' I heard no more of him, till a poor, half-famished creature appeared at our door, and, in a stifled voice, cried, 'Must my children die?—my husband won't give up reading, and they must be starved; he is so weak he could not walk to tell you, and he is dying.' When the Teachers were denounced, his relations immediately put him out. 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but he,' like his Saviour, 'had not where to lay his head.' Towards night he crept on his hands and feet into an adjoining pigsty; there he lay, *a prey to poverty, and hunger, and sickness, his sole comfort his Bible.* It could not be that he did not awaken some pity, and many came to beg of him to give up his books, and told him that the Priest would not come to him when he sent for him. 'He will when *I* send,' said the sufferer; and added, 'I need him not; I have a great High Priest; *my* Priest was both victim and Priest; He is ever present with me; I need no other.' Amongst our anxious inquirers at the Sunday senior class last Sunday, I beheld a sickly, meagre countenance absorbed in the answers the children were giving. Seeing that he must 'faint by the way,' I whispered to one of the Teachers to bring him to the Glebe. He came, read with the others, and made some remarks which showed him deeply taught of God, but made no allusion to his

own sufferings; he spoke, indeed, of affliction, but not in reference to his own, only as to the blessing with which God often vouchsafed to accompany it. 'Who is this sickly, starving man?' I inquired; and then I learned it was C——, so sunk, so changed, I had no idea I had ever before seen him; but there is One who knoweth His sheep, who has evidently been teaching him and watching over him."

Now what is the duty of the Church towards such? What saith the scripture?—"If a brother or a sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them 'Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled,' notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?" I confess I cannot but fear that many such objectors, if they should come to be placed under similar circumstances would not prove more faithful, for "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again," and if we have no mercy towards others, we have reason to fear we shall come short of it ourselves in our time of need.

We were received with true kindness and hospitality by the excellent rector of Cong, the Rev. E. Moore, and by his amiable and interesting family, some of whose sufferings and labours, in the cause of the Gospel, are narrated in the previous portion of this work.* The evening service was held in the large and well-built school-rooms near this gentleman's residence, which is at some little distance

* Part I. p. 141.

from Cong. On the following morning, we visited some Druidical remains, consisting, it is said, originally of seven circles of stones, with an altar in the midst of each, akin, perhaps, to the "seven altars," built by Balaam for the purposes of divination on the high places of Baal. The occurrence of these places of sacrifice in this central spot in Connaught, taken in connexion with other facts, shews how widely the religion of the Druids was once diffused in Ireland.

We explored the ruined Abbey of Cong, partially restored by its present proprietor, and interesting chiefly from the historical reminiscences connected with it, since it was into this asylum that Roderick O'Connor, the last native king of all Ireland retired from the cares of state, and ended his days in 1198. Cong is the central pass between two lakes (Lough Mask and Lough Corrib), into Joyce country and Connemara. It was, therefore, well situated to be chosen as the residence of the kings of Connaught, who swayed the sceptre from hence over their wild and turbulent subjects.

The canal, which was intended to unite the two lakes, was undertaken, it is said, in pursuance of a project of Sir Robert Peel, according to which he intended to form a connected line of water-carriage, uniting Galway Bay with Clewe Bay through the intervening lakes. It was a grand design, but it seems very doubtful whether its realization would ever have repaid the outlay. Union is a good thing in itself, but may at times be bought too dear. The



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execution was pursued for some time with a lavish prodigality of expense, and now appears to be finally abandoned when comparately near its completion. It is sad to see the huge and well chiselled blocks of limestone falling into the dry bed of the intended canal in disorder—a lasting memorial that not even the control of a Board of Works in London can always secure success. It is pretty evident that if local knowledge and practical experience had been properly brought to bear on the undertaking, it might have been beneficially carried through to completion at less expense than that now thrown away. It seemed to me to illustrate the *disadvantages* of centralization, and to shew that these may at times outweigh the benefits resulting therefrom.

At present the waters of Lough Mask, which are 36 feet higher than Lough Corrib, find their way by a subterranean channel, until they reach the immediate vicinity of Cong, where they rise to the light and form a clear and rapid stream. In some portions of their course the limestone superincumbent has given way, and the course of the underground river is, for a few yards, exposed to the air above. One of these places, called the Pigeon-hole, is frequently visited. You descend about sixty feet down a picturesque chasm, overhung with festoons of wild plants, and come upon the clear and deep waters of the river, issuing forth on one side from under a bed of rock, and flowing rapidly away on the other into unknown caverns again. In

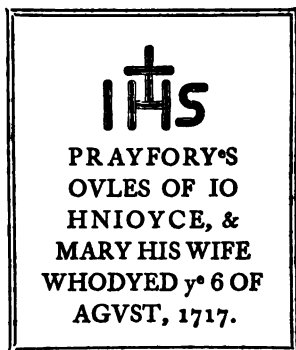
the deep pool abundance of fish are to be seen through the crystal water, and amongst these some "blessed" trout. One of these remarkable fishes was laid hold of by a Protestant, who thought he had secured a savoury meal, but behold! when the "blessed fish" felt the frying-pan—disliking the heat, it mounted aloft into the air, and returned in this easy way to its old haunt under the rock in the still water, where it is now to be seen, in a flourishing condition, and bearing only the impression of the heretical thumb and forefinger in black marks on the back, where it was seized!! The fish was pointed out to me; but I cannot distinctly aver that I saw the marks of the fingers. I reminded my companion of the manner in which Bernal Diaz, an old soldier of Cortez, comforted himself under a similar disappointment; he tells us—"Gomara, in his account of this battle, says, that previous to the arrival of Cortez with the cavalry, the holy apostle, St. Jacob, or St. Peter, in person, had galloped up on a grey-coloured horse for our assistance. Perhaps, on account of my sins, *I was not considered worthy of the good fortune to behold him*, for I could only see Francisco de Morla, on his brown horse, galloping up with Cortez!"

My guide was a convert to Protestantism, who had himself run some risk, as I think, in an attempt to secure one of the blessed fishes, for—so persuaded are some of the Cong people of this story—a slight hint from the priest would probably induce them to throw an offending heretic into the stream;

a position from which he would scarcely have escaped so easily as the blessed trout from the heretical frying pan.

Another strange superstition of the good people of this neighbourhood is connected with a rocky piece of ground near the westward-road leading to Beal-na-Brack, and Cornamona. This is chosen for some reason as a locality suited for the erection of cenotaphs, or cairns on a small scale, consisting of pyramidal heaps of stones, of which a considerable number may be noticed. These belong to the different families of the district, and when a funeral passes, a stone is added to the funereal heap of that particular family. They keep count in the families of the number of stones, and when one of these slip off the pile, a soul is supposed to be released out of purgatory. About two or three years since, when the Scripture readers had obtained great hold on the minds of the people, these began to be ashamed of the superstition, and finding the stones of several of these cenotaphs placed very conveniently near to the road, which needed repairing, they pulled them down, and applied the materials to this purpose, thus releasing at once a multitude of souls from purgatory. We saw reason to believe, however, that they were now beginning to rebuild these, since some small pyramids, with very few stones, spoke of recent mortality thus held in remembrance by survivors. On only one of these pyramids did I see any inscription. This exception is in a native tablet built into one of the largest pyramids, and

which, I was informed, was unintelligible to any of the literati of Cong; I thought, at first, it might be Irish, but my guide, who could read Irish well, disabused me of this notion. I then tried Latin; but eventually found that the difficulty arose in part from its being in plain English—thus:



It is therefore a monument to the memory of John and Mary Joyce, of the renowned clan who once possessed the district still called after their name.

The following are some of the prayers of the Romish Church.

LITANY FOR THE DEAD.

“From the shades of death, where souls sit deprived of the blissful light of thy countenance, *deliver them, O Lord.*

“From the evils to which their defective mortifications in this world have exposed them in the other, *deliver them, O Lord.*

"From thy anger, which now too late they grieve to have provoked by their negligence and ingratitude, *deliver them, O Lord.*

"From the bonds of sin, wherein they remain entangled by the disorder of their affections, *deliver them, O Lord.*

"From the pains of purgatory, justly inflicted on them, as the proper effect of their sins, *deliver them, O Lord.*

"From that dreadful prison, whence there is no release till they have paid the uttermost farthing, *deliver them, O Lord.*

"From all their torments, incomparably greater than the sharpest arrows of this life, *deliver them, O Lord.*

* * * * *

"That it would please thee to hasten the day of visiting thy faithful detained in the receptacle of sorrow, and transport them to the city of eternal peace, *we beseech thee, hear us.*

"That it would please thee to shorten the time of expiation for their sins, and graciously admit them into thy holy sanctuary, where no unclean thing can enter, *we beseech thee, hear us.*

"That it would please thee, *through the prayers and alms of thy church, and especially the inestimable sacrifice of the holy altar,* to receive them into the tabernacle of rest, and crown their long hopes with everlasting fruition, *we beseech thee, hear us.*

"That the blessed vision of Jesus may comfort

them, and the glorious light of the cross shine upon them, *we beseech thee, hear us.*

“That thy holy angels may bring them into the land of the living, and the glorious Queen of Saints present them before thy throne, *we beseech thee, hear us.*”

At Cong there used to exist a most richly adorned cross, supposed to contain a piece of the true cross, and to work miraculous cures. It is a sign of the decline of superstition, that the priests ventured not long since to part with this truly valuable relic for a valuable consideration of *some* kind, doubtless. I afterwards saw it in the antiquarian museum, at Dublin. Half a century ago, this transfer would scarcely have taken place.

In a similar manner, the bell of St. Patrick was recently parted with by the ecclesiastics, to whose care it was entrusted on Croagh Patrick; and, that I believe, for a very small remuneration. The same parties, I was told, refused, some years ago, the offer of £150 for this useless bauble, stating that it brought them as much each year from the attraction it held out to the superstitious pilgrims. Now, their willingness to part with it shews the times are changed.

That which most interested me in the neighbourhood of the early scenes of the new awakening in Connaught, was a long walk I took one morning with a scripture-reader—a young man intelligent, zealous, devoted, who had frequently gone forth to his work after commending his family to their

Heavenly Father, and uncertain whether he himself, their earthly protector, should ever be permitted to return alive, as a husband to cheer the wife in her solitary cabin—as a father to watch over the little ones entrusted to his care.

It was truly refreshing to witness the reverent attention with which the poor people listened to the gospel of salvation, proclaimed to them in their own tongue; and it was quite evident to me, that all that was wanted was to follow up in faith and prayer the advantage thus gained of *an open ear for the gospel*. But it needs *more scripture readers*. The number of these should be increased, instead of being greatly *diminished*, as has been the case here, in the face of the most violent opposition, and in a part where the contest between truth and error is raging most fiercely.

Rome has her agents by *scores*. (There were a *dozen* monks in one house I passed in Galway county, as I accidentally learnt from the driver, and this is only a specimen). Irish Romanists *value* their religion. Their very newspapers, even at this exciting time, shew this; they are (*really*, though not *professedly*) *religious* newspapers, not so much occupied with relating scenes of carnage and destruction, as in promoting what they think to be the kingdom of Christ. Roman Catholic Christendom is in earnest. The May number of the “Annals of the Propagation of the Faith” for this year, shews that in the past year the sum of 3,722,766 fr. 44 c. were raised for the

purpose of subjugating souls to the faith of Rome. "On the one hand are the subscriptions of the American Indians, poor children of the desert, who have organised twenty-five collections in the depths of their forests; on the other, are those of the neophytes of Cochin China, those predestined martyrs, who seem to have only their blood to give, and who have wished this year to add their alms also." And above all this, the Romanists shew their zeal in a manner which one might suppose would cause in them a shudder if they really *believe* what they assert; for they say they have *slain Christ* ("*immolated the spotless victim*") five thousand times in the past year, in order to insure success.* Ireland is in earnest, too, in this

* *Tablet*, June 2nd.—The May number of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* contains an account of the receipts and expenditure of that eminently Catholic association for the year 1854. We translate a summary of it, as well as some observations with which the statement is preceded, and which will interest our readers:—

"The receipts for 1854 amount to 3,722,766f. 44c. (£147,359 10s.). This is the highest figure which we have yet reached, if we except the two past years, which were increased by the temporary additions of the Jubilee offerings. This un hoped-for result, after the sufferings of all sorts we have been subjected to, is a sensible testimony of the Divine protection of our work, a new motive for us of confidence, and of gratitude towards God, and an additional encouragement accorded to our efforts.

"To tax itself with such a tribute, in such difficult circumstances, it must needs be that Christian charity feels keenly the wants of the apostolate, and the necessity of assisting it. Therefore it has not feared to add still more to its sacrifices, rather than leave the missions to suffer; it could not refuse its mite to those who go to remote countries to give their lives for our faith.

work, for out of her poverty she has given £4,750 15s. (England only £1,371 16s. 9d.), thus aiding to rivet the collar on others, which has so long marked her sons—a collar like that worn by serfs of old, but on the *heart* and not

God, who has put this inexhaustible devotion in the hearts of our associates, will accept their offering so much the more that He sees in it, not the tithe of their superfluity, but that of their very privations. It is also given us for the first time to inscribe among our collections some subscriptions from quarters that enhance their value. On the one hand, are those of the American Indians, poor children of the desert, who have organised twenty-five collections in the depths of their forests; on the other are those of the neophytes of Cochin China, those predestined martyrs, who seem to have only their blood to give, and who have wished this year to add to that their alms also.

“ A new cause of benedictions for our work, which we are happy to have occasion to mention here, is the masses which are said in such great number for us in the majority of the missions. We do not speak of the masses celebrated annually on the 3rd of November for the deceased associates; that precious endowment is already known. That of which we speak is due to a more recent inspiration of the apostolic workers, who every day and in every place offer the Divine Sacrifice for their benefactors of the Propagation of the Faith. Some figures of recent date enable us to appreciate the extent of this grace. Thus the Capuchins of Abyssinia have offered up for us more than two thousand masses; of Malabar, nearly four hundred; Southern Tonquin, five hundred each year; the Vicariate of Tripoli, two hundred; the Society of Jesus, two thousand. When we see in every clime these heralds of the gospel, grown white before their time through labours and sufferings, mindful of us at the altar, and with their hands reserved, perhaps, to bear the irons of the dungeon or the palm of martyrdom, *immolate for our salvation the spotless Victim*, should we regret our weak sacrifices, and have we not already received their reward?”

round the neck, and inscribed, "*born thrall of Rome*"!—for of the amount collected 785,281 f. 30c. have been disbursed for *missions of Europe*, in which Ireland we may be sure is not forgotten.

Two years since, I thought the societies which had undertaken the evangelization of Ireland were in earnest also—not so much because of the large sums raised for the purpose, as because of the spirit of confiding faith manifested in the reports and occasional papers, and because of the very evident confidence of the pious promoters in the efficacy of intercessory prayer—their earnest appeals for this manifestation of fraternal interest—their marked conviction that the work was of God, and that it must go forward and prosper in *His strength*, or fail more disastrously than can well be conceived.

I *hope*, and, indeed, believe, that all this is true now, but I do not *see* the evidence of this in the diminution of the number of Scripture Readers here. The times are unpropitious, doubtless; but I must again say, our English zeal for the conversion of the Irish Romanists *appears* to have cooled, and though many of the poor fellows who have entered into the army, the navy, or the militia, have really done so *because they were Protestants at heart, and wished to escape from the domination of the Priests*, yet our countrymen take it for granted that the very reverse is the fact—that as being Irishmen they must be Catholics—as being Catholics they must be bigoted Romanists—and as such, that they would earnestly resent any

consistent acts of Protestant benevolent interest in their spiritual good.*

I am sure that the very reverse is the case,† and I cannot in conscience omit saying so, for it appears to me cruel to expose these men to the imminent peril of their lives in the service of this Protestant country, and to refuse permission for their instruction in that which, according to the creed of the

* From the Monthly Letter of the Protestant Alliance, London, June 1, 1855.

NURSES FOR THE EAST.—Lord Panmure has replied as follows to the letter on this subject, published in the fourth annual report:—

“ War Office, 25th May, 1855.

“ SIR,—I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 2nd ultimo; and to acquaint you that the reply thereto has been delayed, to enable Lord Panmure to obtain information with respect to the statement contained in your communication.

“ His Lordship, having now fully considered the subject, has directed the Commandant at Scutari to be officially informed that no *Protestant* or Roman Catholic chaplain will be allowed directly or *indirectly* to interfere with the religious opinions of any person whatever belonging to, or professing to belong to, any church or creed different from that of which the chaplain, Protestant or Roman Catholic, is the appointed minister; and that the same rule is to be observed by *the ladies* acting as superintendents of nurses, the nurses, and sisters of mercy, or nuns attached to the Hospitals in the East; and that *any violation of this rule is to be followed by their removal.*

“ Lord Panmure trusts that this rule, formally promulgated, may prevent these religious dissensions in future, and which, if not averted, will defeat the exertions of those who are now labouring with such disinterested zeal and success to alleviate the sufferings of Her Majesty's soldiers in the East.

“ I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

“ B. HAWES.”

† See “ The Banner of the Truth in Ireland ” for July, 1855.

national church, is the only way of salvation, whilst, on the other hand, we build them up in a religion which we denounce as full of "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits."

If our Government really believes, according to the Roman Ritual, that souls in purgatory may be *freed from the bonds of horrid death by the incomparable sacrifice of the mass, and may thus become worthy of eternal life,** it would be an act of true charity to oblige the well-fed priests of Ireland to celebrate abundant masses for the souls of all Catholic soldiers who have fallen in the present war. If, on the other hand, they believe nothing of the sort, but have come to the conclusion that all children are born good,† and that all religions are alike; then why should the country be still burdened with a costly religious establishment to maintain an untruth? If the religion of our Turkish friends and brothers is as good as our own, and if Buddhism, or the religion of China, be something even better, why then let this be plainly set forth. Perhaps our soldiers would be spared some anxious thoughts if they knew that "judgment to come"

* Prayer of the priest "for all such as lie buried in a church-yard:"—"Pro animabus famulorum famularumque tuarum, et omnium Catholicorum hic et ubique in Christo dormientium, hostiam Domine, suscipe, benignus, oblatam: ut *hoc sacrificio cingulis horrendæ mortis exuti, vitam mereatur eternam.*"

† See this doctrine as enunciated by Lord Palmerston, according to the report of the *Times* newspaper. The Chinese, it is said, indoctrinate their children with the same notion, and I believe it is the first proposition in their "Trimetrical Classic."

was but a fable, and that the worst effect of a Russian rifle-ball would be to *facilitate their transmigration* (as Buddhists believe). At all events, *let the truth be told*, for to pretend that the religion of the Church of England is truth, and at the same time to patronise the teaching of that which she condemns as *idolatry** is (to say the very least) *as great* a dereliction of principle as to believe that we ought now to be at peace, and yet to be willing to carry on the war with vigour.

But to return to the details of Irish evangelization. Let us enter, with the Scripture reader, into this house, which stands conveniently near to the road we are traversing. It is roughly constructed of limestone, and thatched in the manner of the country. Unpromising as is the access, our companion will inform us that the people are in comfortable circumstances. We shall carefully avoid the indescribable details of the farm-yard before the entrance, and thread our way to the front-door. We ask permission to enter, and civilly salute the matron of the establishment, although the region is so dark and smoky that it is only by slow degrees we discern the occupants of the Cimmerian abode. Fortunately, the smoke is that of peat, which you will soon learn (unless you have tender eyes) to consider as not very unpleasant—indeed grateful, if only in very small proportion mingled with the free mountain air. *Here*, however, we have decidedly too much, and the rafters are blackened,

* See particularly the Homily against Peril of Idolatry.

and the whole interior obfuscated with its sombre influence. We enter into conversation; our stock of English is soon exhausted; but our companion takes up in fluent Irish the broken thread, and dwells upon the wondrous good news of God's love to poor sinful man in the gift of His Son, quoting whole portions of the book of God by heart (to *read* would be impossible), and with true Hibernian readiness, turning every passing occurrence to account. The attention manifested is intelligent, devout, possibly at first controversial, but there is no heavy stupidity; that is not the character of the people. By degrees, you learn that an aged patriarch of ninety years occupies one of the inner chambers. You look across a floor, covered with the moss of the mountain, and dimly discern some erections, which look to your unaccustomed eye like those built in England for the inferior creatures; against these a ladder rests to afford access to the upper story (shall I call it) under the very rafters, where the young *craythers* of the family crush themselves together at night, with, probably, the fowls that you see around you in immediate proximity. You rise from the chair, which has been courteously placed for you by the domestic hearth, and, after some cogitations as to the possibility of making your way over the mossy carpet, guided by the gudewife, you enter the old man's chamber. There you dimly discern the features of a fine old mountaineer, who lies in some sort of a bed, complaining of the cold (for age has stricken

him), and who receives you with some words of Irish welcome. You are ready to think that he must, at least, feel, like Jacob, that *evil*, if not *few*, had been the days of his pilgrimage; but no, he is still able to dig potatoes, and life has yet its sweets. He can even now sit in the sun and watch the cloud-shadows flitting across the mountain's breast, and see the little waves of the lake that is dear to him chasing each other to the pebbly shore. He *loves* his mountain land with an attachment which the native of the plain can never feel. Besides, he can call his grandchildren around him, and enjoy their sunny smiles and their youthful glee; and childhood is as merry, and eyes are to the full as bright, in Connemara as in happier lands. But you have no medium of converse; you cannot speak his language. You return into the reception-room of the house, and, with a now accustomed eye, behold luxuries unseen before. There stands a press, with its adornment of crockery-ware; drawers which contain family wealth; shelves on which possibly even books may be seen; farm-implements, milk-pails, are there; and in the warm chimney-corner, on one side of the abundant peat fire, the bed of the master and mistress of the house; the faithful dog completes the household picture. You depart, with the conviction that one half the world does not know how the other half lives.

Or again, you are now to be introduced to a humbler dwelling. No wealth, even of the rudest description, is here, but a poor aged widow with

none to comfort her but God above. She receives us with Irish courtesy, and crouches by the fire in Hibernian fashion whilst listening to what we have to say. It is not the first time, indeed, she has welcomed the reader to her humble abode. She loves his words of consolation, and when he speaks to her of Jesus as the only mediator between God and man, she exclaims, of her own accord, "Is He not *the way?*" In a census of the population, she would be classed as a Roman Catholic; but the priest will not darken her door now, for she has received with kindness "the devil's dog," as he calls the reader; and, moreover, she has not a shilling in the world which he can share. Mark this poor woman's features: poverty (but not repining poverty) has traced those lines upon the face, in which meek submission forms the most striking characteristic. She drinks in the truth presented in her own loved language with eager interest; but see! when the enemy of mankind is mentioned, she crosses herself lest he should enter! Your companion explains to her that this will not avail, but that to have God's Holy Spirit in the heart is the sure safeguard against the evil one. She refers to the great thunder-storm we have had; she dwells on the remembrance of it with awe. "It manifested God's displeasure against sin and sinners," she says. You leave this poor habitation of an earnest-minded widow, hoping for her from the Judge of the widows some better blessing than an earthly priest could bring.

Such are some of the features of the people, more interesting to me by far than those of the scenery which lake and mountain can present; pleasing as these are even in the very music of their softly-sounding and picturesquely-meaning names. Cor-namona, and the mighty Ben Leva, Lough Corrib, with its breadth of waters, and its varied islands, and lovely shores, and ye rugged mountains that give rise to the river of Beal na Brack! to me your scenes will rise to memory full of sweet associations, not only with sunny hours passed in your silent but eloquent society, but because you cradled in its birth the New Reformation in Ireland.

Shall this Reformation expire? Shall its embers die out for want of being fanned by English sympathy and English prayers? I ask not for *much* English gold. There are beautiful and yet neat and simple edifices for the worship of England's church rising on every hand; there are school-rooms such as would delight the eye of any friend of education; these are already provided; there are clergymen—beloved men of God—anxious to fulfil their duties, but pressed upon with difficulties; These *are* and *have been* on the spot, *known*—aye, *well-known*—by the peasantry of Ireland as their tried friends, as their only efficient helpers. I ask not, then, for clergymen, but rather for *Scripture readers*, since I am persuaded (and in this I am sure I shall only speak the mind of those who labour on the spot) that without these the whole work will, as far as man can see, go down altogether.

Why are they then withdrawn? Without *readers* to diffuse the Gospel, and to counteract the priest, the churches will be deserted, the schools will be a failure, and the clergy will labour on devotedly but unsuccessfully in the not very hopeful attempt to make true Christians out of bad worldly-minded priest-flattering Irish Protestants.

But I take my leave here of Cong and of its environs, of Lough Mask, and of its gloomy stronghold of English despotism in ancient times; and turn to brighter, happier scenes, which were before long to greet my view.

CHAPTER III.

WE engaged four stout boatmen (two of them belonging to the Joyce clan) to row us across the Lake to Oughterard, on our way to Clifden. The distance to be performed was nine Irish miles, for Lough Corrib is almost like an inland sea* in the expanse of its waters—a circumstance which detracts somewhat from the beauty of its scenery, which is nevertheless in all points interesting, if it cannot be called grand. But that which most attracted our attention, was the island of Inish a Gael Chraibhthogh (*the island of the devout foreigner*) which contains the mortal remains of the nephew of St. Patrick. Towards this island (situated half way across the lake) we therefore directed our course. We swiftly passed between the wooded and picturesque banks of the stream, and entered the lake itself, admiring the varied view of distant mountain, and of rocky or wood-covered, or cultivated shores. We landed in a little bay of Inchagoil,†

* It covers a surface of 43,485 statute acres, embraces a coast of sixty miles in extent, and contains islands whose superficial area is 1,606 acres.

† As it is *pronounced*, though the former is I suppose the correct name.

and hastened to explore the ruins in sight, which promised a rich feast of antiquarian interest; nor were we at all disappointed, but even my highly raised anticipations were met and satisfied, not by the beauty of the scenery, not by the state of preservation of the ruins of the church and abbey, for they have been neglected till their dilapidation is almost past repair—but by the food for happy and profitable meditation supplied by this, the resting place of one of the early saints of Ireland. Of the genuine character of the inscription on the tomb of Lugnaedon there is, I believe, no question. It reads

“*Láe Lugnaedon*
Macc Limenueh,”

surmounted by some most primitive crosses. The upright position of the stone has thus far preserved the inscription from obliteration by the rain and tempest; and there is happily but little to fear from visitors, for the distance from land limits the number of these. Indeed, it is very obvious that the reasons for choosing these sequestered islands for the early seats of Christian teaching and worship were connected not only with the love of seclusion so congenial to the Christian mind, but also with a sense of security from the sudden onslaught of barbarous enemies, which an insular position would confer.

The feeling which animated *some* of those who thus withdrew from the busy world, I can well



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believe to be the same with that which inspired the beautiful hymn:

“ Far from the world, O Lord, I flee
From strife and tumult, far
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

“ The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.”

Doubtless, this soon degenerated and became mixed with mysticism and an indefinite variety of evils. But is not the Christianity of the present day in some little danger from the prevalence of the opposite spirit? Is the unscrupulous pursuit of political power—is the sacrifice of every better feeling at the shrine of Mammon a less culpable evil? a less dangerous declension? Time will shew.

The inscription records in Irish, that it is “ the tomb of Lugnaedon, the son of Limenueh, or Culmenueh,” the commencement of the last name being difficult to make out. The ancient scholiast on the hymn of St. Fiech* says, “ that St. Patrick had one brother, the Deacon Sanannus, and five sisters, Lupita, Tigris, Liemania, Darerca, and Cinne-num.”

According to Archbishop Usher,† Lupita was blessed with a large family, consisting of seventeen

* Life of St. Patrick, p. 16.—Fiech was a young poet at the court of King Leogair, at Tarah, on St. Patrick's arrival in Ireland (p. 34).

† De Britannicarum Ecclesiarum Primordiis, p. 824, 825.

sons and five daughters (probably in this number the progeny of *all the sisters* is included). Four of the sons were bishops (one of them being named *Lumanus*) "who coming with their uncle from Britain into Ireland, and labouring strenuously in the field of the Lord, gathered in a large harvest, fit to be transferred to the heavenly granary."

This *Luman* looks very like a contraction of our Lugnaedon; but I fear we must give up the notion of his identity (although the confusion in the account is so great that even this is possible), since there is another *Lugnath Sanctus*, who is evidently our Lugnaedon, and who is set down in some accounts as a son of Darerca, in the Connaught Annals (quoted by Usher), as the son of Restitutus and Culmana (Liemanian?) the sister of St. Patrick.

The only thing certain is, that Lugnaedon was the nephew of St. Patrick, and, as this stone informs us, that he was son of Limenuh and not of Darerca. St. Patrick was born A.D. 372,* so that the date of this monument is probably the *fifth century*.

I did not consider that I was in any sense departing from the spirit of the purest Protestantism, when I gathered some beautiful sulphur yellow flowers of the "rath primrose" to carry away with me as a remembrance of this spot, so endeared by its association with the early days of Ireland's Christianity. Let the spring flowers of

* According to Usher and Tillemont; see Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, i. 353.



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the "Isle of Saints" thus gathered be ever dear to me—ever remind me of "the sinner Patricius," who for the love of his Saviour renounced his fatherland, and went to preach the name of Christ to the extremities of the then known earth—let me remember his mild associate, Benignus—let me muse over the tomb of Lugnaedon. I shall not, I trust, in all this be violating Scripture, the only guide to my affections or my reason; neither shall I be rendering to the creature the honour due to Him alone by Whom all things were made. "Whatever things are *venerable** (*margin*) think on these things," is an inspired admonition, tending, like all Scripture precept, to our sanctification and our blessing. Only let us not mistake the fiction for the reality—the shadow for the substance. That which is truly venerable in the sight of Him who gives us this injunction, must be that in which the work of His Holy Spirit, the Comforter, is seen giving glory to Jesus, whilst the creature is abased before him. That which is venerable in the sight of the innumerable company of angels, and of the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, must be the description of venerable things on which it is our duty to meditate. Now I can find no sort of reason to suppose, that the bones, the hair, and the "veritable teeth of St. Patrick," or of his disciple, Lugnaedon, would call forth even one of the least of the heavenly choir, from his service above, to

* "Ὅσα σεβνδ."

behold as a venerated relic; but since I learn, on divine authority, that there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, I have reason to believe, that if many sinners repented through the preaching of this evangelist, there was much joy in heaven; and that, if through toil and suffering, and a willingness, as he professes, even to lay down his life in martyrdom, this man of God succeeded in bringing in many straying souls to the fold of Christ, then is there (as I judge) that which is really *venerable* in the remembrance of his work of faith and labour of love. "Whose faith follow considering the end of their conversation." If through these men, "salvation through the blood of the Lamb," echoed through these vales and across these wide waters; and if souls previously lost in dark Egyptian night—worshippers of the sun, and sacrificing their children to Moloch—were here born of God, by the incorruptible seed of the gospel, then do I consider that these were of the same faith, and virtually of the same Church with those new converts with whom, on the shore of this same lake, I recently united in singing—

"Glory, honour, praise, and power,

Be unto the Lamb for ever!

Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!

Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!"

For it is not in the antiquity of solemn temples, and dim religious light stealing through the richly tinted windows, and stoled priests, and tremendous mys-

teries, and chaunted vespers—nor even in saints and monarchs, reposing each in his bier of state, that a Christian mind can discover what is really *venerable* in the sight of the Ancient of Days. But Christ loved *the Church*, and gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it by the washing of water by the word, that he might *present it to Himself*, a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.” The *Church*, then, is that body of ransomed sinners, whom Christ will thus *present unto Himself*; the whole Catholic, Apostolic, and Universal body, not one member (even the least) found wanting; since of all whom the Father hath given Him, He will lose nothing, but will raise it up again at the last day.

This consideration then lifts us up into an atmosphere of heaven infinitely above the little distinctions of earth, and bids us to dwell upon that which is intrinsically precious and venerable in the sight of God—upon the faith once delivered to the saints, upon the memory of the just of all generations. The glorious company of the Apostles, the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, the noble army of Martyrs, yea, the Holy Church throughout all the world, are known and felt to be fellow-worshippers even with a few poor solitary children of God, who, in the depth of their apparent solitude, “worship God in the spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.”

Surely there is power in the thought of whatso-

ever things are *venerable* to raise us up above the din of that sectarian Babel which jars and rings harshly in discord on the Christian ear—a strife in which man is pre-eminent, in which the chosen leader is well nigh worshipped, in which the “special testimony” of the sect is hyper-exalted, and the soul starves and pines for solitude with God.

“I believe in the holy Catholic Church,” is then a faith full of meaning and sweetness to the soul when we pass beyond the husk and shell of things, and enter upon the inner sweetness of the spiritual truth, which at first embodied itself forth in this most scriptural confession. That it is not also embodied forth in the organization of a united church, results from that “falling away” of which Rome is the personification, and of whose guilt she is the heir—the Babylon (*even by confession of some of her own children*), in escaping from which we protestants fall, it is true, into disorder, but may find, nevertheless, living unity in the possession of living truth.

I shall not then enter upon the hopeless task of attempting to prove that the church of St. Patrick is the same in its organization as the present Protestant Establishment. Vast was the difference, doubtless, as any candid person who reads history must admit. But vast also is the discrepancy between modern Popery and the Christianity which St. Patrick brought with him into the Isle of Saints. It presents, perhaps, some points of resemblance as to external organization, but, in order

to determine anything correctly on the subject, we must surely go deeper than this. We must not only discover what were the outward forms, but what was the *inner life* of the religion of the saint. As in the attempted restoration of one of those extinct organisms which excite our wonder—say, for instance, one of the colossal elks, whose bones figure in the college at Dublin—if by some triumph of science we could succeed in clothing those bones with flesh and sinews, and restoring in every part the conduits for the circulation of the vital fluid, and if we could superinduce the very covering of skin and hair, and add all the organs of sense, yet should we not be able to call it *an elk*, so long as we were forced to say “something within is wanting,” and that *something, life* itself. So, on the other hand, if a living specimen could be presented to us, devoid of its crowning antlers, young and feeble in all its parts, contemptible even, in comparison with the proportions of its progenitors, yet having the power of development, we must needs say that *is* an elk, though there is much wanting to its completeness.

So in our contemplation of the church. Of what avail to restore, piece by piece, every joint and band of the old machinery, if the animating spirit is gone—fled?—if the body after all shews no sign of life, no power of development? Surely that is not a church of the *living* God.

What then is the true life of the church? Surely no Christian can hesitate in the reply that it must

be in the power of the indwelling Spirit—"buildd together for an habitation of God thro' the Spirit." But since there are so many pretenders to this, how is this church life to be ascertained? Surely, again, every Christian must admit, by the test which our Lord himself gives of the work of the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, "He shall glorify me." This, first of all, then, must be looked to, whether all the glory of salvation is ascribed where it is due—whether the blessed virgin, or saints, or angels, share the glory with the Creator—whether traditions of men are exalted, and the commands of Christ dishonoured—whether the power, the penitence, the virtue of man is extolled, or the truth presented, that "ye must be born again."

Without these characteristics, we cannot call that a *living church* which might even be able to prove that it had descended in a direct line from the Apostles, and with uninterrupted succession of those through whom the faculty of spiritual generation proceeded without let or hinderance to the present time.

But what if the staff *has* come from the prophet, with his direct commission, by the hands of Gehazi? Alas! there is no life-giving power in the wood! *The stick is a stick still.* "There was neither voice nor hearing, wherefore he went again to meet him, saying, 'The child is not awaked!'"

"How shall they preach except they be *sent*?" How shall those who know not the truth themselves be commissioned to proclaim it to others?

On the other hand, if the Apostle Paul heard concerning any persons, however distant or strange to him personally, that they believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and loved one another according to the commandment, he seems at once to have beheld in them the *essentials*, though they might be deficient in some of the *externals* proper to a church.

Let us, then, apply these principles to the consideration of the religion of St. Patrick, premising this, that I care nothing at all by whom he was ordained, nor (a *very* questionable point, I believe*) whether his ordination was canonically correct or not. Neither do I concern myself whether he was married or single, except in so far as this, that by his own admission he found so much difficulty in the state he had chosen as the most pure and heavenly, that we must charitably hope he did not impose it on his clergy. Neither does it greatly move me to consider that superstitions might be mixed with the sacraments he observed; for I remember how imperfect was the light on some of these points even in the bright morning stars of the Reformation; and that Wickliffe, one of the brightest of these, and most vigorous in his opposition to the doctrine of transubstantiation, was struck with his last fatal disease whilst celebrating mass. That which I do wish to know is, whether his religion was living Christianity according to the definition I have laid down previously.

* See Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, under "St. Patrick."

I take in hand the most authentic remains of his writings, and judge from his own pen.* In his "Confessions," he gives his parentage, telling us with all simplicity, that his *father* was a *deacon*, who was again the *son* of a *Presbyter*;† that he was "ignorant of God . . . lying like a stone in deep mud of his natural corruption." He does not appear to have had the slightest thought of having been made a child of God by baptism; but he ascribes his conversion to the grace of God in a sense wholly alien from Romish doctrine, and entirely akin to that which would be said by an evangelical Protestant. He shows how he was taken captive in his youth, and led to Ireland as an unconverted person, and suffering justly on account of his sins. He tells us how there the Spirit of God wrought in his heart—how fervent were his prayers by day and night—how deep and true his repentance for his sins, and his conversion with his whole heart to the Lord. He then shows, in the manner of his deliverance, how entirely he rested on prayer—how he looked for answers to prayer, in a way which Romanists of the present day would

* The reader will find copious extracts from the Latin text of S. Patricii adscripta opuscula operâ et studio, Jacobi Waræi, Eq. Aur., Londini, 1656.

† That notorious story-teller, Joceline, "affirms, that his father and grandfather took orders after their children were born." St. Patrick had, however, as it is said, "one brother, the deacon Senanus, and five sisters;" rendering this mode of avoiding the admission of the marriage of the clergy even less probable than it at first appears.

scoff at, but which is most truly scriptural nevertheless. The idolatrous captain said to him, "Wherefore art thou called a Christian? Thy God is great and powerful. Why then canst thou not pray for us, for we are in peril through hunger; and it is unlikely that we shall ever again behold the face of man." He prayed for them, and God sent a supply in answer to prayer. They encountered a drove of hogs in the waste country through which they were making their way, and their need was thus supplied. They also found wild honey. This diet appears to have agreed badly with the saint, and he vividly describes a fit of nightmare which troubled him that night, Satan lying upon him like a great rock, and taking all power from his limbs. Here comes in the only marked piece of superstition I have noticed; for, in his dream, he calls upon Helias, and then the sun's rays began to shine upon him, and he (apparently) woke and felt better. All this is very obscure; and I give the Romanist the full advantage of the dream, with all its accompanying mysticism.

St. Patrick afterwards shows in what manner he conceives that he was called upon to give himself to the work of the evangelization of Ireland, and what difficulties arose to oppose the undertaking, both from the affection of his relatives unwilling to part with him, and also from the opposition of some of his elder brethren, who, on account of some particular sin which he had committed in his youth, objected, it would seem, to his being set

apart for this service. He tells how the love of Christ constrained him, and how the Lord removed the difficulties, and opened his way. He relates some part of that which the Lord wrought through him to make the Gentiles obedient to the truth, and how he had preached the Gospel in the very extremities of the island where no man is to be found beyond; and all this he professes to have done gratuitously, without hope of reward, from those to whom he had ministered; and that if he wished for riches, he had them not:—a very marked contrast this, indeed, to the priests of Rome at the present day. Towards the conclusion, he gives utterance to the following noble sentiments.

“May my God, therefore, not permit that I should ever lose his people whom I have gained [for Him] in the very extremities of the earth. I pray God that he would give me perseverance, and count me worthy that I should give forth a faithful testimony for him even to my decease. And if ever I did any good for the sake of my God whom I love, I ask that He would grant this to me, that with those proselytes and captives I should shed my blood, although I should even want a sepulchre, or my dead body should be miserably torn to pieces by dogs, or by savage beasts, or should be devoured by the fowls of heaven. Certainly, I should think if this should happen to me, that I had purchased my soul with my body. Since, without any doubt, I should rise in that day in the bright-

ness of the sun—that is to say, in the glory of Jesus Christ our Redeemer, amongst the sons of the living God, and co-heirs with Christ, and those conformed to his future appearance. Since from Him, and through Him, and in Him, we shall reign. For that sun whom we behold rises for us at the command of God, but shall never reign, neither shall his splendour endure. But we believe in and adore the true Sun, Christ, who shall never perish, neither shall any one who does his will, but shall abide for ever, even as Christ abides for ever, who reigns with God the Father omnipotent, and with the Holy Spirit, before all ages, and now, and to the ages of eternity. Amen.”

In the latter part of this passage he refers to the sun-worship, which prevailed before the introduction of Christianity.

In concluding his confession, St. Patrick gives all the glory to God, and acknowledges himself to be, though a saint, still in himself a sinner, and indebted to God for all things. Let me now ask, in connection with the inner spiritual life of this remarkable man, as traced by his own pen in the sketch of his life which I have abridged, whether it does not distinctly belong rather to the *evangelical*, or what the Romanist would call the *methodistical*, school than to anything which can be claimed by the present Roman Catholic Church. St. Patrick seems to know nothing of salvation but by Christ alone. He never once names the Virgin; and there is an entire oblivion of every special feature of

Romanism, whilst his confession of faith is most ample and satisfactory. Moreover, if the work "De tribus habitaculis" be indeed his performance (and I believe there is no reasonable ground of doubt on this point), he knew nothing whatever of purgatory, and, consequently, the whole structure built on this unsafe foundation sinks into its native abyss. And last, and perhaps chiefest of all, his religion is that of *faith*, faith wrought by the Spirit in the heart, and not that of spiritual life communicated and sustained by sacraments of the Church.

If, therefore, Lugnaedon and other early associates of St. Patrick trod in his steps and shared in his life of faith and labour of love, I cannot but rejoice in the remembrance of all that was truly venerable and excellent in their lives—all that will bear fruit to eternity in the salvation of many perishing sinners, gathered from the ends of the earth into the fold of the one Shepherd of the flock of God.

I hail St. Patrick as belonging to the "Holy Catholic Church," and Benignus, and Lugnaedon, and Limenuh, and the royal maidens, Ethne and Fedeline,* many a "benedicta Scotta,"† also, be-

* In his (St. Patrick's) way, he happened to meet the two daughters of King Leogair, Ethne (the fair) and Fedeline (the ruddy), who were educated under the tuition of two Druids; he preached to them the words of truth; they heard him, were converted and baptised, together with their tutors (p.37).

† "Et etiam una benedicta Scotta genitiva nobilis, *pulcherrima*, adulta erat, quam ego baptizavi."

sides, the one noble lady who drew forth the special admiration of the saint.

But I must draw a distinct line of demarkation between these and modern "Catholics," who have nothing in common with them but the name. Of these, I met with an example in a simple ingenuous youth, with whom I had much talk, whilst exploring the ruins of the church of St. Patrick and of the adjoining abbey. This young man knew *only* of forgiveness of sins through the power of the priest, in which he firmly trusted, and opened his eyes unusually wide at the newly presented view of such power being impossible, and that none could forgive sins but God only.

Here was a modern Romanist, a soul held captive by the traditions of man, enslaved by the priest, and as far from "knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins" as could be Irish worshippers of the sun before St. Patrick landed.

Will any one venture to assert that there is no difference; and that the missionary, glowing with love to God and man, and the dark and untaught youth, knowing nothing even of the Gospel, and sunk in sin and ignorance, were members alike of that one church which Christ loved, and which he will present to Himself *faultless* without spot or wrinkle or any such thing.

To assert this would shew, in my opinion, that the speaker had already received a large draught out of that cup which the great mistress of the art of "putting darkness for light and light for darkness"

holds out to the nations, and which some *liberal Protestants* find very sweet to the taste.

With the exception of the stone of Lugnaedon, there is little to call for description in the island. The church and the abbey are of the earliest style of ecclesiastical architecture, constructed of the rudest materials, and fast going to decay. The same may be said of the memorials of the dead, abundance of whom have chosen this consecrated spot for their last repose.

We spent some pleasant hours on the island, and then pursued our course to Oughterard, and entering the winding course of the river Feogh, celebrated for its pearls,* admired the rich and wooded scenery which welcomed us to this neglected tumble-down gloomy town, which looks as if deprived of half its population.

Not finding much to interest me here, I strolled into the large Catholic chapel, which stood open and solitary, but adorned with a rather shabby display of flowers in honour of Mary, as it was her month (*Mois de Marie*, the modern *Maia*), but truly, if the taste of the Blessed Virgin were to be gratified by flowers, she would find more to charm her in the sunny climes of the south than amongst her worshippers in Ireland.

These, however, are careful, at least, to adopt and to import all new fashions in her honour, and even here I found the last new improvement of the unchangeable faith of the infallible church was already

* See Inglis's "Ireland," vol.ii. p.40.

introduced. A newly-printed broad-sheet, fresh from the press, was displayed in the chapel, headed—

“ON DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.”

After giving some fine-drawn distinctions as to the *different kinds of worship*, very difficult to remember, and still more, I should think, to act out, it proceeds thus:—

“Wonderful, indeed, are the gifts and graces conferred on the Blessed Virgin. 1st. Her *immaculate conception*. Of the whole human race, Mary alone was never for a moment subject to original sin. 2nd. The spotless innocence of her life—never was she guilty of even the smallest venial transgression. 3rd. Her soul adorned with every perfect virtue,” etc., etc.

This precious document concludes thus:—

“Through thy sacred virginity and *immaculate conception*, O most chaste virgin, *obtain for me** purity of soul and body. Amen.”

I think St. Patrick would have been surprised at this announcement of new doctrine—to say nothing of the astonishment of the Blessed Virgin herself.

Poor is the prospect, however, for these *graduating* worshippers of Mary, as to their obtaining anything from her at present, for she is *quite otherwise engaged* (1 Kings xviii. 27) as appears from the following:—

“The *Univers* publishes a sonnet to the Virgin,

* A gift much needed in Romish countries, according to the statistical details collected by the Rev. Hobart Seymour.

composed by General Vergé, who, it appears, *made a vow at the moment when he was leading his brigade to the assault of the Mamelon Vert, that if he escaped death that day, he would openly acknowledge the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.* A letter from his wife, received just before he went into action, in which she said, ‘Promise me to make a vow to the Virgin,’ was the cause of the gallant general making the vow which he now faithfully and publicly accomplishes.”

To spread her ægis of protection over such gallant, and poetical, and thorough-going worshippers, must suit much better with the character of a modern Minerva, than caring for the morals of the dirty people of Oughterard.

Moreover, in this hot weather, her attendance is solicited in “*the country of snows*,” as I learn from the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith for May, 1855.

M. Verrolles, vicar *apostolic* of Mandchooria, writes thus:—

“In this valley, if the Lord will permit me, I purpose building an oratory to the Queen of Heaven, our Lady of the Snows. What can be more appropriate in this icy land! fifty-four degrees centigrade below the freezing point. And Mary, our Lady of the Snows, will bless, will patronize her dear children, squatted in this frightful desert, covered with snow; she will reanimate them, she will dissolve the ice of their frozen hearts, she will heal up the infectious ulcer, and give to these

degraded souls the whiteness of snow, and the beauty of the lily. I shall introduce a number of coloured panes into the windows of my chapel, if I receive any from France. How splendid they will appear in the eyes of our Chinese! Red panes, gentlemen! yellow ones, blue ones, green and pink ones! My chapel will be from 20 to 22 feet high, and will probably be covered with sea-rushes! Should any kind soul meet in his way through life, a few panes, small or large, but especially of twelve centimetres square, and coloured, it would certainly be very meritorious, very pleasing to Mary, to offer them to our Lady of the Snows."

Do *well-instructed* worshippers of Mary seriously believe that she is both *omnipresent* and *omniscient*? If this be the case, we cannot wonder if poor uneducated Irish Romanists carry out such principles to their logical results, and give utterance to such thoughts concerning her as would scarce be credited in England. (See the extracts from the Ladies' Irish Association Report for 1855.

CHAPTER IV.

THE road from Oughterard to Clifden leads across a tract which, in unfavourable weather, must be dreary; but, as we saw it, under exactly the atmospheric conditions most suited to such scenes, every fresh opening prospect was a picture in which a landscape painter would delight. I can quite understand both the disappointment felt by some, and the admiration felt by others, for the scenery of Connemara. It does not equal, either in grandeur or in picturesque beauty, that of the South-West of Ireland, but has a character of its own, well calculated to produce a lasting impression on the stranger. The Twelve-Pins, or Ben-na-Veola, with their denuded sides, displaying curious contortions of the strata, rise immediately from a series of lovely lakes. These mountains "occupy a circular space of about six miles in diameter, and are bounded on their southern and eastern sides by a chain of lakes of nine miles in length, and about half a mile in their average breadth." They are the lakes of Ballinahinch, Derryclare, and Inagh; and on the northern base of the Twelve Pins are the small lakes of Pollacappul and Kylemore,

which latter we passed in returning from Clifden. The highest of these mountains does not quite attain an altitude of 2400 feet.

After leaving the lake and castle of Ballinahinch, we passed over heathy moorland wastes, with brilliant tarns, or mountain lakes interspersed, and enjoyed our first view of an eagle, soaring and wheeling round in majestic circles, the evident king of the element in which he moved with so much ease and grace—then, startled perhaps at our appearance, he pursued his flight till the eye could no longer distinguish him from the cloud on the mountain summit.

This was, I suppose, the great sea-eagle, the only kind still common in Connemara, but becoming rapidly exterminated by the rifle of the settlers.

Five miles from the half-way house, we came suddenly upon a little oasis in the desert, a scene blooming literally as the rose (for the rhododendrons were in beautiful flower), and showing, on a small scale, what can be done by judicious culture. It is a Wesleyan settlement, and small hotel, with school-house, etc. I had some conversation with the worthy individual under whose fostering care it has grown up in the last few years, and had reason to hope that the desert was rejoicing in a moral and spiritual sense there also. They had some hopeful converts from popery, of whom a good account is given.

The sun was setting gloriously as we approached Clifden, and shedding a flood of golden light over

the scene, harmonising well with its character as presented to the mental vision.

In drawing near the town, the improved aspect of cultivation, and the pleasing appearance of good houses and fertile lands strikes the eye, in contrast to the wild scenes passed through; and, although far from a flourishing town, I found much more of busy life at Clifden than I had been led to expect.

The next morning early I walked to the top of a hill to the west of the town. I was accompanied by some boys, who are always at hand on such occasions. "There," said one of them, pointing to the far-distant, white-gleaming lighthouse, "are the western parts of Ireland; and there is the broad Atlantic." It is not easy to describe the scene presented here: long, lean*, bony fingers of land stretching far into the sea, mother earth's last hold ere she sinks into the mighty ocean, and deep indented bays, on one of which, like a river in character, Clifden was smiling in the morning sun, with its busy throng of women in the fish-market, whose voluble, guttural Irish tongue struck the ear as I returned through their midst. The Twelve Pins, or at least the mountain ranges most promi-

* This figurative language, which the scene suggests as it rises to the view, is, however, incorrect. "It is along the shores of these remote bays, among the most westerly in Europe, that the more fertile lands lie. . . . Though greatly exposed to the surge of the Atlantic, considerable improvements have been effected in this part of the district within these few years past. . . . The best land in Connemara is comprised in the country lying around Clifden."—*Frazer's Handbook*, p. 424.

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ment in that group—the Orphan's Nursery, founded by Mr. D'Arcy, and very prettily situated in a little glen—the neat English church, and boy's school-house, present a very refreshing contrast to a recently-erected convent, which was about to be opened with some grand ceremonial, as one of the means designed to extirpate heresy in the far West.

After breakfast at the comfortable inn, I called on the Rev. Hyacinth D'Arcy, and was most kindly received by this gentleman, of whose character and labours of love in the cause of his Lord, it is as needless for me to say anything, as it would be unpleasing to himself. I cannot refrain from saying, however, that it was exceedingly refreshing to me, as a stranger, and unprovided with an introduction (for indeed I was correctly informed that I should not need it), to meet with this truly Christian pastor. I was told afterwards, by an Irish gentleman well acquainted with the west, that though the D'Arcy family had formerly great influence, as being large landed proprietors, and most of this, or nearly all, has passed away from the present representative, yet he enjoys a place in the fervent affections of the hearts of the people, of a different kind, indeed, but far deeper than could be communicated by worldly position. May he long be spared to continue his work of faith and labour of love! Whilst I was conversing with him a note arrived, stating that one of the orphan girls had just fallen asleep in Jesus. She had been for some

little time declining, and had evidently gained a large place in the affectionate interest of her kind benefactors. I afterwards visited the orphans' nursery, but, though quite pleased with the neatness and general appearance of the building, as I was, afterwards, with that of the girls whom I saw at the morning service, I did not see much of the internal arrangements. The matron had been up all night with the dying orphan. "They had been talking together of the glories of heaven," she told me, and the poor girl seemed indeed to have had an enviable passage to the realms of bliss.

At the morning prayers, the boys and girls were assembled in the large and convenient school-house, presenting the appearance of a well-ordered English school, the girls neatly dressed, like English children. They sang the hymn—

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes," etc.

Mr. D'Arcy then spoke to them on the text, "Precious, in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints," taking occasion, by the death of their school-fellow, to impress their minds with the importance of heavenly things. He alluded feelingly to the love of God, in calling this dear child out of a sinful world—he spoke of the state of wretchedness and ignorance from which they had been delivered, and enforced the importance of

attention to their present privileges. In conclusion, they sung—

“ Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

In parting from Mr. D'Arcy, I requested the guidance of some one acquainted with the converts; and was accompanied, at first, by an agreeable, intelligent young man, probably a schoolmaster; but after visiting one family, he was sent for to a distance, and commissioned one of the convert lads to accompany me. We were soon joined by two others, and I was particularly pleased with one of these. His whole demeanour was that of a youth worn by suffering, and far too old for his years. He seemed so used to persecution as not to mind it at all, to use his own expression. His acquaintance with Scripture was considerable; and his zeal for spreading the gospel that of an experienced missionary. “ We do our best,” said he, “ in answer to some observation of mine, “ by the help of the spirit of God.” I could not but rejoice, that this young and zealous convert was under the care of so good a pastor as Mr. D'Arcy. I might, of course, have formed too favourable an opinion of this individual case; but I think I have before mentioned that much good has been effected by means of this very class, the better-disposed boys in the schools. He told me how much pleased the poor women were to have the Bible read to them in their own tongue.

The following touching account of a boy of this

class, is from a little publication of the Ladies' Irish Society, called "The Irish Remnant." The little cripple Teacher became lame in consequence of a form in the school falling on his foot:—

"I enclose you a short account of our poor little Patsey, the 'only son of his mother, and she is a widow.' Ere he saw the light, his father was killed in one of the faction fights which disgrace Ireland; but the same Saviour that had compassion on the son of the widow of Nain has had compassion on the son of this Irish widow, and has said to his soul, '*Live.*'

"It is now three years since Patsey first came to our school; he was then, as he has ever been since, particularly humble and unassuming, manifesting great solidity of mind—a thinker rather than a great talker. At that time, from the impossibility of procuring a school-house, the school was taught in the church; thither, one day, the Priest came; he ordered all the Roman Catholics to stand together, and then drove them out before him. As they walked slowly on, he asked, 'What book is that in your hand?' and, on receiving for answer, 'The Bible,' he replied—'Do you not know that when you hold the Bible in your hand, the devil has hold of you?' He then drove them home to their parents, with a threat of cursing any one that would allow his child to return to the school; but Patsey crept back the next morning, and every morning, for above a year, did we hear his elastic step passing our window, for we were obliged to

have the school in one of our sitting-rooms at the Glebe. The little fellow was punctual to the hour, strictly obedient, always well versed in his own lessons, and willing to teach his younger school-fellows. No wonder that he should be a favourite with the master, and receive especial care and instruction in Irish, or that he became one of my most useful agents. Where a man would be feared, a child can often pass unobserved; and no sooner was school over, than he wended his way to some spot inaccessible to the regular Irish Teacher;—and we had our miniature Irish Society—he, the Teacher; I, uniting in my own person the important offices of Inspector to examine, Superintendent to pass the pupils, and Committee to supply the funds for payment. Not that Patsey was very exorbitant in his charges; a few pence for each pupil satisfied him. Meetings were held, and pupils came to be examined; some of these are now teaching in America. Two of them, after sending money to support their widowed mother, lately forwarded £30 to take her and her younger children out. Their letter of advice was, that all should learn Irish, for they had found their own reading of it of great use; it had been the means of gaining them many friends and much consideration.

“Another of Patsey’s pupils, a little boy, has continued the same style of teaching—namely, finding out some lone house, and engaging some one or two in it to read the first lessons in the

primer, bringing them here to be 'passed,' and continuing this until all had mastered the *parables*. Eternity will tell that some of the seed of the Word thus scattered on the moral desert has sprung up and borne fruit, some twenty and some sixty fold. I am sure one of the errors of God's children is, the not making use of small openings. Our hearts are intent on serving God, but then our desires are to do some great things for our Redeemer; the great things are not within our reach, and we don't look out for little things.

"For many months Patsey was indefatigable as a circulating Teacher; but an accident happened to him, and the once active boy is now a cripple. He cannot walk a yard even on crutches, but his anxiety is not lessened. In his intervals of ease, his widowed mother carries him on her back to his near pupils; every day that freedom from pain permits, she brings him to the school. There he sits, his diseased leg resting on a form, but no murmur ever escapes his lips. For months the pain was so excruciating, that he could not be moved from his bed; but when the day arrived for the examination of the children in the Scriptures, and Patsey was a little better, his mother brought him to the school, we supposed to listen to the examination, but I soon perceived that he was placed among the examined. Not one question did he miss, and I found that his days and hours of pain had been passed in learning the eighteen chapters by heart, as well as the principal refer-
ences.

"During his long confinement his mind seemed in perfect peace, resting solely on his Saviour. Being asked if he was afraid to die, he said, 'Why should I, since the blood of Christ cleanseth me from all sin?' In reference to purgatory, he said—'If God blots out all my transgressions, there is no need of purgatory.' The same desire of spreading the Word animated him in sickness as in health. Not long since, a stranger said—'I would like to know something, and to be like that little boy at the school here.' 'What little boy?' 'That little boy on the hill.' 'He is confined to his bed; how did you meet with him?' 'I went into the cabin to light my pipe, when I heard a weak voice saying, 'Can you read?' I said I could; 'but can you read Irish?' I said I could not, and went to the bed, which had been hidden from me by a dresser, and the little boy said—'Sit down, and I'll teach you a lesson from the primer.' That boy is a wonder; he understands every word in the primer, and could explain the meaning of the parables in it; but he says you can teach the Scriptures better than himself, and he has sent me to you; but I never met such a boy.' This man was coming to see a friend, a fierce opposer of the truth, but he continued to study even in his friend's house, until he became a fine Irish scholar, and a Protestant. Hope would fain whisper that he is something more—even a child of God. Another man called on me, whose manner and words evinced him to be a child of God. He said he had never

before been so convinced of the value of Scriptural schools. 'On yonder hill,' he said, 'I saw a sickly boy who astonished me. Such a knowledge of Scripture, and such an application of it!—it would gladden me to meet the same even in a man, but to meet it in a child, in a cabin, where I expected nothing but Popish darkness, astonished me.' I afterwards discovered the speaker was a Scripture-Reader. I could tell of many to whom Patsey's teaching has been of use, but enough has been said to stimulate those who love the Saviour to be instant in teaching His own Word. Let us reflect on this poor cripple—poor, dependent on others for his daily bread; at times suffering excruciating agony, but strengthened with might in the inner man, so that he not only enjoys a rich blessing in the knowledge of his Saviour, but he has been made the honoured instrument of leading others to the knowledge of that God, whom to know is life eternal. He is now teaching his uncle to read, who was with me this morning and read a page in the primer, and is to try by to-morrow to learn that glorious verse, John iii. 16. I told him to go to the reader if the words were too difficult, but he assured me, 'the little fellow could teach better than all the rest put together.' I did not contest the point, more especially as Patsey has taught him at least one great truth—that in Christ, and Christ only, is salvation to be found.

"Nearly £2 has been sent to Patsey as the gift of some children in a poor-school in England who

read a copy of the foregoing letter, and who cheerfully contributed their pence and half-pence to give him a little help. Patsey wrote the following letter to the friend who forwarded the money to him:—

“ ‘MADAM,—Having heard of your kindness in procuring some help for me, I beg to offer you my most sincere thanks. I do humbly hope that He who is the Father of the fatherless will abundantly bless you for your kind concern of me. I do feel grateful to my kind young friends for contributing so largely to my necessities, and hope that He that sees a cup of cold water given in his name to a follower of His, will amply reward them, by giving His Holy Spirit to lead them into all truth, and make them meet for that inheritance that fadeth not away. As there is a choice given me as to the time I will receive the above sum, I prefer it now, that I may be enabled to till a little potatoes for the next season, it being my mother’s wish.’

“ In another letter, our friend wrote:—

“ ‘I ought to have told you, when I first examined Patsey’s accident, that the Priest boasted from the altar that *he* had crippled the Bible-reader.

“ ‘Last Sunday he resumed the subject, warning all who sent their children to our schools, that he meant to make examples of them also. On the reader going to visit Patsey the next day, he found the mother in an agony of grief and rage at the Priest having crippled her child; while the patient good sense that has ever marked Patsey’s mind was still manifested in his words—that if the Priest had

power, and followed the example of Christ, he would use it in some other way, and would *cure* instead of crippling them. Then naming a Roman Catholic neighbour who had been ill, he pointed out to his poor, benighted, yet doating mother, that it was surely not the Priest who had sent *that* illness. The quiet, unobtrusive love of what is right, and his hatred of what is wrong, is still the chief characteristic of his mind: he feels no enmity towards him who proclaims himself the cause of his sufferings, but truly remarks, 'He cannot be the Lord's servant.'

"Very shortly after this the disease gained a signal victory over his weak emaciated frame, and he was removed from this world of suffering to that happy place, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' A few days before he died he wrote the following letter to that kind friend, to whom we have so often alluded:—

"**MADAM**,—I received your kind letter, and feel thankful for the contents. Certain I am that there is no hope except in the merits of Him who died for my sins, and rose again for my justification; it is His blood that cleanseth from all sin. He bore our griefs, and carried our sorrows; He was wounded for our transgressions, and by His stripes we are healed. When we are called on to suffer, it is to wean us from this world. I am, indeed, suffering very much; but I thank God, who has in some measure enlightened me by His Holy Spirit to see that I am His by adoption and grace; therefore

man can do nothing for me as regards my salvation. My prayer to God is, that He may bless the master, as he was the means of instructing me; also the mistress, who was ever kind to me. Sure I am that God will bless them.'

"Patsey died three or four days after having written this letter, and nothing is known further respecting him. The friend who would have been with him and watched over him, had left Ireland; so that, as no person was at hand that understood the feelings of the child, which he was too weak to express (and probably was in a state of insensibility), his poor ignorant mother brought in the priest; but who that reads this letter, the last pouring forth of his religious views, can doubt that he was one of Christ's redeemed flock, and that he is now with Him, according to his own promise, 'Where I am, there shall also my servant be!'"

To return to my visits at Clifden. I went to the house of a convert, the mother of one of my young guides. Here sat, in the corner of a poor but clean cabin, a middle-aged woman, worn with suffering, and with a countenance expressive of meek resignation, suiting well with the words she spoke, for she had command, if I remember right, of some English. Others we conversed with at work in their potato grounds. There is something very patriarchal in their salutations and benedictions. One poor convert woman, the first I saw at Clifden, interested me as a type of a large class. She welcomed us kindly into her

rather comfortable cottage, which struck me as in a kind of intermediate state—very clean for Irish, but not quite clean enough for English taste. Giving us the best seat her house afforded, she conversed freely with us, and told us how much comfort she had been deriving from hearing her daughter read part of the book of Job. Her son was in the militia, and distant from her, and sick at the time, and this portion of the Word of God had been a great solace to her mind. What a treasure has been thus brought to the fireside, and what solace even now to the heart of a poor Connemara mother weeping over the thoughts of her son sick, and sick whilst engaged in the service of his country. Would Rome ever have given her aught to compare with this? She dwelt also with a mother's pride and fondness on her daughter's proficiency, and on her ability to maintain a controversial argument with the Romanists.

Some worthy persons are shocked at the idea of this, that there should be such a thing as controversy, especially amongst ignorant converts; but if they would put themselves into the place of a population just emancipated from the thralldom of Rome, they would soon discover that this is a result which is inevitable; just as honest John Bunyan makes Christiana and her sons rejoice over the destruction of Giant Despair's castle, so will those delivered from the bondage of Rome rejoice in displaying her spoils. It is not needful to be inculcated—it is a natural, and surely not otherwise than a health-

ful feeling. "Ye that love the Lord *hate* evil," is a precept which some compromising Christians would do well to lay to heart.

But to return to the cottage of this good woman. All the while we were conversing, the little hairy pigs, very clean, were walking around and amongst our sitting party, and in and out of the turf-ashes on the hearth. I wondered they did not get scorched—a wonder which extends itself to the "poor childer" who come and squat by the fire, to which pigs, dogs, hens, mother, poultry, and children have alike free and unlimited access. I have never heard of any of them getting harmed, except the old women, who do sometimes get burned, but then this also happens in England.

I could have spent days with pleasure in visiting the converts in this neighbourhood, but time would not permit. They are scattered, too, over a wide extent of country; and I lost some time in visiting one or two families of a different class, bigotted Romanists, from whom one cannot even gain a hearing, but this served me at least as a kind of starting point, by which to measure the ground already gained in the case of the converts.

For one thing I must bespeak the indulgence of my readers, if any of them should be induced, as I hope may be the case, to find out these poor people for themselves—and that is the barefoot condition of the *women*. This is a circumstance which, in the present poor condition of the country, cannot be avoided, even if it were desirable that

the custom of the country should be changed; and yet at first to an English eye there is something repulsive in the practice.

All this is merely conventional, and people can be quite as good Christians without shoes as we in England with them. Only it is well to guard against disappointment, as the accomplished and refined authoress of one of the letters from the Irish Highlands remarks:—

“ Such as are thriving in the world, and inclined to bestow a little care upon their personal appearance, would come before you in a costume *so picturesque in itself, and so well adapted to the variable climate of Ireland*, that scarcely any alteration could be desired. Their country flannels, thickened with oatmeal and dyed with madder (a process which takes place at home), forms so good and substantial a petticoat, of a bright red colour, set in full plaits round the waist, that its warmth might well defy even the rudest of our western breezes. The gown, which is open before, with short sleeves and a lined bodice, is of the same material, but generally of a chocolate-brown colour. If an under-garment of linen, an unbleached linen apron, which is not very common it must be confessed, and a coloured cotton handkerchief be added, with a large blue or grey cloak thrown across the shoulders, you have as respectable a figure as can be wished for in the foreground of our mountain scenery. If unmarried, her glossy black or auburn hair will be turned in a very becoming madonna behind her ears, and

fastened with a large black pin; if married, you have but little chance of seeing it neatly kept, and, therefore, it is as well that it should be concealed beneath a linen cap. *I see that, regardless of my commendations, your eye is fixed with surprise and disgust upon her naked feet,* but I pray you to remember that she must traverse many a bog and cross many a mountain stream before she can reach her lowly cabin, *and shoes and stockings, if she had any, would only prove an encumbrance.* Indeed, I will candidly confess, that my eye is so much accustomed to the absence of these same shoes and stockings, and I am so well convinced of the disproportion that exists between the comfort they yield and the expense they occasion, that I should be very willing to enter into a compromise, and, if the rest of the wardrobe were in good order, allow the shoes and stockings to be laid by for Sundays and holidays. The men, whose labour in the fields makes such a defence absolutely necessary, are scarcely ever seen without them; while by the children they are seldom worn.”*

The most fastidious will not, however, be offended in the schools, and perhaps it would be better for such to confine their inspection to these, and I think I can promise that they will be highly gratified.

I found Mr. D’Arcy much encouraged about the work at Clifden, and considering all the opposition

of the adversaries as being overruled to the furtherance of the work there.

I must, however, not take my leave of Clifden without giving some further account of the Connemara orphan's nursery, in which so precious a lily was reared as that which has just been transplanted to the Paradise above. I, therefore, extract from the "Records" of this institution the following information, premising that the style has been adapted to the junior class of readers for whom it was written, and by whose exertions it appears to have been mainly supported.

After describing the state of the people during the famine, the "Record" continues—

"The poor people in the West of Ireland, and especially those who lived about the mountains of Connemara, suffered more than those in other parts of the country. In going through the district, afterwards, one might observe, from the great number of widows, that more men died than women, and more grown up people than children, except the little infants, who were carried off very quickly. In this way there were a great many orphans left. In the two parishes of Ballindoon and Omev, which form the district round the Town of Clifden, it was reckoned that there could not be fewer than 300 young children in complete destitution, without father or mother, without help or hope, as far as man could give it; but the Father of the fatherless had His eye upon them; He pitied them, and His tender love found a way of rescue and deliverance for them.

“ The little tract, formerly called ‘ The Statement and Appeal,’ mentions these facts; it tells, also, of a change which took place in the country, when under this heavy affliction. The people heard, for the first time, the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ preached to them by the Missionaries who were then sent among them. It was, indeed, joyful news to them to hear of a free pardon and salvation through the precious blood of Jesus, and ‘ many believed and turned to the Lord,’ finding in Him comfort for all their misery. Schools were then opened, and were soon crowded with children, as many as 2,000 coming eagerly to learn the Word of Life which was so new to them.

“ Some of the poor orphans went to these schools, and got there, once in the day, a cup of stirabout made from Indian meal—just enough to keep life in them; but many were too young to go to the schools,—and who was there to take care of the others when school was over, and what became of them at night? The poor little ones would soon have perished had not God in mercy looked down and pitied them, and raised up kind friends to help them.

“ Perhaps our readers may ask why were not these children taken to the workhouse? Many of the poor wild Irish people, at that time, did not understand the use of these great buildings which were just established among them. They thought of the union-house as if it was a great prison; besides, they often lived a great many miles from them,

and so they died without applying for relief, which was never given out of the workhouse.

“But, more than all, we must remember that if the poor little children were sent by kind neighbours into the workhouse, after their parents died, they were entered as Roman Catholics, and brought up in all the errors and foolish sinful practices of that church. They were never taught from the Bible, and the people who managed the workhouses being all Roman Catholics, there was no possibility of doing them good. To mention one of many instances, there was a poor babe, about three years old, in the Clifden workhouse, who had been sent in by some kind neighbour; no one could tell whether she had ever been baptised, so, being very small, she was called ‘Mouse’ by the people in the house; the only words she could say were very naughty ones, in the Irish tongue. She was given to a Roman Catholic woman to nurse her, and she is now in the school which the priest directs, and can learn only what he teaches her, which is quite contrary to the word of God. This would have been the training of all the orphans now in the Nursery, if, instead of the happy home which God has provided for them, English people had said, ‘Let them be put into the workhouse, that is the proper place for them.’

“The institution called the Orphans’ Nursery has been provided; its object is stated in the little tract before mentioned, to be,—to gather the outcasts whom God has left without any care or guidance;

to place them where the priests cannot get them; and to rear them as plants for the Lord, safe in the Nursery, to be planted out afterwards, where they may become blessings to the land in which they were born. The first poor children were admitted the day the Bishop held his first confirmation of converts, on the 19th of October, 1849.

“ A great many such parentless babes have been taken into the poor-houses ; but there are also a great many that have not. I was visiting a gentleman in Connemara, and I saw about the hall and the passages a couple of little children. I asked about them, and found that they were stray orphans, who for pity's sake had been allowed to come into the kitchen for a morsel of bread; and they found their way back again and again, like a dog, or a cat, or a bird that is fed at the door; and the ladies of the house had got them washed and covered with a tidy frock, and these bare-footed and bare-necked children grew happy in this condition, and played about the house like a couple of kittens. Their parents were taken from them by the famine last winter, and these little creatures were left alone in a wretched cabin, without food or covering. They were for some time there before they were observed by a humane neighbour; who, out of his own deep poverty, gave them an old rug to cover them, and directed the eldest to go to a school at some distance, where he would get a little meal. He attended every day and brought home his little pittance to share with his brother, and the

two little creatures lived thus for some time. One day this poor little one was attacked on his way home, by a man, who took his meal from him, and for that day the two were without food. The good ladies at the castle, hearing the tale, placed them in two different families in the neighbourhood; but so strong was the affection of the elder to his little brother, that he ran away from his new home to join him, and this was repeated upon his being sent to another abode. At length they were both taken into the castle, and allowed to appear there every day at family prayers.

"I saw in a school a girl of nine years old, a poor parentless creature whom a lady had picked up in the long grass of a field she happened to be crossing. The wretched child had fallen exhausted there from want, and would have died if the lady had not taken her to her house, and with great difficulty restored her to strength. With Christian kindness she nourished her, and put her to school, where she is taught to read the Bible.

"Are you surprised when I tell you that I lay awake the most of one night, thinking about these poor parentless babes? I prayed to God to enable me to do something for them; and I think I may say that He heard my prayer; for before I went to sleep, I seemed to feel that He who is the Father of the fatherless, had put it into my heart what to do. If it might be said, 'when my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord taketh me up,' how much more surely might it be said, 'when the

Lord taketh away my father and my mother, He will not leave me fatherless.' So I went to sleep, determined to find out a place and means to rear these children of the great Father whose earthly fathers He had taken away; and, that they might not be left exposed to the wild boar of the forest,—the wicked one of the world,—nor to such dangers as the babe we saw at Ballyconree, I determined to pitch a tent on earth, and call it THE ORPHANS' NURSERY. Here, while we maintain with simple food the poor creatures' bodies, we will teach them the precious name of Jesus, and supply the bread of life for their souls. We will bring them 'up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord Himself,' having no mistaken parent to interfere, at the bidding of a priest, against the great Father's command; and so we will hope and trust, that 'out of the mouth of these babes and sucklings, God will perfect praise.'

"I have often told you the dreadful state these poor children were in before they came to the Nursery. Their arms and legs were perfect sticks—their faces and jaws had scarcely any flesh upon them, and their heads were covered with sores—all for want of food. As to clothes, many whom I saw last summer had but a mere rag that did not cover their bodies; *now* they are looking well and healthy, and have clean tidy clothes, though their food is very different from yours; and they do not have meat or bread very often, only a mess made of Indian corn; and their clothes are provided according to what kind friends in England may send.

“ These orphans have now other food beside that which their bodies require. Their souls are fed with the knowledge of God’s holy word. Formerly they were left in ignorance of God, and knew nothing—growing up like the wild goats on the mountains. If they picked up any knowledge from the poor wretched people around them, it was the knowledge of evil—to worship the virgin and practice idolatry, like the heathens. Now they are taught the true knowledge of God, and learn to love their Bibles. Many of them can now read and write, and cipher; and the answers they give when questioned about the Scriptures would surprise you: I think in some things they would even puzzle you.”

Soon after the commencement, we find some of the good effects resulting, as follows:—

“ The girls are busily engaged in sewing and knitting; and Mrs. Ryder says she has far less trouble than she expected in teaching them. The eldest ones are very dull, but a few are advancing in their knowledge of Scriptural truth. There is scarcely an instance of cursing or scolding in the Irish language among them, as was the case a short time ago; for unfortunately the Irish tongue is very rich in terms of that description; and if any improper expression escapes the lips of any boy or girl, it is reported by those who hear it immediately, and he is led out as a culprit. There is another sad remnant of Popery from which the word of God has rescued them—the belief in fairies,

ghosts, and hobgoblins; but now many of them who would profess to believe in these things would be ridiculed by the others. A few weeks ago we had a curious scene; one of the girls, named Ellen Burke, who, having been very lately admitted, could not speak a word of English, rushed into the house crying bitterly. She said she had seen her mother, who died a year previously—that she appeared behind the turf-stack—it was dark at the time. She said her mother asked if she knew her. Ellen replied she thought she did. She then told her she was her mother, and that she was sorry to see her there—that she would be glad had she died like herself and her other sisters. Ellen said she could hear no more, but ran away, and she nearly fainted. I reasoned with her, and tried to show her that it was imagination, she having lately had a severe fever—the other children also tried to convince her that it was a delusion, and there has been no nonsense of the kind since.

“In another case, the power of God’s word to overcome fear has been strikingly manifested. A short time ago I went to the stable which is under the loft where the boys sleep, to see that my horse had hay for the night. I heard the boys talking rather loudly overhead; some of them were discussing what they had been learning, others repeating the multiplication table; I raised my head above the stairs, and standing on the ladder with only my head above their trap-door. There was sufficient moonlight to let the boys see my head

and eyes; there was silence immediately. 'Oh! what is that,' they exclaimed. 'Do you see that? A ghost, a ghost!' was whispered through the room. Some of them said, 'He can't hurt us, for the Lord Jesus is here, and he will not allow anything to hurt us;' in a moment, a little fellow named Barty, about eleven years of age, jumping out of bed, strode across the floor with an air of defiance; 'What kind of a fellow are you? Be you ghost or hobgoblin? Thou comest to me with a spear and a sword, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, and if you don't leave'—then suiting the action to the word, he raised his right foot, and would have struck me in the face, had I not quickly withdrawn my head, and thus avoided a blow from this young David, who at the time believed it was a ghost, and darted from his bed resolved to fight even Satan himself, should he appear in person, and dare to resist one who went forth in the name of Jesus. When he heard my voice, crying 'Are you going to kick me, Barty,' the little fellow was much distressed at having given me such a reception. This little fellow is wonderful in the Scriptures: when asked any questions, if he ever read or heard the answer, he will not fail to answer; his eyes lighten up, and his countenance shows the joy of his heart. Yet this child was picked up from the road side, where he lay helpless and emaciated from hunger, so that he had very little of the human form; he could not stand upright, and his two eyes were sunk in his head,

and he appeared more like a monkey than a human being; he had been often twenty-four hours without tasting food."

The following anecdote well illustrates the sufferings which some of these poor people had to undergo in the awful year of famine:—

"Mr. Ryder often talked very kindly to the poor children, and they were so fond of him that they told him very freely what they felt. One day he got into a long talk with Biddy Lacy, the eldest girl in the house. This poor girl had been reduced to extreme want by the long illness of her mother. She parted with everything they possessed to get food. After her mother's death, Biddy wanted her brother to go with her into the work-house. He was dying of consumption, and she could not get him to leave their wretched hovel. She watched him till he died on a chair, and was buried near a wall close to the cabin. She then wandered about in a most emaciated condition, till she found a refuge in the Orphans' Home. Biddy Lacy told Mr. Ryder how much she had suffered during the famine. He put down all she said on paper, and the conversation was printed in the little book, as follows, called,

“FACTS OF FAMINE.

“‘Well Biddy,’ said Mr. Ryder, ‘will you sit down and tell me a part of your mournful history, for I hear you have suffered much before you were taken into this asylum.’

“‘Oh Sir! don’t ask me, I would do anything you ask but that; I’m not well for a long time when I think of it; I feel my heart bate, and I do be very weak for a long time when I think of it; but sure, after all, why shouldn’t I do what you ask me?’

“‘Thank you, Biddy; I desire to hear it only to praise God for his mercy and loving-kindness to you and all the children of this institution.’

“‘Och, Sir, little I thought I’d ever be driven from house to house lookin’ for a bit to eat, and people hunting me from their doors as if I had the cholera, or some plague; an’ when I used to tell my story, they wouldn’t believe. ’Twasn’t long since I was happy in my father’s house, beyant the water there, jist opposite the orphan-house; but ’tis I that saw the two days. ‘*Wizaa is trow*,’ the fire is gone out for ever on my father’s hearth-stone, and there is no hand to kindle it. Many a long night I sat beside it, listening to ould stories about ghosts and fairies, that would make the hair stand, or may be, singing songs until the fire was worn to the red ashes; an’ often my eyes filled wid tears when they would be talking of some poor soul that was heard crying by the side of some wall, or between two rocks, asking the people for God’s sake to go to the Priest and have a mass said for him. An’ now, thank God, I know better, or I would be crying night an’ day for the souls of my poor father and mother, my two brothers and two sisters, who all died wid want and hunger, and had no

mass said for them, bekase they had no money to buy meal for themself, let alone giving to the priests. Oh, Sir, there is a load taken off my heart since I learnt this, that 'the blood of Jesus only can cleanse them from their sins;' and that God will not keep them from heaven, because I have no money.'

" 'Well, Biddy, you are right; it is the blood of Jesus only that can do that. If they looked to the High Priest in heaven, there is hope; if not, man can do nothing for them. Go on, how did they die?'

" 'When the rot came on the potatoes, Sir, then starvation came where full and plenty was afore. We sold all we had to pay the rint, an' then the driver came, and took away all that was left; the very bed and bed-clothes of my poor father and mother; the can that used to bring in the water; and the pot that used to boil the potatoes, till at last nothing was left but the four walls of the house. Father and mother was very sad, and never used to laugh or smile as afore. My mother used to try to comfort and cheer up my father; but there was a queer sound in her voice, and her lips used to curl and tremble; and no wonder, wid famine staring 'em in the face, for we'd be a whole day, and may be more without tasting food; an' may be, we'd go to bed faint and sick, but I didn't mind myself, but my poor father and mother; it used to break my heart to look on them, and they trying to hide it from us.

“ ‘ One night my father went to bed very weak, or I ought to say lay down on the straw in the corner, for he had nothing else to lie on; and in the middle of the night he raised his head, and asked if there wor anything at all, at all, to ate; but we had nothing to give but a drink of cold water, and then he said, ‘ The Lord have mercy on my soul,’ and didn’t say a word more, but stretched back, and by-and-bye he got very unasy, and began to stir his mouth, and his eyes stood half shut, and in a few minutes he was dead. Oh ! Sir, I never will forget that night; there was my father dead; my mother so weak wid hunger that she was half dead; and myself and two sisters and two brothers, and she, were thrown upon his corpse crying and weeping, and we so weak that we were hardly able to rise up. We hadn’t one bit to ate inside or outside the house.

“ ‘ Two neighbours came the following day and brought a coffin wid them, made of an ould box, and buried him. That was a sorrowful day, but only the beginning of my sorrows. We then left the house and land we had at Knockbane, over there across, to a man who promised to give us a few shillings for them, but he never gave a penny. We removed to Toureem, near the school-house of Streams-town, and took a little house there, and a little garden that nobody had; and our uncle came to live wid us because he wasn’t able to pay the rint where he was. He soon made the house his own; and brother George, who used to be trying

to work a little when he was not too weak, he told him he shouldn't work there any more; that the house and land belonged to him, as we were not able to pay any rent for it, and he would have to do it. We went then to the Relieving Officer and told him all, and he allowed a little Indian-meal stirabout as the land was taken from us. My uncle sold the house and land to a man named Corbet, who has it to this day, for a few shillings, and we had to give some of the relief we received to this man for lodgings, for if we didn't he would turn us out on the road.

“ ‘I very often asked my brother to come to the workhouse, but he had a horror of it, and he would not. My mother was wasting away till nothing remained but the bones, and at last she was very weak. She called George and me to her bed-side, and she said, ‘George, won't you bury me wid your father? I havn't long to live; the strings of my heart wor broke whin your father died; I will soon have rest.’ The tears fell like rain from George; he couldn't spake a word, but kissed her. She then drew me to her and kissed me; and then said, ‘Biddy, mavourneen; He who is the Father of the orphan will protect you; He will hear the last words of a broken-hearted widow.’ She didn't say a word more. I tried to touch her lips—oh! but they were cold, as cold as ice. I felt no more—I fainted; and when I recovered, I felt something very cold on my neck—it was my mother's hand,

it was stiff—she was dead. I was then an orphan, and my brothers and sisters were orphans.

“‘ I couldn’t cry; if I could shed tears I would be relieved. Every hope was gone but one. I heard my mother, before she died, talk of the orphans’ God, and then I thought of him, and went on my knees, and I raised my heart, my hands, and my eyes to him, and I thought I felt very much relieved. I don’t know when I prayed before that; but this time I know that God heard me, for he brought me here; and ’tis only since I came I learnt to love my Saviour. Two or three boards were put together by a man who was no carpenter, and my mother was carried and buried along with my father.

“‘ But I forgot, Sir, to tell you about Mary. She died a little before my mother; she was the handsomest child you ever saw; there wasn’t a purtier child in the country all around, wid her skin as white as the snow, her face full, and polished as marble, with her long hair falling in golden ringlets over her neck, and her two dark shining eyes, and she laughing at everything and everybody that came in her way. Oh! she was indeed the beautiful and innocent child. But the hunger came heavy on her, and very soon took the dimples out of her cheeks, and the blush out of her face, and her two eyes sunk in her head, and her hands that were round and polished like mahogany, became thin and faded, and were much longer than

before; 'twould move the heart of a Turk to see her hould out her thin long hand, and hear her sharp weak voice calling for something to eat, and none to give her. We tried to comfort her, but 'twouldn't do, she used to be sobbing and crying in her sleep. She fell into a doze like one night, and again woke and said, 'Oh! I'm very hungry,' and after saying this, she stretched herself twice her length, and died with my arms around her neck; she stirred her mouth and lips a little, but never moved again—she was cold and stiff.

“‘A neighbour came and helped George, and they took her away and buried her by the side of my poor father. She died wid hunger.’

“‘We were then receiving a little relief from the Relieving Officer every morning, but 'twas only a little stirabout, and oh! if you wor to see it—it would run on the plate—it was only a drink, and even of the little we used to get, we should pay for our lodging with it. Poor George next began to waste away. He was the finest and the strongest young man going in to Clifden of a fair day, but very soon he was the weakest. Oh! the queer sound of his voice—and his eyes sunk in his head, and his knees bating agin one another whenever he walked. I heard people say no one would drive a spade deeper nor my brother George; but I saw him in good health when he couldn't rise the spade off the ground, for hunger was stronger than him. He fainted one day over his spade, in trying to earn something for us with a

man called Neland. He was too far gone with hunger; he worked till he fell, and he was carried away by two men like a corpse.

“ ‘The doctor couldn’t do anything for him, for ’twas food he wanted; and the Priest wouldn’t come near him because he wor poor. Many messengers wor sent for him to attend George, my father, and mother, but he never came, and there wor three Priests in Clifden at the time. I now thank God he didn’t come; for may be, ’tis to his power they would be looking when dying, and not the High Priest who is in heaven.

“ ‘George then fell very sick, an’ a great weight lay on his heart, and nothing to quench the thirst that was burning in him, barring the cold water that was in the stream opposite the door. Och, sir, but he was weak, and his voice had something hollow in it, like a voice from the grave. I was frightened whenever I looked on him—his breath was so hot ’twould burn you.

“ ‘Biddy,’ he says to me one day, ‘have you, nothing at all, at all, to give me to ate; ho! says he, if I had but anything at all I wouldn’t die.’ I couldn’t answer him; a flood of tears like rain ran down my cheeks. I couldn’t say anything; and when I tried to say something I was near choked, for I had nothing to give him but the cold water, and that always made him worse. When he got no answer, he knew the reason; and when I looked at him a stream of tears ran down his face. I never saw him cry afore since his mother’s death, and he

cried nearly every minute for two days when he saw his little sister Mary dead, for he was very fond of her; but for a long time I didn't see him crying or laughing, nor scarcely speaking to anybody; but now he cried as if the fountains of his heart were opened. I knew then 'twas all over with George. I fell on my hands and face on the ground, and I asked God to take me away afore him. Oh, sir, I will never forget that night.

" 'Biddy,' says he, with a low hollow voice, like a ghost, 'help me to sit on a chair, do, Biddy, for God's sake, help me quick; Biddy, dear! wont you help me?' I sprang from the ground, and called Catherine, and Peter, who was but a little boy, and we raised him off the straw where he was, and put him on a chair that wasn't our own; he then opened his eyes and looked on us, but, oh, such a look; he tried to rise his hand, but he couldn't; his lips moved, but he couldn't spake; his head fell back, he opened his mouth a little, and died. I caught his hand, it was cold; I screamed, 'My own dear George, George dear, sure you won't leave us,' but no answer: there he sat leaning against the wall, and we three forenint him, nearly like him.

" 'We wor a whole day then widout tasting food; for tho' we had some stirabout in the house, our hearts were so full of sorrow we couldn't taste it. We didn't know in the world what we'd do wid the body; for myself and Catherine and Peter would never be able to carry him to where my father and mother wor buried. I spoke to some

people to help me to bury him, but they wor all so hardened, and so busy looking for something for themselves, that they didn't mind me; at last one of them promised me he would help me bring him out of the house, and bring him the other side of the wall, but that he had neither time nor strength to go farther; so we all laid hold on him, and carried him over the wall to the back of the house, and made a hole and buried him there,—just, sir, where you had the turf this year; and that is the reason I could never go there; I think my heart would break.

“ ‘I had yet another sister, called Catherine, and a little brother, called Peter; I was very fond of Catherine; she was younger than myself, but she would do what I told her; and her father and her mother were fond of her, for she never put a frown on them, and she very often used to make us all laugh by her jokes. She never laughed since my mother's death, but she'd laugh at anything afore that; now there was sorrow written on her face; and no wonder, for she saw the two days; shortly since, she used to run like a kid over the fields, and the echo of her voice as she sung her crownaum would be heard where she wouldn't be seen; but now she was worn to a skeleton, and seldom, or ever left the fireside, except to look for some shell-fish on the strand, or may be, rumaging the fields, and scraping the earth to get a few potatoes in the fields where they were dug; and may be, after being out a whole day couldn't get anything.

“ ‘ At last she fell very sick, and kept her bed, if I could call a whisp of straw in the corner a bed; her skin was as hot as an oven; her two eyes wor like two coals of fire; and her thirst was so great I had enough to do to bring water to her; she was getting weaker and weaker every day.

“ ‘ At last I told the Relieving Officer, and he sent for her, and took her to the fever hospital: my heart nearly burst when I saw her going from the door. I never saw her more, and she died there the following day without a father, or mother, or brother, or sister to close her eyes, or weep over her. I don't know where they buried her.

“ ‘ I had then left only one brother, Peter, a fine little boy afore the hunger came; and as he was a pet of us all, we used to give him all we could before we would hear him crying for food; and often I gave him my own share, and purtended that I ate it all afore, to keep him from crying. The poor boy was after all getting weaker and weaker every day; the sorrow too, broke his heart, for he was very fond of mother and Mary; his two legs were like two spindles, and there wasn't an ounce of flesh on his whole body.

“ ‘ At last he took sick, and wouldn't leave the whisp of straw where all the rest died. I very often went to ask the neighbours for something for him; I used to be in a trembling all over at the thought of being a beggar; but then I used to remember that my brother was dying of hunger, and that used to force me on; every one nearly used to tell

me I ought to go to the workhouse wid my brother, and that if I had gone there a long time ago, they wouldn't be all dead now; and they wouldn't believe when I told them they wouldn't go wid me, and that I wouldn't be taken widout them.

“ ‘But poor Peter wasn't long troubling me, one night he was very sick, and he called for something to ate thro' his sleep two or three times; he then awoke, and his breathing was very heavy, and a cold perspiration ran over his brow; and he said many out-of-the-way things; he then stopped, and after moving his lips a few times, he died; and nobody but me looking at him, by the light of the fire.

“ ‘He left me alone, the last of a large family all gone; I wished to be dead too, for I thought my heart would break; I got a man to help me, and we carried him to where my father was buried, for he was as light as a *Thraneen*. Oh! if my brother was buried, wouldn't I feel my heart relieved!

“ ‘I was then a poor orphan without father, or mother, brother, or sister; but I remembered the words of my mother, that the orphans' God would do for me, and that gave me courage; I heard of the Protestant school at the gate, where the orphans where getting something to ate: and I asked to be taken in, and I was; and they were very kind to me; I remained there for some time, and began to learn to read and speak English.

“ ‘At last I heard that Mr. Dallas was going to take in orphans at the Glebe-house, where they

would get food and clothes; I went on my knees to ask of God to have me taken in; I went the following day to Miss D'Arcy, and told her my sad story, and she gave orders to have me taken in here, where I have everything I want, and am very happy; only the thought of my poor family comes over me like a cloud; and what is better, I am learning about my Saviour, for widout Him what would the whole world be to me? and I often think how good God was to me for bringing me here. Sure, sir, I would be always on my knees praying for the souls of my father and mother, brothers and sisters, for I thought they would be lost for dying widout the benefit of the clargy, altho' twasn't their fault; I would be always saying my prayers for them, tho' I knew no prayer but the 'Hail Mary!' I never heard any other; or may be going on my bare knees round all the holy wells of the country to aize their pain; for that's what the poor do for their friends when they have no money for masses; and sure as ever all the money I would ever get, I would give it for masses for them; only, thank the Lord Jesus, he opened my eyes, and I never can see a priest now but I tremble all over; for if they had the power to help the souls of my father and mother they didn't do it, bekase we had no money for them; and if they had not the power, they are robbers to purtend they had, an get money for doing what they couldn't do. Oh! sir, 'tis for this I feel thankful to Him, my Saviour—the God of the poor orphan who heard my prayer, and the

last words of my poor mother. Glory and honour be to His name; sure, sir, what I suffered is nothing at all to what He suffered on account of my sins.'

"Mr. Ryder adds to this little account:—

" 'I can testify I have taken every word of the above from her own lips, and just as she told it, a short time after being received here. It was only yesterday I thought of forwarding it, thinking some of the young contributors to the Orphans' Nursery may feel interested in it.

" 'Biddy Lacy is the oldest girl in the house, being about 19 years of age; she is very mild and inclined to melancholy: she is an excellent working girl, is remarkably industrious, and I believe very honest and faithful; she seldom laughs or smiles—sheds tears when any poor creature comes to the door begging; and when her features are unmoved, and settled, they assume the impression of sorrow and suffering.

" 'She is not quick at her book, tho' she reads with the class, she reads not correctly, but is improving very much lately. From the moment she entered the Nursery, we never heard a complaint against her from any of the children; for she is kind and mild, and acting the part of an elder sister to all the other children; nothing disturbs her temper so much as any appearance of the least remnant of Popery.'

" 'R. RYDER.

" 'Ballyconree, Oct. 30, 1851.' "

“ Our readers will like to hear that Biddy has remained in service ever since, and has behaved very well, and won the heart of her mistress.

“ In the month of August, the children of the Nursery had a great treat. There was a new school to be opened, in an island very near Ballyconree, called Turbot Island, from the quantity of turbot which are found in the deep sea round that coast. The children were all allowed to have a holiday, and go to see the school opened. It was a lovely day, and they were to go in boats across the sea; and you may imagine the joy of the children in thinking of this treat, many of them having never left the Nursery since they entered it. The people of this island were Romanists, and some were also very violent; and when they saw the boats coming to the shore filled with children, a man who was stirred up by the priest, joined by four others, came to the shore, and, with great sticks in their hands, threatened to drown the first that would attempt to put his foot on the island. One of the boys said, ‘ You are doing the work of the devil; the Lord Jesus is our master, and he will not let you hurt us;’ and, having said this, they all rushed out of the boat, and the shore in a few minutes was covered with them, leaping about and singing their hymns, while the men went away covered with shame. A gentleman who was in the boat with them said, he never saw so much firmness and faith in children at the sight of danger. Mr. Ryder was waiting on the other side to see the last of

them; and as he came toward the shore, he saw the people cross the fields in all directions, and feared at first it was to oppose them; but he soon found it was to their assistance they were coming. Twenty stout men—the heads of families—came and welcomed the party, and said, they would not allow priest or Pope to molest them; and that if they had been there when those bad men prevented the children from landing, they would have put them into the sea; that they had asked Mr. Dallas for a school, and that now as they were about to have one, they would send their children to read the Word of God, and that they would come themselves to hear it also.

“The men, women, and children of the island gathered around, and in a short time an interesting scene took place. Mrs. Ryder at the door of one cottage, with a group around her, talking to them about Jesus. Another of our party at another door, with another group; and Mr. Ryder in another place, talking to those who understood no English; while the priest’s party shut themselves up in their houses, and never showed their faces.

“In a short time the wind arose, and the sea was much agitated. Mr. Ryder began to be very uneasy about the return of the children. The islanders offered their boats and their own services to send them home. They waited to see whether the wind would not abate, but it increased. There were twelve boats on the shore, belonging to the people of the island, and not one of them was

injured, but the boat of the very man who was most fierce in attempting to prevent the children from landing. This was broken, and filled with water very soon; and not one of the islanders would go to his assistance, saying it was a just punishment from God. They said, if it happened to any of theirs, he would say it was the priests did it; but they believed God was with those children, who were singing His praises, and blessing His name. At last they entered into four boats. The sea ran very high; and in the very midst of those large waves, one of the children sang the Hymn:—

“ ‘Why those fears? Behold, ’tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship,’ etc.

All the children in the other boats joined. Those present say, they never will forget the effect. They all felt that Jesus was there with His little ones; they continued singing till they landed. The islanders could scarcely believe their senses; not one child was seen to shed a tear, nor complain, feeling that Jesus was with them; and so He was indeed. They were wet to the skin with the spray.

“ In November, we had this report from Mr. Ryder:—

“ ‘You will feel thankful to know that your orphans are all well, and steadily progressing, especially in the knowledge of the Word of Life; and some of the boys and girls are manifesting tokens of a change of life and habits, and are giving

hopeful evidence that the Lord Jesus has made them His own. I regret to say there are exceptions, and that there are evident proofs that a number of them are not as yet influenced by the Holy Spirit. Telling a lie—cursing in Irish or English—calling names, or fighting—or stealing even a pin—is severely reprimanded. The children know this, and will not allow it among themselves. The other day they brought us a prisoner, surrounded by them all, for taking a turnip out of the garden without leave. He asked pardon, and promised not to do it again. Two days after they brought me one of themselves, a prisoner, found guilty of telling a lie.’”

The priests have sought to interfere with this work. “The Roman Catholic priests were very much annoyed to see so many poor children trained in the truth of God’s word. Whenever they happened to meet any of the children, they tried very hard to bring them back to their old religion. One of the little girls met a priest as she was walking alone, and he asked her if she was an orphan; she said ‘Yes.’ He then offered to give her ten shillings if she would go with him; she said she would not. He then asked her if she used Mr. Dallas’s prayer, ‘O my God, for Christ’s sake, give me the Holy Spirit;’ she told him she did every day, and that she prayed for him too, and all those he was keeping in darkness. He said, ‘Little girl, you are going to hell as fast as you can go.’ The little girl answered, ‘I hope not; I trust I am going to

heaven; and I pray that I may meet you there.' He was very angry, and called her names, and then rode away."

Further information as to the support of the work is given at page 128.

"We must add one word more about the kind help we have had in this work. In the first little tract you will find this question, 'Cannot God make the Christian children of happy England the nurses of the ignorant children of unhappy Connemara?' We can now, through the mercy of God, answer this question very satisfactorily. He has done this, and he has made the children of England do still more. Their first offerings to God, thus accepted and blessed, have stirred up many in different parts of the world, to lend their hands to this blessed work. In India, one gentleman has sent £100 to the Nursery, and has undertaken to support two orphans. Some of the little tracts have been translated into the language of India to the poor children there; and at a School of Industry, at a Missionary Station called Salem, they were read to the Indian children in their own tongue, who were so much touched by the story of Biddy Lacy, that they shed tears of pity, and they gave their Missionary 10 rupees (worth £1 5s. in our money), the produce of their own work, to send to Connemara, for the poor children there.

"At the Cape of Good Hope these little tracts have been read, and six shillings and sixpence have been sent for our orphan children.

“At Halifax, a kind lady has undertaken to collect, and has sent money, for the maintenance of three orphans: and at Quebec, another kind lady has collected a large sum.”

The account of the death of one of the orphans will, I hope, interest the reader:—

“This poor family lived on in the way we have described till the year 1848, when it pleased God to send a blight upon the potatoes. Now when our potatoes are bad we have many other things to eat, but these poor people had nothing else; they sold their pig, and bought some Indian meal at the next town; and when this was gone, they sold, one by one, all the things they had, to get a little food. When, some time after, Michael was speaking of this time of distress, he said with tears, ‘a little pig was given to us, but mother would not eat a bit of it, only the juice; she gave all the meat to father and us.’ At last they all got very hungry and faint. The mother then remembered that she had some relations at a distance, better off, and she took three of her children and went to them, to try and get a little food. She was a week absent, and when she came back, she found that the poor father, and the two other children, had had nothing to eat for two days. She thought she would make a good meal for them all of what her relations had given her. The father ate a little, but he was too far gone, and he died a few days after; the others lived for some time, by picking potatoes from the ground which had been picked and picked before.

At last this, their only support, failed them; they got very thin and weak, and then they were taken to the workhouse. Here the poor mother was seized with the cholera, and died in the spring of 1849; and the poor children were taken ill, and they all died, excepting Michael and Biddy, who were so bad that they have not been strong or well ever since.

“As Michael Higgins grew nearer to the eternal world, his faith grew stronger, and his joy in his Saviour increased. His kind friend, Miss Gore, was often with him, and she says, in a letter she wrote at this time, ‘The dear boy is now approaching his end. This will be a happy, happy change. We have great cause to rejoice on his account. This evening, when he thought he was dying, he sent for me, and begged to have all the orphan brothers and sisters, as he called them, that he might bid them farewell; so, one by one, they all went to see the dear child. His own poor sister was so very unwell, that she could not go to him, which was a sad trial to her; but he sent a message to her, with a little book, telling her to love Jesus, and be a good girl. He entreated all the boys who came crowding round his bed, to go home and be obedient to their master. His words were very powerful, he said, ‘O boys, boys! you cannot escape the pains of death; while you have time, look to Jesus, be obedient to your dear master, consider your ways.’ Then the girls came, and he had a good word for each of them; he gave to every one a

separate text of Scripture, which he begged them to remember and profit by after he was gone. His nurse said to him, 'Michael, I shall be very lonely when you go, and very sorry.' 'Oh!' he said, 'foolish woman,' I shall be neither lonely nor sorry, for I shall be with my dear Saviour and His angels, singing the praises of His redeeming love for ever and ever.'

"The Scripture Reader then prayed with him, and his face beamed with heavenly joy and love, and the dear boy was full of that spiritual life which was so soon to burst into life eternal. As I approached his bedside, he grasped my hand and said, 'Dear, dear Miss Gore, God bless you! I shall soon be with my Saviour.' I asked him if he was afraid to die, he said, 'Oh! no, no; I have no fear, I have no cause to fear; Christ has blotted out all my sins, Jesus has done all for me. Jesus is my Good Shepherd, He laid down His life for me. I thank Him for His great mercies. My mind sees Jesus sitting on his great white throne above. My mind sees the angels all around Him singing loud praises.' When I asked him if he was resting wholly upon Jesus for the pardon of all his sins? he replied, 'Oh yes, yes! I am; He is faithful, changing never.' Then he went on in the most animated manner repeating texts of Scripture. I asked him if he suffered pain. 'Oh! yes,' he said, 'my heart is breaking with pain, but when my earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands,

eternal in the heavens,' and then he said 'Jesus is mine evermore.'

"He desired me to tell Mr. and Mrs. Dallas how he loved them. He also sent messages to Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy whom he had a great wish to see; so I told him if God spared him till to-morrow, I would let them know. He said, 'God is strong.' Another time he said 'Jesus knocks very loud at my heart, He alone opens it, there are bolts and bars which I could not open.' In this heavenly strain he went on until quite exhausted. I trust what we have heard and witnessed of Jesu's love in this dear boy, may be sanctified to each of us. We left one Reader with him, and two of his orphan sisters, whom he begged might sit up with him during the night, to assist kind good Mrs. Berry, as he feared she would suffer from fatigue in waiting too much upon him.'

"Mr. Brock saw him again on Sunday. The poor child was in great pain, and could scarcely speak. Mr. Brock said to him, "you will soon be out of all pain,' and read Rev. vii. 16, 17, 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes.' 'Yes,' he said, 'I long to go.'

"Now Michael felt that death was an awful change, and as he said before, his heart shrunk from the solemn moment; but this makes his triumph

over the last enemy more remarkable. When he was asked 'What is the sting of death?' he replied, 'sin.' 'And are not you a sinner.' 'Yes,' he said, 'indeed I am, but Christ's blood cleanses me from all sin.' 'Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Mr. Brock writes, 'these were the last words he said to me. The clear emphatic manner in which he uttered the words 'through Jesus Christ,' showed at once the whole secret of his triumphal death-bed.

" At six o'clock on the morning of the next day, Dec. 20, his happy spirit entered into rest. On the following Wednesday, the orphan boys and girls followed his mortal remains to Clifden. 'It was with deep joy,' writes Mr. Brock, 'that I could read over him our beautiful service. Without a cloud of doubt we could offer up those words of holy confidence, 'We commit our dear brother to the grave, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' The orphan girls sung over his grave a favourite hymn.

" Death has been here and borne away
A brother from our side;
Just in the morning of his days,
As young as we he died.

" Not long ago he filled his place,
And stood with us to learn;
But he has run his mortal race,
And never can return.

“ Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast;
O Lord, impress the solemn thought,
That this may be our last !

It was a solemn and beautiful scene, and will not soon be forgotten by that youthful band.”

The Report for 1854, thus alludes to a great affliction which was permitted to visit this interesting scene:—

“ The month of July was one which brought a cloud of deep sorrow. At this time the poor children lost one of their dearest kindest friends. It pleased God to call Mrs. D'Arcy, the wife of their beloved Missionary minister, into the presence of her Saviour; and not only were the children of the Orphan Nursery concerned in this sad loss, but all the poor children of Connemara. Mrs. D'Arcy was not the friend of Irish children only, but she was the friend of all who loved God. She loved Jesus, and was one whom Jesus loved, and whom he calls his friends in the 15th of St. John and 14th verse. The love of Jesus filled her heart, and led her to devote her whole time and strength to his service. For many years of her life the blessed work of God, in the conversion of the poor Roman Catholics of Ireland, occupied all her time. She was one of the first helpers in the work of the Society for Irish Church Missions, and was very useful at the time when the messengers were sent over the country to prepare the way for the present Missions. As soon as the seed of the word began to take root, and

souls were converted from the darkness of popery into the light of the Gospel, another work was undertaken by this dear lady. She used every effort to supply the temporal need of the converts, many of whom would have starved had not this friend been raised up to obtain the means of keeping them alive and clothing them. The children attending the schools, were thus supplied with a little cup of meal every day, which was all the food many of these poor children tasted, and which kept hundreds alive who would otherwise have died of starvation. As the mission schools increased, a large supply was called for. It took up a great deal of Mrs. D'Arcy's time to write letters and to apply for money to carry on the charity; for though the gifts only cost one-half-penny a day for each child, yet as there were so many schools in Connemara alone, and these schools contained many hundred children, a large sum was called for from week to week. Sometimes the last penny was spent, and, naturally, there would be many an anxious thought as to how the poor children would fare the next week. But Mrs. D'Arcy did not undertake this work without much power and trust in God, and the supply was frequently sent only just in time. From the time this kind friend settled in Clifden, as the wife of the Pastor there, she became the Director and valued friend of the children of the Orphan Nursery. She won the hearts of all the little ones, and her visits to the Nursery from time to time were hailed by the children as well as their teacher.

“ This dear friend of Ireland, after a short illness, was taken to her heavenly rest. She might have been anxious about the work she was leaving. She might have thought of the poor children, and have been sorry to go away, but she had such love to her Saviour, and such faith in Him, that all these feelings were overcome. She knew that He would take care of His little Lambs, and when He called her she was ready to leave all and to go to Him. Many prayers were offered up for her recovery, both in England and in Ireland, and the dear children in all the schools begged God with all their hearts to spare this dear friend to them a little longer. Though He heard their prayers, the answer was not in the way they expected. ‘ He hath done all things well.’ He knew that those who loved His dear servant, could they see all things as He sees them, would wish her to be where she is, far happier than she could ever be on earth. He knew that it was time for her to rest from her work; that she had laboured hard all her day of life, and that it was time for her to hear those welcome words, ‘ Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’ Her friends loved her very dearly, but her Saviour loved her better, and He would not let her have the trial of being sent back again into a world of sin and sorrow. She could not wish to stay, nor was she anxious to go before the time God had appointed, for God’s will was her will. The illness was so severe that she had little power to speak, but there

was one solemn message which she sent to all her absent friends. It was almost the last word which came from her dying lips. May that message be deeply written by the Holy Spirit of God upon the heart of every one who reads this little book. She said, 'tell them, with my love, in all they do, to make CHRIST FIRST, CHRIST LAST, CHRIST ALL.' We are anxious to send on this message of love from the lips of this honoured servant of God, not only to the children of the Connemara Orphans' Nursery, who have felt her loss very much, but to all our kind helpers in the work of maintaining them. We would ask them to think of Jesus, and do all in His Spirit, and for His sake. We are so sinful that when we do anything good, such as feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, and teaching the ignorant, many feelings come into our hearts which are not according to His Spirit—feelings of self love, which lead us to seek the praise of our fellow-creatures, and our own glory. In undertaking to collect for the poor orphans, let us pray that Christ may be so entirely FIRST in our hearts, as to subdue all these wrong feelings; and the more simply we work from love to Him, and in obedience to Him, the more we shall feel the blessing of God upon our own souls, and upon what He gives us to do for Him."

We trust the following suggestions will be carried out:—

"Now that this dear friend of the Orphans is taken away from us, there is a thought which we

would put before our young friends, and ask them to consider in prayer before God. As a remembrance of her, and a token of earnest desire to follow her as she followed Christ in considering the poor and needy, a plan has been set on foot for admitting into the Orphan Nursery twenty new girls or boys, chosen from those poor children who were fed and clothed by her at the different Schools round Clifden. These poor children are called 'the D'Arcy Orphans'; and those who helped Mrs. D'Arcy to support them out of doors, may like to hear of a plan for providing for these poor children by training them to get their own living and do their duty in that state of life in which it may please God afterwards to place them. This plan has been already acted on, and several orphans have been thus appropriated by Christian friends, but the two establishments now call for a large supply of money, and much help is still wanted. So large a blessing was given to dear Mrs. D'Arcy's efforts by that gracious Saviour, whose name, whose work, and whose glory was so precious to her in life and in death, that we would ask help of all our dear young friends, in that same precious name, to carry out this plan."

CHAPTER V.

LEAVING Clifden, we traversed the country on the north side of Bennabeola, and by the Kylemore pass to the Killeries, through fine scenery, which has been abundantly described of late. A considerable proportion of the land north of the Twelve Pins is parcelled out amongst English settlers, and is becoming rapidly English in appearance, except in the dress, etc., of the labourers, but it was pleasant to see the marks of English wealth diffusing blessings around, and the land "brought in," that is, into cultivation; and English mansions, very well built, and becoming surrounded with infant plantations, with good stone walls and bridges; in fact, all the features of a newly-settled country. There are good school-rooms and neat churches, and evidence that care is taken in the improvement of the population. I saw one well-dressed lady entering a cabin, another walking along the road conversing with a female of the country. It is by *contrast* that these things strike the mind, and by the cheering hope which they infuse for the *future* of the poor people of this once miserably neglected district.

After leaving the Kylemore lake, the appearance of the country deteriorates. I noticed fields, once cultivated with potatoes, now relapsing into bog; a whitewashed mass-house, and a national-school which had lost its lights, the windows being all broken, and looked desolate.

I made some observations about this last to my driver, an intelligent man, probably a Romanist. He seemed to view its dilapidation with no regret. He said they were very much against the Protestants; and, for his part, he was sure the Protestants had done great good in the country, and but for them the people would all have starved.

But how is it that in the shrewd Irish mind the system of "national education" is always associated with the power and influence of Popery? Whence comes this impression so different from that of our legislators? I could not expect my Connemara native to enlighten me on this subject, and, as wiser men have done before me, "I fell into a muse."

The *Tablet*, however, enlightened me a little on the point, for I afterwards met with an article* designed to urge "ecclesiastical inspection," and a system which (borrowing its ideas from Protestant machinery) should, as far as possible, counteract the efforts of Protestants; and yet, in this very article, it is admitted that "*the usual control over*

* "A Letter to the Chairman of the Catholic Poor-School Committee, by Lord Edward Howard," in paper of June 2nd, 1855.

them (Romish schools) *is probably by means of the clergy,"* that is, *of the priests.*

This, then, is the secret doubtless, as regards the National Schools also; and what sort of *control* that is likely to be which is exercised by the lash of Irish priests, my readers will already have had some small opportunity of imagining.

The same system is, I find, about to be extended to British India, and our missionaries will be permitted to enter the field of fair competition for government favour with the Brahmins, and to participate in grants for Indian National Schools. I hope that the result will not prove the same in India as in Ireland. It would surely be very painful to the prelatical members of our legislature to read in the newspapers issuing from the native press of India, that "the control over the schools assisted by government is *probably by means of the Brahmins.*" But though use reconciles the conscience to all these things, it is difficult to understand how these mitred dignitaries can be insensible to the manner in which their position in the state, as also that of the National Establishment, is becoming utterly undermined by this same latitudinarian policy.

The Killeries (a name derived from an Irish word of a similar sound describing an inlet of the sea) have been compared to Norwegian Fiords, but wanting what I have heard described as the chief attractions of these, in the magnificent forests and snow-covered glacier-environed mountains

above them. We took up our quarters at a small but comfortable little inn in Leenane, and ascended the mountain range (called Ma'am dhuv, the "black lump") above the village, guided by a native, whose elastic bounds barefoot over the heathery wild might almost emulate those of the mountain goat. Though an active he was by no means a large mountaineer, but he told us rather extraordinary stories of the Joyces, in whose "country" we then were. He seemed to think these reputed giants to be degenerating in size. "They cannot keep it up *on the yellow male*," that is, on Indian corn, which is now imported, "and not enough of that either;" for the present high price of oatmeal (though of course favourable to the farmers) presses hard on mere agricultural labourers, whose wages have not advanced in proportion.

We were repaid for a steep climb of some hours by a very fine view. In the first place, the Twelve Pins fronting us immediately across the fine valley from which they abruptly rise; then the Killery harbour down to the sea; the Atlantic with its many islands; and beyond the Killery Fiord, the sombre outlines of Moelrea and its companion ranges. Then Joyce's country of wild mountains, enclosing the lonely and wooded Lough Nafoeey as some little gem of a picture in a frame of large dimensions; Lough Inagh; Lough Mask just appearing; and, beyond, the open country of Mayo. Also Croagh Patrick, near Westport, Slieve-

more in Achill, and, marking out our future course, the wild pass leading down to our little village under a mountain of most remarkable name, to be afterwards described.

All this under the varying tints of the evening light of a summer day was a scene sufficiently attractive; and though I do not wish by over-description to lead to disappointment, I nevertheless hope to induce some of my readers to choose this country as the scene of their ramblings. May they enjoy as fine weather as fell to our lot, and they will not think the balmy air of Connemara has been too much celebrated!

On retracing our steps to the water's edge, an aged pilgrim came out to meet me, supporting his feeble steps by two sticks. Supposing that I belonged to the medical profession, he came to ask medical help for paralysis, under a recent attack of which he was suffering. I sat down on a stone, and conversed with the old man, and was rather surprised with the intelligence he displayed about his disease, the probable progress and issue of which he seemed very calmly to contemplate. I asked him his hope for another world, and how his sins could be forgiven. *Indeed*, he said, *because Jesus Christ died for his sins, he knew no other hope*. On expressing the pleasure I felt at such a reply (so different to that which is frequently met with), I found him a Scripture-reading and Scripture-loving man, having, as he told me, not less than *four* Bibles in his house (he was not of the poorest class),

and I hope the faith of God's elect in his heart. He said there were a few like-minded in the neighbourhood, and a good Protestant clergyman near. There is also a school established here by a Protestant lady of the vicinity.

It is pleasing to see throughout this part of the country, the comparative industry of the female peasantry as contrasted with the South, and especially the greater amount of domestic occupation. In some places the manufacture of Limerick lace is seen "at the cottager's own door," but in Connemara it is more often the manufacture of worsted and of articles of knitting work, which are obtruded on the traveller, as ever, in Ireland, with pertinacious obsequiousness.

There is much excuse for this annoyance to be found in the poverty of the country; and the articles are, moreover, cheap enough if you need them.* The spinning-wheels, distaffs, and the Connemara reels, seem all of very primitive construction.

* The following I did *not* see, but give as an extract from a "Journal of a Tour, undertaken to inquire into the progress of the Reformation in the West of Ireland," by M. . Dublin, 1852. P.20:—"We were much amused to-day by seeing two girls sitting on the ground, shearing a sheep. In West Galway, when they want a pair of stockings, they cut as much wool from the sheep's back as will answer their purpose; and, if they want clothes, they will shear *all* the sheep, and then *thatch* it with oaten straw; but if they do not require so much, they shear *half* the fleece in November. This they manufacture into clothes for themselves, weaving and dyeing it, the women being all very industrious." One of our party noticed a sheep thus partially shorn, and protected by a piece of carpet.

We left Leenane by the glen down which the Owenmore river pours its waters into the head of the Killery harbour. There are several streams of this name in the west, and it means, simply, a *large river*. On its banks is the wood of Errive, a poor fragment of the forest which once clothed the whole of this tract, and of which, a little further on, we observed traces in trunks of noble trees dug out of the bog, as is most common in Ireland.

The mountain under which we pass is called, in English, "*The Devil's Mother*," but in Irish, it is "*Moghareen Dhun*," which means rather, I believe, "mother of a demon," and has, probably, relation to some legend, especially as a wild valley on its eastern flank is called "*The Hag's Valley*" (*Glan a Caillech*).

Drawing nearer to Westport, we had a fine view of the Reek, or Croagh Patrick—a remarkable conical mountain, as seen from this side, and forming a really noble object in the landscape, especially as seen rising above the wood of Glansk. Its ancient name seems to have been "*Cruachan Aichle*, or *Achuil*, which in the old Irish signifieth Mount Eagle"; but, as we are told in the *Life of St. Patrick*,* "*The season of Lent approaching, St. Patrick withdrew into a high mountain, on the western coast of Connaught, called Cruachan-Aichle, to be more at leisure for*

* *The life of the most eminent and truly illustrious Bishop, St. Patrick, the Apostle and Patron of Ireland, published in Dublin, 1747, page 37.*

contemplation and prayer." The writers of his life tell us, that in imitation of our Saviour, Moses, and Elias, he here fasted forty days without taking any kind of sustenance (!) Joceline goes further, "that in this place he gathered together the several tribes of serpents, and venomous creatures, and drove them headlong into the Western Ocean, and that from hence hath proceeded that exemption which Ireland enjoys from all poisonous reptiles."* "But the earlier writers of St. Patrick's life *have not* mentioned it. Solinus, who wrote some hundred years before St. Patrick's arrival in Ireland, takes notice of this exemption; and St. Isidore, Bishop of Seville, in the seventh century, copies after him. The venerable Bede, in the eighth age, mentions this quality, but is silent as to the cause; and so is St. Donat, Bishop of Fesulæ, near Florence, who, in describing his country (Ireland), hath these lines:—

Finibus occiduus describitur optima tellus
 Nomine et antiquis, Scotia, scripta libris.
 Insula dives opum, gemmarum, vestis et auri,
 Commoda corporibus ære, sole, solo.
 Melle fluit pulchris et lacte, Scotia, campis,
 Vestibus atque armis, frugibus, arte, viris,
 Ursorum rabies nulla est ibi sæva leonum,
 Semina nec unquam Scotica terra tulit,

* According to a not very respectful modern version—

"The frogs went *hop*, the snakes went *flop*,
 Slap dash into the water;
 The toads committed suicide
 To save themselves from slaughter."

Nulla venena nocent nec serpens serpit in herba,
 Nec conquesta canit garrula rana lacu.
 In qua Scotorum gentes habitare merentur,
 Inclita gens hominum milite, pace, fide.

Far westward lies an isle of antient fame
 By nature bless'd, and Scotia* is her name.
 Enroll'd in books—exhaustless is her store
 Of veiny silver and of golden ore.
 Her fruitful soil for ever teems with wealth,
 With gems her waters, and her air with health;
 Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow,
 Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow;
 Her waving furrows float with bearded corn,
 And arms and arts her envied sons adorn.
 No savage bear, with lawless fury roves,
 No ravenous lion, thro' her peaceful groves;
 No poison there infects, no scaly snake
 Creeps thro' the grass, nor frog annoys the lake.
 An island worthy of her pious race,
 In war triumphant, and unmatched in peace.

“Cambrensis treats this story as a fable, and Colgan gives it up. From these testimonies” (adds our sensible but anonymous author) “arise unanswerable arguments to prove, that this exemption is owing to the nature and quality of the air, or soil, or to some other unknown cause, and not to the virtues of our patron, which have no need to be supported by the inventions of Jocelyn.”

It is not, however, so easy to dispose of the tradition which asserts that St. Patrick lived some time on this mountain. It is difficult otherwise to account for the change of its name; and that the

* Ireland was called Scotia at the time these verses were written.

saint practised austerities as severe as this (I do not include the fable of the forty days' fast), is quite probable. Our present biographer asserts, that he constantly girded his loins with a rough and coarse hair-cloth, and laboured for his livelihood like St. Paul, in fishing, tilling the ground, and particularly in *building of churches*,* and generally kept in his company some lepers, whom he served and attended most carefully, washing with his own hands their sores and ulcers, and providing them with all necessaries." "Bailey relates, that his biographers mention him to have daily rehearsed the whole Psalter, with a great number of prayers, and that he mortified himself by saying, every night, fifty psalms *in water*, and then taking a little sleep upon the bare ground, with a stone under his head for a bolster, till he was fifty-five years of age."

Truly, ecclesiastical tradition does seem to have been guilty of a little exaggeration here!

This mountain, by force of such like inventions, has become one of the most celebrated holy places in Ireland. "The barefooted pilgrim who, upon his hands and knees, has strength and perseverance enough to reach the summit, can place a large sum to the credit side of his account." "Some few years since, a young man and his father undertook this pilgrimage together. The old man, over-

* This seems to me quite possible, from the exceeding rudeness of the architecture of some of the old churches; they appear to have been built without much art, and just as the walls of cabins are constructed.

come by fatigue, was obliged to relinquish the pious enterprize ere it was half accomplished; his son, supported by enthusiastic zeal, performed his own share, and then completed what his father had left unfinished. This double penance was, however, more than his constitution could bear. He reached the summit, it is true, but nature was exhausted, and he sunk, a victim to this vain and degrading superstition. His death, under these circumstances, was thought to entitle him to the crown of martyrdom, and his funeral was conducted with all that pomp and parade which serve to impose on the multitude, and to rivet still more closely the chains of their spiritual bondage."

"Our good old nurse tells the story of a poor woman who travelled from London to Westport with a vain hope of having the life of her child saved by the intercession of the saint. She was the wife of a tradesman in Holborn, and according to an idiom common there, she was 'well to do in the world'; but one child after another had fallen victims to the fatal ravages of consumption, and the poor mother, at length, saw her only hope, her last remaining son seized, at the age of nineteen, with the same frightful complaint. An old Irish neighbour, as devout a Catholic as could be found on either side of the Channel, stepped between the mother and despair. She told her of St. Patrick's hill, magnified to her the power of the saint, and repeated to her all the miraculous cures of which she had heard or known. The credulous woman

left the dying bed of her child, with the superstitious hope of obtaining that relief, through the mediation of the saint, which had been denied to her own incessant prayers. Her stations were most devoutly performed,—but, need I add?—without success; indeed, I believe the poor youth died before the return of his deluded mother.”*

The summit of Croagh Patrick is 2,510 feet above the sea, Nephin 2,646 feet, and Moelrea attains 2,688 feet.

We had fully purposed to have ascended the Reek, and to have returned for that purpose from Westport, making this place our quarters; but on arriving at the inn, we found it filled with the priests of the diocese of the so-called “Archbishop of Tuam,” waiting the arrival of this dignitary. There was upon the table a little work in Irish, with a notice at the end in English (which I copied at the time), “Works by his Grace the most Rev. Dr. McHale, Archbishop of Tuam.”

Amongst these was an Irish version of “Moore’s Irish Melodies.”

Was there ever a more abortive measure than the “Ecclesiastical Titles Act,” which is openly violated every day, with the most perfect impunity, by the Romanists of Ireland. It can be compared to nothing that I know of, except the decree of Ahasuerus, “that every man should bear rule in his own house.” If, instead of this vain direction

* Letters from the Irish Highlands of Connemara. London, 1825. Page 137.

of the irate temper of the nation at that juncture, the endowment of Maynooth had been abolished, a real practical and lasting benefit would have been effected.

But to return to our inn. Finding from our worthy landlady that there was to be a great dinner, though she would do her best to put us in shelter from the "Irish melodies" that were to be expected, we thought it expedient to leave these well fed shepherds to consult for the good of their flock, and to continue our journey, leaving the Reek unvisited.

Though I write, it may be, severely of the priests of Ireland as the upholders of a system of religion which is the ruin of souls, yet, *as men*, I sincerely pity them. I could well understand that some of the best of them, whilst remembering their vow of celibacy, could adopt the following lines from the "Irish Melodies" as their own with an emphatic specialty:—

"As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,
For which joy has no charm, and affliction no sting,

"Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain;
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again."

CHAPTER VI.

THE ride from Westport through Newport to Achill exceeded in wildness of scenery almost everything we had seen. The country is, however, advancing in cultivation, and Newport itself is beautifully situated in the midst of smiling demesnes and richly cultivated farms. The views of Clew Bay, with its 366 islands, are really charming, backed as they are by the giant form of Croagh Patrick, reposing at length on the verge of the waters. Clare Island, far to sea, is the most remarkable object, and "is considered as perhaps the most beautiful on the whole coast of Ireland. It is about four miles long, by one and a half miles in breadth, its area is 3,959 statute acres. The shores are generally bold and rocky, and Knockmore, on the west side of the island, rises 1,520 feet above the sea." This island is the most grand in outline I have ever seen, and would doubtless well repay a visit on the part of those who admire fine scenery. It was the residence of the famous Grace O'Malley, or Granawaile, a kind of sea-king belonging to the softer sex, who on her own account, and in her own manner, carried on the warfare of

western civilization against barbarian manners; for "tradition tells how gallantly she revenged herself upon the Earl of Howth, when refused admittance into his castle near Dublin, where she had landed, after having been kept out at sea by stress of weather. The Earl, forsooth, was at dinner and could not be disturbed. It was customary, she was told, to keep the gates shut at that hour, perhaps because no sentinel could be trusted to keep guard at so interesting a moment. Proud Granawaile, in the true spirit of chivalry, resolved to return injury for injury, and insult for insult. The heir of Howth was playing without the castle walls; she beguiled the thoughtless urchin with some flattering tale, carried him on board her fleet, and sought again the western shore.

"I often please myself by picturing the little earl among the retainers of Granawaile's court, looking at all the savage horrors of Connemara with as much astonishment as any little earl of the present day might express in a similar situation.

"How long his captivity lasted I do not rightly remember; I only know that war was waged between the two parties, in which the valiant queen of the west proved victorious; and her humbled foe was glad to redeem his son upon condition that the gates of the castle of Howth should always stand open during the hour of dinner, and refreshment never be denied to the weary traveller."*

Clare Island was the favourite place of abode of

* Letters from the Irish Highlands, p. 172.

this lady, though she had also many castles, the ruins of which still remain on the sea-shore. It is said that "when her vessels rode at anchor at Clare Island the cables were secured to her bed-post,"* a truly Homeric tradition according well with the romantic scenery of the island.

I was much interested in this ride in observing the process of reclaiming the boggy and heathery land which so much abounds. It suffices to pare and burn the surfaces, then to lay out the ground in ridges of one to two yards across with deep intervening trenches, and with the application of lime, which is almost every where to be obtained, the wildest moorland seems capable of bearing excellent potatoes, especially where the coral-sand or the sea-weed of the shore can be used as manure. This is not dug into the ground, but laid on the surface, when the potatoes are just coming up, and then these are earthed up from the bottom of the trenches, by means of a shovel of a peculiar shape. In this way potatoes are grown, which it is said have been found less affected by the disease than those on other soils, at least, so I was informed; but I am inclined to think the salt of the sea-weed may have more to do with the exemption. The manure itself, and the mode of application, both seemed to me excellent, and I suspect that experience in this case has proved to be the best teacher, and that the new settlers will not find "the Saxon

* Ibid.

plough" superior to the Celtic spade for the husbandry of these particular soils and situations.

The cultivation of oats is here somewhat similar, and beyond these products, the wilder parts of these districts do not seem capable of producing much. There is, no doubt, good mountain pasture-land, and here, till very recently (that is in Currawn Achill and in the mountains of Ballycroy), the red deer retained their ground. The quantity of goats kept by the people is remarkable.

The burning of the turf gives rise to long lines of blueish smoke, curling before the wind, and visible from a great distance, which not only gives a picturesque effect to the landscape, but becomes associated in the mind with the cheering thought of the reclamation of the waste, and its gradual subjugation to the support of the existence of man.

My driver was a very well instructed and bigotted Romanist, a type of a class pretty numerous in this country, armed at all points, and "ready, aye ready for the fight." He began of his own accord the subject of controversy, by attacking the Church of England, as in his opinion not having the forgiveness of sins, that is to say, by the priest. He asserted that the origin of all sin was in the body, and that therefore it was needful to mortify the flesh by fasting; and extolled the excellence of confession, as leading him to the practice of the austerities recommended by his confessor, to the great relief of his conscience. He alleged the

marvellous unity of the Church of Rome, as evidenced by the Council of Trent, at which, as he believed, after seven years of debate, they all came, by special miracle, to an united judgment. He seemed a little puzzled what to make of the devotees of India, and *their* mortifications of the flesh, of which he had heard, or how to show that they did not merit the forgiveness of sins, except that their *faith* was wrong. He was very tolerably skilful in eluding the force of argument when hard pressed from scripture, and altogether, so much of a theologian, that he quite forgot the reins whilst laying down his propositions, and nearly finished by upsetting the car, as he drove over a large stone. All was in very good part, however, and he allowed me to tell him that his expressions—he would not admit them to be oaths—were not according to the commandment, good Catholic as he thought himself to be. I also hit, but without intending it, on another tender point, in blaming the *abundant* use of whiskey by his countrymen; for he became very noisy and merry withal, after our arrival at the inn. Indeed, I do not think there had been anything painful in his abstinence throughout the day—it did not happen to be Friday—and it was evidently not a fast day with poor Paddy.

On our way, we staid to explore Burrishoole Abbey—a ruin exhibiting, as is usual in Ireland, the most evident neglect. All that is venerable in antiquity, and all that is affecting in the memorial

of the perishing remains of mortality, seem alike fading away.

“ Non indignemur mortalia corpora solvi,
Cernimus exemplis marmora posse mori.”

There is none of the restful feeling in an Irish place of interment which renders a Protestant English churchyard a pleasant place for meditation, no text from Scripture transcribed upon the stone, to lead the contemplative mind heavenward.

The beautiful lines—

“ Beneath those rugged elms, yon yew trees’ shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,”

have no application here. The “for ever” (which probably the poet meant in a limited sense) is here so short a term of sepulture, that the osseous structure may be studied in all its details, from the bones of childhood, to the gaunt remains of the powerful fabrics of the men of the past age. Skulls, with a variety of phrenological development, not only adorn every nook in the walls, but unless the visitor treads carefully, he will slide and stumble over these “domes of thought, and temples of the soul,” which lie scattered around in incredible profusion.

The only explanation we could gather was, that when they buried a *christian*, they turned out his predecessors to make room for him, and did not *always* put back their remains into their places.



St. Peter's Church

St. Peter's Church

St. Peter's Church

St. Peter's Church, London

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So let it be, as long as Ireland believes in purgatory, I would not have it otherwise. It is an undeniable testimonial to the character of Romanism in Ireland—a strange mixture of the *horrible* and the *ludicrous*—for Pat cannot restrain his propensity for mirth even in these scenes, as I saw in a noted instance here, the recital of which I spare my readers.

What are the views of the future taught these people by the priests whom *we* educate at Maynooth? A purgatory, whose penal fires are to be quenched by the “immolation of the spotless victim” in masses said by the priests!

Hence the anxiety to bury in these *holy* spots, in such profusion that it is difficult to avoid a feeling of nausea in recalling the details.

And then the pitiable requests to the living to aid in the deliverance of the dead. One Ave Maria for the soul of ——. Pray for the soul of ——. All is unrest—misery—gloom—abomination!

“Hell is my house, and in darkness I have made my bed. I have said to rottenness, ‘thou art my father’; ‘my mother and my sister,’ to the worms.”*

It is not always so, of course, in Romanist countries; as I have before remarked, the genius of the religion may vary with the temper of the people. So at “Père la Chaise,” one sees the flowery, poetical, sentimental tone of the Parisians developing itself in quite a different direction.

* From the Office and the *Masses for the Dead*, p. 45.

Probably, *their* general thought is much the same as that of the old Romans, as to their relatives who have descended to "the shades below"; but it seems to me, that the feeling of the Irish is more devoutly popish, more truly purgatorial.

Another part of a long drive furnished me with an interesting comment on the agrarian outrages, of which I regret to see one occurred in the Tipperary district whilst I was in Ireland. I forgot to copy the details, but the facts were of this kind. An agent was shot at in the neighbourhood of persons apparently sympathisers with the intended assassin. He returned the fire from a revolver he had in his possession, and then made his retreat into a house.

In a previous volume, I expressed my surprise at a statement made by an Irish gentleman, to the effect that *murders* are more common in England than in Ireland. The fact is, that this landlord-and-agent-shooting does not seem to be looked upon as *murder* at all, either by high or low. It is regarded, I suppose, as a kind of petty warfare, in which those who fall, die "by the visitation of God." At all events, the assassin has the sympathies of the population entirely with him, and as he can easily obtain absolution for the crime, he regards the fatal deed, and the country side hears of it when communicated, with the same feelings with which the English public receives the intelligence of the slaughter of a thousand Russians. It is considered as a just and necessary mode of resist-

ance to an overgrown and encroaching despotism, and the death as a casualty under the arrangement of Providence, rather than as a murder.

The facts my zealous "Catholic" mentioned were these: He gave me the names of the parties to the scene, of which he was an eye witness, as well as the name of the place at which it occurred, some years since.

The agent of a noble proprietor of land in Ireland, had orders to eject the tenantry in a particular locality. This he executed with the ruthlessness of one grown old in his work of barbarity. One poor woman was on the eve of her confinement. He caused her to be carried out of her hut and laid on a dunghill; and to complete the atrocity, he had the house pulled down in her view, and would not even allow the fire to be kept alight, to give the poor woman a mess of warm food when she required it. The hearth blaze was quenched for ever in her view—and this is a word full of meaning to an Irish ear.* It is a wonder the poor woman survived it, but she did so, and the husband fell down on his knees, and commended it all into the hands of God. "As for me," said the man, "I looked on and cried; but if it had been my own poor woman, I would (Anglice "should") have committed murder, for I was born on the borders of Tipperary." "And now, sir," he said, "what would *you* have done if you had been placed in these circumstances, and if it had been

* See p. 110.

your wife that was thus treated." I could not but feel that there was eloquence in his description of the wrong, and the graphic picturing of truthfulness in his language. Of course I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the statement, but it is to be feared that many such facts might easily be substantiated. The effect of these on the minds of an excitable population, are very obvious. I quite suppose that my informant would have done as he said, if placed under the circumstances, and yet he was a man with whom a stranger might have trusted either himself or his property, by day or by night, with safety. It is but right to say, that he distinguished between the proprietor and the agent, and exonerated the former from all blame in the matter.

After passing the wilds of Currawn Achill, it was cheering as we drew near the Sound, to see a number of nice, cheerful-looking, well-behaved boys, who were turning out from a Protestant school-house, with happy faces, their day's work over, and politely offering their information as to the way over the sands. Then a neat English Church rose on our view, built, as usual here, of dark limestone. What is all this? I enquired, for I did not know there was a colony short of the *island* of Achill. "It is a Protestant settlement, made for the purpose of *introducing Christianity*," our "Catholic" told us; "For," said he, "people here, some years ago, were quite like a set of heathens, living idly on what the ground pro-

duced, and going neither to church, chapel, nor meeting."

Soon we were welcomed into a clean and thoroughly comfortable inn, in connexion with the settlement. We felt quite at home here, as would, I think, my readers if they will try the experiment. There was real kindness in the welcome of my landlord, and his desire from first to last to oblige us in every way. A large bible lying on the table of our room spoke of Protestantism. We were informed that there is an orphan-house here, and a good attendance at the Church.

The morning greeted us with a cool north wind and a bright sun; and hookers—by which commerce is generally carried on here—sailing pleasantly under the windows through the narrow strait, betwixt this and Achill island.

This strait is reduced in width by two piers to about one hundred yards, and there is never any difficulty in crossing. The tide enters at each end of the strait, and meets in the middle. A ferry-boat is always in attendance, and there is consequently no need now to tempt the dangerous ford, which can only be passed at low water.

CHAPTER VII.

"THE Island of Achill is chiefly composed of mountainous tracts, especially on the northern and western sides, with large uncultivated intervening districts of heathery boggy land. It contains 36,037 statute acres. The inhabitants, who are poor, are employed in fishing and cultivating the little spots of reclaimed land around their houses, and are chiefly congregated in clusters of miserable huts along the shores. The Protestant missionary establishment which has introduced a new order of things, is situated on the north-east of the island, about nine miles from the ferry, near the hamlet of Dugort, which is on the shore. The locality is well defined by Slievemore, the highest mountain on the island, which, to the west of the settlement, attains an elevation of 2,204 feet," and in the general configuration is a suitable companion to the three more lofty mountains mentioned in the last chapter.

On entering this wild island, covered with brown desolate-looking heaths, we were cheered by the sight of an English settler's house, around which symptoms of cultivation were manifesting them-

selves, fields and plantations causing the wilderness to rejoice. I cannot but wish that some settlers, who, from their Christian character, would be a help to the mission, might be induced to choose this as a settlement rather than Australia or America. Land belonging to the mission is to be had at a mere nominal rent, if I was rightly informed, and no doubt prudent cultivation would be crowned with success, notwithstanding the "*coeli ad maturanda semina iniqui*," the climate unfavourable to the ripening of grain, noticed long since by Pomponius Mela.* Specially would this be the case if the pastures were sufficiently improved for the feeding of cattle, as the Keem-fed mutton is already celebrated throughout the west. In that neighbourhood, indeed, this appears to be already in process of accomplishment, for an English gentleman, who has purchased a large estate, has settled himself down in an iron house, such as are sent to Australia, and is beginning to erect by its side a substantial stone-built dwelling. He has another iron house for his steward, or herdsman; and his flocks are, I have little doubt, increasing in patriarchal style.

I walked some distance with two of the converts, one of whom was going out to cut turf with the peculiar spade used for the purpose. He quite confirmed the account given by the Romanist of their state previous to the introduction of the mission, "just nothing at all" seemed to be the

* See Wakefield's Ireland, vol.i. p.170.

very description of their state in a religious point of view.

After some miles we entered one of the Romanist villages, but on distributing tracts I found one of the ready recipients was a Scripture Reader, with whom I had much conversation. He had a well-worn Irish Bible, besides a work on the points in question between Romanists and Protestants. He seemed hearty and encouraged in his work. He walked with me to a neat school-house, in which were a number of nice intelligent-looking children, chiefly girls, who were just then engaged in learning texts; and I found that, in addition to Scripture, they were instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic. In drawing near to the extreme western point of the island, I engaged as guide an sensible-looking youth, and another soon managed to join the party. They were from Keem, an old village of miserable huts, inhabited, I suppose, chiefly by Roman Catholics; but I soon found evidence of the impression made by the missionary schools, for these poor youths had learned to prize "God's holy book of truth," my guide repeating with sparkling eyes—

" The staff and stay of hoary age,
The guide of opening youth."

The Scripture examination which I instituted whilst climbing the steeps of Keem Head, shewed me that they had been indoctrinated in a fair amount of Scripture knowledge; and, though only casual scholars, were thus vastly in advance of the general

Irish population. My guide told me that last summer he had very narrowly escaped a good "flaggin'" by the priest, who overtook him on the road, and finding, by his enquiries, that the boy went to Mr. Nangle's schools, and was deserting the Church of Rome, began to gather up the lash of his whip in his hand in order to strike with more effect. But the quick eye of the lad discovered the coming storm; "and I ran," he said "into all the *saft* places, for I knew he would not like to dirty himself," and though the priest jumped off the car and pursued him a little way, he soon desisted from the unprofitable chase. I should say, that part of the priest's enquiries related to the question why the boy did not go to the national schools, to which the boy replied by stating his conscientious objection.

This "very cross priest" was probably Priest Henry, whose residence we afterwards passed, and whose instructions to his flock, with reference to the "jumpers," I have before noticed (p. 155 *supra*), "scald them, scold them, hunt them, shout after them, persecute them to death, and pull down the houses over their heads."

With the guides I have mentioned, I climbed the summit of those giant cliffs which front the Atlantic, and dash back its impetuous waves in milk white foam from their caverned base. Gigantic ribs or buttresses of rock here bid defiance to the force of the western storms, and terrifically grand must it be to witness the effect. I should like much to have seen a storm here; but it would not have consisted

with the lovely beauty of the scene as it met my view. Deep, deep beneath, the clear Atlantic wave assumed a cerulean hue as it broke against the "strong foundations of the earth," which are here laid bare to our inspection. One little vessel (so small to the eye that it reminded me of Shakespeare's cliff,* and the celebrated lines of the poet—what would he not have made of *these* wild scenes had he beheld them?) was engaged in fishing so near the shore that it seemed almost as if it might be possible to leap on board. Then just beneath our feet the comparatively low projecting point of Achill Head, and over it the vast Atlantic. To the north, mapped on the surface of the ocean, lay the northern and southern islands of Iniskea (to this hour the worshippers of the flannel god), then the rocky Devillane, and another projecting point of land, emerging from old ocean. What is that? I asked my guides; but failing to obtain a satisfactory answer, I unfolded on the heather a large map of Ireland which I had brought with me, exciting their admiration greatly. It is called the Black Rock. Eastward the view stretches away towards Blacksod bay, and the distant mountains of Erris, interrupted by the mighty Croaghan, which rises to the elevation of 2,192 feet; while in its sheltered bay at the base, Keem, with its canoes, or curraghs, was reposing by the still and landlocked sea, and far away beyond in the distance the moun-

* This headland is, however, about twice the height of Shakespeare's Cliff, and seems quite perpendicular.

tains and the islands of Connemara and of Murrisk, with the sombre form of Croagh Patrick, and the nearer cliffs and picturesque outline of Clare Island, presented such a panorama, reposing in the bright sunlight under the fresh breeze of the ocean, as is not often witnessed. Here, indeed, the greatness and power of the Creator, "Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains, being girded with power," appeared evidently stamped upon his works. Here was the demonstration that He hath set a bound to the waves of the sea that they turn not again to cover the earth. Here was the place to meditate on such Psalms as the xxxvi. "Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; thy judgments are a great deep; O Lord thou preservest man and beast." Or again, the civ., "O Lord my God thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever. Thou coveredest it with the deep as with a garment, the waters stood above the mountains. At thy rebuke they fled, at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away. The *mountains ascend* (margin), the *valleys descend* unto the place which thou hast founded for them."

I have adopted the marginal reading as giving a more intelligible sense, and one which seems more conformable to the context, and illustrates the mighty working of the hand of the Omnipotent. Indications meet the eye every where in the west of Ireland, that the whole land lay for ages beneath

the overwhelming waters: beds of well-worn boulder stones and pebbles reposing on the rocks, smoothed by their attrition, impress such a thought upon a mind, as seems, in this inspired portion of the word, presented to us. But I must turn away from this, as I did with reluctance from the dizzy steep, and made my way back to Keem.

In approaching Keem, I was shewn a heap of stones in a pyramidal shape, forming a sort of rude "altar," connected with the superstitions of the people. One of these stones resembles those receptacles used for holy water in the churches. Of this stone it is reported, that it always contains water every day in the year. On the day of my visit, however, it was dry and dusty—a fit representation of the old legends, which are themselves thus fast disappearing before the introduction of Christian knowledge. Another fancy connected with this pile of stones was, that if any person takes materials from it to build their own house, the house so sacrilegiously erected will fall.

Another saying of the good people of Keem is, that if any persons climb the cliffs, they will come back hungry; and this has more truth in it than the other, as my guides seemed to think. "Its bad to be *fashting*," they remarked of a poor orphan lad (weak with want) who followed us with some difficulty to the miserable village of Dooagh, in order to get some bread; but when we reached this place "they had no bread," for the woman who sold it

had locked up her store and gone forth to work. All is here in most primitive style. I noticed a donkey feeding on a species of dried sea-weed, which the inhabitants gather evidently for this purpose, and also, I believe, for their own use. Its long purple fronds resembled the *Iridaea edulis*,* and it is probably this species.

That which most interested me, in connexion with this place, was the welcome I received from an old pilgrim, who came forth to meet me in true patriarchal style, leaning on his staff for very age, but still vigorous, having never known illness, if I understood right, and claiming the honour due to the hoary head *blanched*, though not yet quite *bleached*, by the revolutions of one hundred and seven years. I afterwards learned that pains had been taken to ascertain his age, and that this was considered to be the correct account; and, from his appearance, I should have little doubt that he was at least thus old. Indeed, a respectable person at the colony informed me that he had seen a native of Clare (island) aged 125, digging potatoes, a task to which (in that light soil) this patriarch also was evidently quite equal. His name is Thomas Groghan, and he is a convert, having recently been *confirmed* by the bishop. I was told that his intelligence in Scripture was so great as quite to surprise his catechists. His answers to my enquiries manifested the confidence of Christian faith, and the

* The taste of this species bears some resemblance to that of a carrot, and is by no means unpleasant.

peculiarly reverential manner in which he expressed himself well became the dignity of his years. The next morning I saw him, to my surprise, at the colony. He had come into the town quite early to buy a sack of meal, which he placed on his back to take home, having accomplished the walk of some five long Irish miles barefoot, and about to return by a circuitous route home. He admitted that his feet were a little tender; but the gift of a pair of shoes would have been no luxury to him. He understood *a little* English; but fluently replied in Irish to the post-master at the colony, who has been in it for twenty-five years, and remembers him as quite an old man at his arrival. My interpreter questioned him for me, and his replies indicated that "his confidence was strong in Christ;" and that "he knew he should die in this world, but not in the world to come." He was evidently in full possession of all his faculties, and his sight so good that, to use his own expression, "He could thread any needle." When asked as to his remembrance of the events of the last European war, he said, "it seemed like yesterday and the day before."

I should like some of my Christian readers who may think no temporal help should be given to converts, to have seen this man and given judgment what was to be done in his case. Luxuries are out of the question; for, as my informant said, if he were to be supplied with these he would probably soon die; but *bare subsistence*—should not this be accorded? For I was informed (though not at the

colony) that the priest will do nothing for the family, even though his son goes to mass. To send him into the workhouse would probably be his death, as these people do not bear confinement well. On the whole, I conclude that few would grudge a scanty portion of meal doled out to such a convert.

In making my way to the colony, I came again in full view of the cliffs of Meenane. These celebrated precipices attain an elevation of 900 feet, and are very perpendicular. The account of my driver was, that the country people took even their ponies by the path which leads along the cliff, though he said, "when I once passed over it, I was so afeerd, that I was obliged to walk on my knees for a piece of an acre." It seemed to him "half a mile down into the sea below."

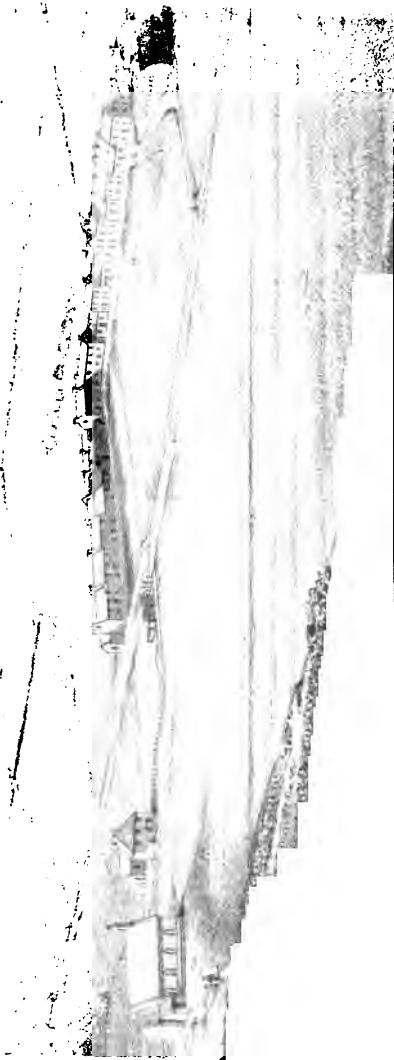
In approaching the colony, the road winds along the base of Slievemore. Here the ruins of a deserted village strike the eye unpleasantly, and should be removed, as they disadvantageously occupy the ground; but further on, the emerald green of the flourishing crops of the colony begins to contrast well with the brown heather; and in winding round a corner, you find yourself rather suddenly in the midst of a very neat and pleasing little town or settlement (as it is most appropriately called), reposing under the shelter of Slievemore, a mountain of very picturesque outline, which descends with a rather steep inclination towards the sea. All that I saw of this Protestant missionary estab-

lishment pleased me much. The inn is quite a comfortable one, and visitors will experience every civility, and every facility will be afforded for inspecting the various schools—for girls, for boys, for orphans,—the training schools, agricultural schools, etc.; but it would occupy a week to explore all that is interesting in the mission work, and whatever else is worth seeing on the island. Indeed, a much longer time would be agreeably spent by many visitors. Nothing can exceed the salubrity of the air, and few places can equal it in the grandeur of the scenery.

For my own part, I found that it was impossible to attempt to inspect such varied and extensive machinery in the short space of time I had allotted—a period which was still further curtailed by the necessity for departing with the mail car, which leaves only on alternate days. The traveller should be aware of this, and form his plans accordingly, as he will not find readily any other so good means of locomotion.

The following extract from the first number of the *Achill Herald*, contains the history of the first foundation of the settlement:—

“A clergyman who was laid aside from active employment by severe indisposition, was induced by the perusal of ‘Anderson’s Historical Sketches of the Native Irish,’ to commence the study of the Irish language, with a view to devoting himself to the service of Christ, among the portion of his countrymen who use that language. In 1831, the



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western coast of Ireland was visited by a severe famine. The clergyman to whom we have alluded having at that time acquired some knowledge of the Irish language, was induced to visit the scene of distress, at the earnest solicitation of a friend, who was actively engaged in sending relief to the sufferers.

“On his arrival in the west, having heard of the extreme destitution of the inhabitants of the island of Achill, he determined to visit it. It should here be mentioned as one of the links of the chain of causes which originated the Achill mission, that this clergyman, before he left Dublin, had had his mind particularly directed to the missionary operations of the United Brethren among the Greenlanders, and other barbarous people. The actual survey of the people of Achill first suggested the establishment of a mission amongst them, on the same plan as those which have been established by the United Brethren, designed to further the temporal welfare of the natives in subserviency to their higher interests. Returning from Achill, our traveller communicated his thoughts to a Christian friend in the neighbourhood, who signified his approbation, and having received encouragement from the principal landed proprietor of the island, by the promise of a lease of mountain ground, he returned to Dublin, where, through the zealous and warm co-operation of a few Christian friends, devoted to the improvement of the native Irish, a committee was formed for establishing and conducting, in the island of

Achill, the first missionary settlement which had ever been established among the native Irish, using the Irish language.

“The committee being formed, a subscription was opened for carrying the contemplated objects into effect. A lease of 130 acres of land, situated in the north-east of the island, having been obtained at a nominal rent of £1 per annum, a steward was engaged, and sent to superintend the reclaiming of the land in the summer of 1833. The difficulties to be overcome even in this stage of the operations seemed almost insurmountable. A wild tract of moor, overrun with heath, was to be reclaimed and rendered productive, houses were to be erected in the midst of a wilderness, without any means of communication with a civilized country, but by the sea, which, in consequence of a boisterous climate, and the want of a commodious landing-place, afforded but a precarious means of intercourse, and the works were to be accomplished by the instrumentality of a people destitute of skill or suitable implements, whose ignorance and prejudices might easily be so worked upon by designing men, as to make them regard the growth of the infant settlement with jealous enmity, instead of considering it in the light of a benefit, either spiritual or temporal.

“Under the superintendence of the steward, the farm was soon enclosed, and a house being erected sufficient for the accommodation of two families, the committee sent a school-master to the settle-

ment in November, 1833: he was shortly followed by a Scripture-reader; and another house being erected, a clergyman who was appointed by the committee to take charge of the settlement as missionary, removed there with his family, in August, 1834, where he was shortly followed by another minister, and three more Scripture readers, for whom an extensive and encouraging field of labour was opened.

“A furious persecution was got up by the Roman Catholic priests and Dr. M'Hale, who aimed at nothing short of the expulsion of the missionaries from the Island. But the Lord was with his servants, and the machinations and violence of their enemies were fruitless.

“The missionary settlement has since grown into a village; the sides of a once barren mountain are now adorned with cultivated fields and gardens; the desert literally rejoices, and blossoms as the rose; and the stillness of desolation which once reigned is broken by the hum of the school, or the sound of the ‘church-going bell.’ The Achill missionary settlement is indeed a proof of the truth of that memorable saying of John Eliot: ‘That prayer and pains through faith in Christ can do anything.’ This is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.”

The evening I spent at the colony, there was a controversial meeting held; the subject was, “the imputed righteousness of Christ,” from Romans, chap. iv., and the meeting passed off, I understood, satisfactorily.

The land near the settlement is very neatly cultivated by the orphan boys. It was once a bog, so full of water that (as it was described to me) a hare could scarcely have made its way across it. Now it smiles under good management.

The old village of Doogort, and the new colony of Achill, stand like the representatives of the old and new regime.

The state of these poor islanders before this recent introduction of Christianity is a fruitful theme for contemplation, in reference to "the natural history of the soul," and "the true basis of theology." What, indeed, has "The Soul with her sorrows and aspirations"* achieved here during the many revolving ages which must have elapsed since it was first peopled. The sense of natural "awe" has produced Fetishism, which, "in its simplest form, ascribes divine virtue to some common object." A Christian friend from the colony informs me, that, as to the people swearing "by Slieve-more" (the mountain), it was a *common practice* amongst them preparatory to the building of the colony. They also *worshipped* a stone altar at the foot of Slievemore, which they tumbled down last year as another useless piece of idolatry. These disciples of inward intuition had thus made some considerable advance towards the most enlightened rationalism of the present day. For if Pantheism is to be reputed the highest discovery of the human mind, it is most truly the expression of this

* "The Soul," etc., by F. W. Newman, 1849.



10000 ft.

10000 ft.

View of the mountain

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doctrine to regard such a mountain as containing not only a large heap of the material, but also a large portion of the Spirit of the Universe; and as the somewhat similar mountain of Schiehallien in Scotland was reserved for experiments by Maskelyne on the attractive powers of the mass of matter, so in Slievemore "one fragment of Deity has been, as it were embalmed for *awe*," and has been set up as a deity by the all-investigating *mind* of the lord of creation!

But not only do we see the remains of this grand and universally prevailing religion of the heathen world (the worship of stocks and stones) in Achill, but we also find that which should be considered in a philosophical view of things as a laboriously superadded notion, the result of amazingly recondite processes of thought, in "the sense of sin"* and desire for atonement. The same correspondent writes, "As regards the blessed or holy wells, there was one on my farm at the foot of Slievemore, at which the islanders performed *stations*, by going round twenty-one times on their bare knees until the blood made its way through the skin; and each time they went round the well, they would put a piece of red cloth in a hole in the well, and take up a small stone in lieu of the same."

It would be a remarkable and sorrowfully instructive sight certainly, to see some Professor of Spiritual Insight, some "Friend of Light," in a peculiarly conscientious mood, thus attempting to

* See "The Soul," p. 57.

propitiate the Great Unknown. It would be a fitting counterpart to the spectacle of a Wilberforce in the dirt* before an earthly priest, illustrating the tendencies of two powerful currents of opinion and noting *the rocks ahead!*

But, according to modern lights derived from inward illumination and the soul's sense of the Divine, "a man can but adore *his own highest ideal*."† Now it so happens, that all these islanders placed their *highest ideal* in what we should call a very low scale of morality. In fact, they seem scarcely to have reached that "first great revolution wrought in religion, which begins even in Polytheistic times, as with Æschylus and Herodotus, when a union begins to take place between it and morality," or, at least, if we admit this as to Achill, this desirable alliance seems never to have taken place in the adjoining islands of Iniskea, for *there* still exists a stone which the islanders look upon as an *immoral* accomplice in their hatred of their enemies, as shown in the following extract,‡ dated July 4, 1853.

"The curious cursing stone at the mouth of the well.

"One man said, 'You don't believe that a man can be avenged of his enemies while in this life?'

"'No,' said I, 'for the Lord said—Vengeance belongeth to me, and I will repay.'

* See "The Protestant in Ireland," Part I., p. 148.

† "The Soul," p. 55.

‡ Eighth Report of the General Irish Reformation Society, p. 15.

“ ‘Well, then,’ said he, ‘it is much better for a man that would want immediate satisfaction to go to a *stone* that is on the far end of this island, and turn it round three times, and pray that his enemies might not prosper, or get length of life; and their means would melt away like snow before the sun, and their days would be shortened, till in the end they would get a miserable death.’

“ ‘Do not believe in any such stories, Michael,’ said I.

“ ‘Why not, sir,’ said he: ‘that is a thing I have seen with my own eyes, and why not believe it.’

“ ‘I read Romans xii. 17 to 21; Heb. x. 30; Matth. v. 44.

“ ‘Oh! there is no use for you talking,’ said he, ‘that is the stone that would put an end to bad people in a short time.’

“ ‘I would have shewn the absurdity of this more fully, were it not for a boat having come ashore, which called away my hearers. This miraculous stone is at the mouth of the holy well, on which the people kneel also to pray.’

Then as to the idol Neeroge* (or St. Nuno), they not only call on it for protection in cases of danger, and, when going to the main land in stormy weather, take this idol with them for a safeguard; but they were also in the habit of invoking its assistance, in order that, by its power, some helpless vessel might be dashed on their barren shore, and

* See “The Protestant in Ireland,” Part I, p. 196.

they might have the miserable opportunity of pillage.

An idol named Crom-cruach, consisting of a stone capped with gold, about which stood twelve other rough stones, was universally worshipped in Ireland before the introduction of Christianity. St. Patrick has the credit of overthrowing this horrible idol, to which the Irish *sacrificed the first-born of every species*. It was, probably, like the Phœnician unhewn pillars, a symbol of the sun.

It is quite possible that the stone idol of Iniskea may have been handed down even from these early times, and may have witnessed frightful rites of idolatry similar to those which conferred on a plain in Leitrim the appellation of "The Place of Slaughter" (*Magh-Sleacht*).

I remember noticing in a popular hymn-book the lines,—

"Go with our armies to the fight,
Like a confederate God,"*

which struck me at the time as rather odd; but these people, if they wrote hymns, would improve on the motion, and would invoke Neeroge in strains like this,—

"Go with our wreckers to the spoil,
Like a confederate thief."

And, as I am informed, "there is not a time they take out the idol (Sant Nuno) that they do not dress it up again *in a new suit of flannel*, and on

* Watts.

their return to the house in which it has been lodged, they *warm it at the fire*, and afterwards put it into *a comfortable bed* allotted to it," so I imagine that this "god of thieves" would be promised something handsome for his patronage on the occasion.

It appears, then, on the whole, that the people of these islands had not made one single advance towards the discovery of the real character of God, as he has revealed Himself in His word. The High and Holy One, who inhabits eternity, was to them *unknown*; and though they have embraced a "positive religion," (which is, in fact a sort of necessity to man, for *mankind* will not be satisfied with sorrows, and aspirations, and uncertainties), yet this is nothing but senseless idolatry. I have taken pains to ascertain from a Christian friend in the colony, that the miserable idol is *still* venerated, and the people of the mainland also go to worship it. It seems, therefore, that we cannot yet sing *with truth* of the islands of North and South Iniskea, whatever may be said of the rest,—

"The British islands are *the Lord's* ;
There *Abraham's God is known* ;
While powers and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before His throne." *

Amidst all the reflected light of Christianity, these worshippers of Neeroge have managed to superadd one quite novel trait in the folly of their idolatry, for, not only may we say of their stone deity, "It

* Watts.

must needs be borne, because it cannot go," but also, "It must needs be put into a bed, because it cannot keep itself warm."

But how cheering it is to find, that whilst "the world by wisdom knows not God," it still "pleases God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save those that believe." Strange, indeed, would it be, if the Creator of man *could not* reveal Himself to His creature; if He who "is love" *could not* embrace the returning prodigal in the arms of paternal tenderness; and it would be almost equally strange if He did not choose *His own way* of leading us to adore His Majesty, and to comprehend a little of His goodness. So we find that he has left some of the lofty intellects of the world to the darkness consequent upon despising a "book-revelation," and has revealed Himself in His word, and by His spirit, to some poor despised ones in this part of the world, who are thus enabled to triumph, through the presence of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter of God's people, in the face of the approach of the last enemy, and in the midst of the pangs of dissolution.

How great the contrast between the hope of the Christian and the feelings of the poor old Iniskea islander, as shewn in the conversation detailed in the Appendix! "I fear," said he, "that I will soon die, for I am very old and chill. I am now eighty years of age, and cannot live much longer." "Are you afraid to die?" "O! yes, sir, very much; for I have neglected my duty in not doing what the

priest commanded, to take away my sins, and earn heaven."

Compare with this the confidence expressed by one of the oldest converts at Clifden, the account of whose last hours I have just received:—"I believe," said he, "I am soon going to my last, my Father's home," and repeated this prayer of thankfulness: "I thank my Father for his great mercy, shewn towards me in bringing me to know Himself before He calls me"; and added, "May He have mercy, for Jesus' sake, on those poor ignorant creatures around, who are sunk in idolatry." A gentleman called to see him whilst he was ill, and asked him "to pray that the Lord would save him," when poor — answered, "I am *sure*, sir, of his salvation already; I *know* and *feel* it." "I asked him if he was afraid to die," says the narrator. "Afraid!" said he, "why should I be afraid to go and see *my Father*."

I cannot but hope that this may meet the eye of some who would be ready, as they believe, to give the world for such a hope, but who are still entangled in the mazes of a false philosophy. Perhaps such a reader may be induced to listen further to the words of this poor man on his dying day.* A Romanist was standing by who said, "Sure enough, — has good hopes." — called the Roman Catholic man over to his bedside, and said "Take heed to these things before you come as low as I am; you know what I used to tell you, I

* He died July 8th, 1855.

am too weak now to say any more to you, but I hope I shall meet you in heaven." "Thank you, —; will you leave me your blessing?" when — answered, "I have no blessing of my own to give you, *but may the Holy Spirit lead you to Jesus for every blessing.*"

This is the consolation which the world *cannot* know. May it be the happy portion of the reader, and of the writer, as it was of this poor man, when the death pangs seized him! He asked for a drink of cold water; and when the narrator said, "This is the last drop you will take here," he said, "Never mind, I shall soon be drinking from living fountains of water." Every person present seemed astonished that — should speak so cheerfully, when he said, which were the *last words* we could here from him, "Don't be surprised at me, for 'TIS TRUE."

After this he gradually lost his strength, and calmly fell asleep in Jesus.

The colony is a great, and, I must think, a successful experiment. When first founded, the aversion of the population to heretics was so great, that scarcely a person would speak to them. Now, the tide of feeling seems entirely turned, and even those who are not considered converts, are certainly influenced, in many cases, by the truth they hear. I think Achill will soon become a Protestant island.

A few coracles on the beach afford the only means of visiting the neighbouring shores and islands; and though these may be preferred by the

natives, who are accustomed to them, they will probably not be trusted in general by visitors. The absence of keel (and rudder also) creates an unpleasant sense of insecurity in these frail canoes. The treasures of the sea are not half explored, or, I should rather say, the inhabitants very little avail themselves of them. I afterwards met with a Scotch agent, commissioned to buy up all the islanders caught. His account was that the fish were most abundant, and of excellent quality, and that any person beginning the fishery there with some capital, might (in his opinion) soon make a fortune.

Amongst other tenants of the deep, the seal haunts these rocky shores, and I was shown a spot which two of them had recently visited. Far off to sea, we could discern the waves breaking against the peninsula of Mullett, the shores of Divillane, and still further off to sea, the islands of Iniskea, with whose history the readers of the former portion of this work will be well acquainted. I have pleasure in recording the progress of the good work, as carried on, in these islands, by the "General Irish Reformation Society." The reader will find extracts in the Appendix.

CHAPTER VIII.

I LEFT Achill with regret, and with every reason to speak well of the courtesy and kindness of those whom I met connected with the mission, and to whom I was previously an entire stranger, except in so far as that my name was known to them, as a subscriber to the *Achill Herald*, a monthly publication, which has obtained a considerable circulation, and does great credit to its able conductors.

In returning, we had a fine view of the Ballycrocy mountains, and of the district sheltered by their semicircular range, in which many English settlers have, of late, planted themselves down. The mansion of one of these (an English barrister) is very conspicuous. It is surrounded by cultivation, and by young plantations. The owner repairs hither in the summer months. In the winter, the storms from the Atlantic must, at times, be tremendous. "It's then you get the pure air," said our driver; and he described the whirlwind as coming down from the wild Currawn Achill, and seeming "as if they would take up the car, and carry it all over the world." In other respects, the winters are generally mild. The last was an exception; and

many of the poor people lost stock in consequence, the animals suffering from want of fodder. The heath shews everywhere the searing effects of the unusual cold, and will take some time to recover.

I noticed in several places the fresh thatching of the cottages in progress, for which this seems to be the approved season. First, thin stripes of mossy turf, cut from the very surface, are laid on the rafters; over these the thatch is neatly placed, and then tied on by ropes, to which stones are attached to guard against the winds of winter, giving, on the whole, a neat and picturesque appearance, to which it would be well if the inside more generally corresponded.

I had an exemplification in the course of this ride of the readiness of answer which the Irish so generally possess. I asked the driver of the mail what the people had been doing ever since the creation in this neglected district. "They have been doing wonders," he answered, "for it is a miracle for people to live at all here. The Indians may pick their subsistence off the trees and bushes, but never a tree or bush is there to gather anything off here."

As we drew near to Newport, we had a very fine view of Clew bay, and of its numerous islands smiling with verdure. A good deal of land near Newport still belongs to Sir Richard Annesley O'Donnell, whose residence is at Newport, and adorns the environs of that town. This gentleman, with whom I had before some slight acquaintance,

received me very courteously, and gave me valuable information. Sir Richard has done much to improve the environs of Newport, which now would vie in rich and varied beauty with almost any English scenery. Of the town itself, I cannot speak so highly.

In the possession of Sir R. A. O'Donnell's family, has been preserved for many generations a family relic, called the Caagh, which I afterwards saw in the collection of the Irish Antiquarian Society, at Dublin, where I learnt the following particulars about it. It contains a copy of the first thirty Psalms, written, apparently from memory, by St. Columba, who founded on the island of Iona (called from him Icolmkill, "Island of Columba's church"), the great monastery, which was for several ages the chief seminary of North Britain. He died A.D. 597,* in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

This saint was one of the Neils, or O'Neils, and I believe Sir Richard is a descendant of the same. At all events, he must be a true Hibernian, according to the rule—

"Per *Mac* atque *O* tu veros cognosces Hibernos
His duobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest."

By the initial *Mac* and *O*
You may the true Hibernian know.

Sir Richard appears to be a liberal Protestant in the *true* sense of the word, and willing to encourage his brethren in the faith, who may

* Butler's Lives of the Saints, under June 9th.

not accord with him in all points of discipline. We were told, that he has recently given a piece of ground for the erection of a chapel, for the accommodation of a rising Presbyterian congregation whose service we attended. The company assembled seemed to be chiefly new settlers in the country.

This church is the first example of that which, in drawing nearer to the north, we found so much more prevalent. The Presbyterian chapels we afterwards saw were, in some cases, large enough, *apparently*, to accommodate the whole population.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM Newport to Castlebar the country is wild and uninteresting. Castlebar itself was connected, in the days of our fathers, with an event which sounds strange in our ears. I refer to its occupation for a few days by a French army under General Humbert, who landed in 1798 in Killala bay. Another reminiscence, associated not indeed with this town, but with the village of Mayo, some miles beyond, is the tradition connected with the ruins of the abbey, whence we are told * “it *derives* its antiquity,” that Alfred the Great was educated, and one of his sons buried there. A university, famous for its learning is said to have existed there in the earlier ages of Christianity.

At Castlebar, and throughout the district extending to Erris and Belmullet, the General Irish Reformation Society has extended its labours with, I believe, a considerable amount of success. The report given by the Rev. W. B. Stoney is encouraging, especially as to the success of the schools. He says, “The School in Castlebar is well attended, and the children making good progress, and all

* Frazer's Handbook of Ireland, p.411.

attending Sunday School. The Rehins School is in a flourishing state. The opposition school, set up by the priest close to it, is shut up, and many of the scholars have joined the Scripture School. The Glenhest School is attended as usual; it is fiercely opposed. The priest brought a Romish champion there to put down 'Jumperism.' There is great inquiry and discussion there. Three Romanists came out boldly last Sunday to Church, one of whom walked twenty-four miles to hear the gospel preached, and is a confirmed Protestant now."

Conjoined with this, is the following distressing intelligence. "I fear the orphan refuge must soon be closed for want of support; and we cannot take in any in place of those sent out to service," of whom we read, "Four of the orphan children have been sent out to service to Christian mistresses, and are excellent characters, and will, I trust, be fixed for ever in the truth of the gospel."

It is sad to learn this want of sustained energy in the work, because we are informed from the same letter (dated March 24, 1855), that "the powers of darkness are *mustering all their forces to put down the truth*, and keep the souls of millions in bondage."

Shall they be permitted to prevail by reason of the supineness or of the prejudices of British Christians? Shall not perishing orphans be taken in and trained up for the good Shepherd, for Him who carries the lambs in his bosom?

I say *perishing*—literally so! wasting away with hunger, falling into the grave from want! Would that the eyes of some of England's Christian ladies could rest for a moment on some young forms of Ireland's interesting children that I have seen; I think they would not let orphan refuges there expire without an effort.

And British Christian females will carry out any benevolent object to which they will apply their energies. Of this I am well persuaded, and shall be sanguine of success, if such advocates can be thoroughly enlisted in the cause. The General Irish Reformation Society is stated to be "now much crippled in its operations for want of means." Why should this be so? It has a sphere of its own, which I believe it occupies most usefully; and Mrs. Inglis, of Carlingwark House, Castle Douglas, whose name has long been known as a most zealous labourer in this particular society, I am sure deserves all the support she can receive in it from her countrywomen; moreover this society has, to my mind, *one* very strong ground of commendation, viz., that "*the whole of the funds contributed* go to the immediate objects of the work, without deduction for machinery," etc.

I have been unintentionally led into this digression, and now return to the route between Castlebar and Ballina, a road in which the poverty of the people and of the country and the great abundance of illicit whisky-selling cottages by the roadside are the most remarkable features. I must, how-

ever, except from this remark the natural grandeur of the scenery. I do not know whether I have ever seen more favourable materials for a landscape painter than are presented by some points on this route, only that the picturesque costume of Connemara has here disappeared. The narrow pass between Lough Conn and Lough Cullen is particularly fine. The whole country seems as though it might recently have been upheaved from the bottom of the ocean; and vast boulders of granite rest in picturesque confusion, scattered among heathery wilds and over the magnificent crags of rock, which alternate with fine plantations and purple bogs which skirt these lonely lakes. For lonely, indeed, they are. One vast mass of granite rests so singularly on a point of rock, that it struck me at first as possibly a Druidical logan-stone. "There are not men enough in ten miles round the country to have put it there," was the ready answer.

The wild dash of the waves lashed by the stormy wind, and the rainbow spanning the receding clouds, and the darkness of the storm itself as the squally showers swept over us, all heightened the effect of this scene.

Lough Conn is about eight miles wide; and the giant Nephin rears its form behind, misty and indistinct as we saw it, and environed by a kindred band of mountain-ranges, all stern and solemn in the gloom.

We made our way through the crowded market

of Ballina, and the clouds dragged heavily along the sides of the Ox Mountains, and settled into steady rain as we drew towards the coast of the Northern Ocean, so that a peat-fire, readily kindled by the mistress of the little inn where we waited for the refreshment of our horses, proved a very acceptable luxury.

To the west of the river Moy, which runs down by Ballina, was anciently* the wood of Focluth, of which St. Patrick says in his "Confessions," whilst relating a dream which had great effect in inducing him to commence his mission to Ireland, "I thought, at the same moment, I heard the voice of those who were near the wood of Focluth, which is by the Western Sea. And they exclaimed thus, as with one voice, 'We beseech thee, holy youth, that thou wouldst come and walk amongst us.' And I was greatly affected . . . thanks be to God, that after many years the Lord has granted them according to their cry."

I hope another cry has been heard from the borders of the Western Sea, and that the prayers of many are being answered in the "Story of Peace," as the Irish gospel is called, being received in the love of it in many a poor Irish heart.

We were ignorant of the idolatrous scenes which had recently been got up here by the Jesuits (see p. 33), but whatever may be effected by the emissaries of Rome in their opposition to the truth, one thing struck me very much this day, that popery is

* Life of St. Patrick, note, p. 22.

declining. It is *going down*, and the question will be, whether good Christians or bad Catholics take the place of the old slavish population. The scandals given by the priests themselves tend to this. It was told by the man who boasted that he had twisted the whip out of the priest's hand, of one of these in his drunken frenzy nearly beating an unfortunate woman to death on the green at Castlebar. Indeed, however the people may dread the priests, they seldom speak of them with respect, often with hatred; and it was well remarked to-day by a Romanist, that they were at least three times too numerous. "And how," said he, "can the sons of these bog-trotting mountain farmers,* who think nothing of £50 or £60—if they can scrape that together to make their son a priest—how can they be fit to teach the people?" He said they stirred up these mountaineers, who are little better than Russians, to such a pitch at the last election, that my informant had himself been wounded in the conflict; and, after all, the gentleman who was elected was not, in his opinion, keeping the promises he then made.

Many will now laugh at purgatory, abuse the priests, and content themselves doubtless with a very lax life. These are *not converts*; they are bad sheep of bad Romish shepherds, whose drunkenness, etc., destroy all respect for themselves, and well nigh for their religion also. "If we have but

* It was in the district we were passing that the so-called Archbishop of Tuam derived his origin. See p. 204.

two shillings in the world, they will try to take *one* from us," expresses the general feeling as to the exactions of these guides of the people—these "surpliced ruffians," as the *Times* newspaper with reason styled them.

I asked as to the *jumpers* about Castlebar, were there many of them? "O lots of them," was the reply; "but they are so *hooted*, that one might as well [suffer the greatest of all evils] at once, as belong to them." This did not at all events look, I thought, much like *bribery*. My Romanist informant expressed himself not much disinclined to be a Protestant, if *only it were the fashion*. There must be some deeper motive than mere worldly interest to induce these converts to stand firm.

The day brightened as we made our way towards Sligo Bay, and the view of the dark northern ocean, with its singularly bold headlands, against the base of which the agitated sea tossed itself in commotion, was sternly grand; and the clouds by degrees lifted their heavy veil from the crests of these headlands, and also from the dimly seen mountain ranges of Donegal, far off over the wild sea.

All was now becoming in appearance Scotch; the transit was sudden and complete; the husbandry exhibited traces of Scotch skill—the scenery itself carried the mind to Scotland—even the "bonnets of blue" made their appearance—nor, to complete the picture, was the Scotch thistle wanting, first seen here, if I remember right, since we landed in Ireland.

There is one thing which still pains the mind—the forlorn look of many of the people and their wretched hovels; some of these seemed worse than any I had seen in the West, which is certainly rising in the scale of civilization. It is easier to improve cultivation than to implant true religion, and without this the people will still be degraded. There are, however, some cottages the patterns of neatness and comfort, perhaps of English or Scotch residents, and many *intermediate*, possibly of converts.

As we approached towards Sligo, we were struck with the appearance of Knocknarea, a huge limestone hill, rising in an isolated mass from the plain, 1078 feet above the sea, and sustaining the cairn or sepulchral monument of some chieftain of old, who at any rate showed his taste in the selection of a place of burial thus grand—so elevated that it may be seen perhaps twenty miles in most directions on land, and overlooking many a league of the stormy main, by which he doubtless delighted to go forth to war—a “sea king” resting in the pomp of his pride—a rival of the Pharaohs of old, but, like them—forgotten. Possibly his name remains in this combination which designates the hill (of Rea). *Knock* is the Irish for a single hill or hillock; *Main*, for a collection of hillocks; *Ken*, for a head; *Ben*, for the summit of a mountain; *Ard*, for rising ground; *Carriack*, for a stony place; *Slieve*, for a range of mountains, a hill covered with heath; *Tullagh*, a gentle hill; *Croagh*, *Croghan*, a sharp

pointed hill resembling a rick. These, which I give as I find them in Wakefield's "Ireland," seem to indicate a language rich in words descriptive of natural objects.

Somewhere in this neighbourhood the "illustrious city" of Nagnata, mentioned by Ptolemy, is supposed to have existed. Nothing is known of its remains unless they are to be found in the compound word Con-naught.

Knock na rea, though so conspicuous a landmark, and indicative of the situation of Sligo, which lies on the east beneath its protection, proved deceptive as to the length of our route, for we had to skirt for many long miles the deeply penetrating bay of Sligo, and to approach again the rugged mountains before we could attain our destination at that town.

I extract from the June number of the "Banner of Truth for 1855," the following information respecting the missionary work in the district of West Sligo and of Dromore West, through which we passed.

"The Lord's work progresses steadily in this district; the people have become acquainted with the Readers, and, in many cases, evidently court discussion, and seem to be convinced it is for their good we labour amongst them. Enquirers continue to come at night to my house to receive instruction, and obtain copies of the Scriptures and other books; and many who have not yet strength openly to renounce Romanism, declare their distrust of the priest, and the mass, etc., and their acceptance of the Scripture for their rule of faith.

“The warm Irish welcome which numbers of the poor people give me to their cottages, notwithstanding the hostility which they know the priests entertain for our work, is truly encouraging; and the respect, and oftentimes manifest delight, with which some of them listen to the blessed ‘story of peace,’ cheers your Missionary with the hope, that the Lord is opening the hearts of his own people to receive the message of the gospel.

“I had an interesting meeting last week at Dorrowla, a mountainous district in the neighbourhood of Dromore West. Some Roman Catholic pupils of the Irish schools came three and four miles to be present. Upon my examining the teachers and pupils after the lecture, upon the doctrine of the Sacrifice of the Mass, one convert made a remark which seemed to tell forcibly upon all present: ‘Sure if the Lord Himself is in it, and if it is the same sacrifice as was offered on Calvary, what need is there for the priest to offer Him? Sure He offered Himself without spot to God. By himself He purged our sins. Let the priest then alone, let the wafer alone, till we see will it offer itself.’”

CHAPTER X.

SLIGO has recently been the theatre of a controversy which has created much interest amongst the Roman Catholic population.

In consequence of a visit by Dr. Cahill to the town, a challenge was sent to him by five clergymen and two church missionaries, "to meet for the public discussion of the points on which we differ."

This was declined by Dr. Cahill in a letter full of the most rancorous abuse. I pause [over the expression, but I really cannot express the truth in milder terms. I commend to the special attention of my readers the whole controversy, very illustrative as it is of the sort of loyalty cherished by our grants to Maynooth—of the kind of feeling towards England which pervades the priesthood of Ireland.

The following extracts will suffice to shew this author's style:—

"Your plain case is this—namely, you are not baptised, and yet you call yourselves Christians—you are not ordained, and yet you call yourselves priests—you have, of course, no mission, and you call yourselves Church Missionaries—you tell the world you are preaching the Gospel for nothing, although everybody knows you have plundered the Irish poor to the enormous extent

of seven hundred millions sterling, including plundered lands!—and you claim (in the face of mankind, with this plunder on your backs) the sole privilege of being the chosen ambassadors of Heaven, although, in an official point of view, you can have no more connection with God than the officers of the Turkish fleet. If we were not convinced, from painful experience, that these are palpable facts, no man could believe that such men could have ever existed in any age or country. Whoever will take the trouble carefully to examine my statements, and compare them with the laws of the Gospel, will soon learn that your sect is practising on mankind the largest and the most extravagant imposture which has ever been recorded in the annals of human history. A single glance, therefore, at the position you hold, must convince you that my church would not permit me or any member of my profession to hold any discussion with you, branded as you are with the crimes of apostasy, and the sacrilegious assumption of the office of the priests of God. Being not baptised, you are clearly infidels; without ordination, you are decidedly impostors; and, being self-appointed teachers, you are openly sacrilegious usurpers of the sacred office of the Lord's anointed servants.

“And you will fail in your present scheme of converting (?) the Irish by the modern plan of what is called ‘souperism.’ During three hundred years your sect has tried the varied stratagems of plunder, confiscation, banishment, the rack, the gibbet, the rope, and death in every form of refined cruelty and persecution, and you have failed. Then you tried patronage, bribery, gilded poison, and draughts of perfidy in cups of gold, and you failed. Then you tried flattery, deceit, perfidy, and you have signally failed. But of late you changed entirely your old machinery. Your clerical men of God now seldom go abroad in search of converts. You now employ sanctified policemen, predestined weavers, righteous Birmingham cabmen, and holy London waiters in the work of the Lord. All these Anglican apostles now delude Ireland as the elect of God in the conversion of the poor persecuted Irish. You stand behind the scenes in some places, while in other districts you act a principal part in the most disgraceful traffic of souls which history has ever revealed. You tell your dupes in England and elsewhere that you have

succeeded in converting the Irish by employing the very scum of the English and Irish purlieus to bribe the famished wretch to trample on his conscience—to commit perjury to man and sacrilege to God. Better leave the poor Catholic in all the crimes of society than join your anti-Christian confederacy. In the first case he may be steeped in crime, but he has left a warning voice of conscience; but in the other case he begins with hypocrisy, proceeds in perfidy, progresses in perjury, and ends without one sentiment of remorse or one warning echo of conscience. The Protestant Alliance has made more infidels in London on this system than Voltaire ever corrupted; and your vile system of soup-kettles, and reformed blankets, and Lutheran stirabout-pots are just the kind of weapons for you, in order to prop up a creed of incongruities, a scheme of national plunder, palpable spoliation of the poor, the creature of ancient lust and plunder, the tyrant of political freedom, and the worst form of irreligion among mankind. Not content with combining the landlords of Ireland in a conspiracy of bigotry against the Catholic, you work the proprietary of Ireland into a phrenzy to exterminate the poor Irish tenant—not content with forcing them to quit their country to seek a home in foreign lands—not content with flinging them in tens of thousands on sea and land from the implacable hatred you excite towards our ancient faith, you follow their children into the meagre poor house, and there you make the last effort to rob the emaciated offspring of the parents whom you hunted out of society, of the remaining inheritance they possess. By your incredible persecution of the poor Catholic, you have reduced the population of Ireland, you have weakened the right arm of the throne, and you have made the motto of the poor to be ‘Death or Apostasy.’ But you are defeated—your scheme has failed. The cash from England has ceased; the taxes and Sebastopol will soon dismiss the weavers from Macclesfield—the missionaries cannot live on air—and old Protestantism is doomed to wear out its branded existence in public detestation and rapid decay. The Methodists are supplanting you—the Unitarians are outstripping you—the Tractarians are diminishing your three congregations—the Puseyites are omitting your absurdities—your old followers are ashamed of you—the whole world despises you, and with all your begging boxes in England, your million income in

Ireland, your lands, glebes, and sees, and nobility, you are vanishing off the face of the earth. The very boys of the Blue-coat Hospital won't remain with you; your Charterhouse and endowed schools are empty, and your churches are vacant; your Communion Table is deserted—your worship is abandoned, and you have the mere name, but not the reality, of a religious establishment."

The reply to Dr. Cahill's letter is written in a style dignified and temperate, and as distinctly marked by a Christian spirit as the letter itself is by "scurrilous invective." It would be an act of injustice to the Romanists of Ireland, to suppose that they will not appreciate the difference, and although Dr. Cahill sneers at "the people of Sligo, the sellers of leather, pipe-clay, and reaping-hooks," as being unable to determine whether the Old Testament has been accurately translated, I am very much inclined to believe that they will have sense enough to perceive that Dr. Cahill has the worst of the argument.

This reply, with Dr. Cahill's letter, and the whole correspondence, can be purchased at the low price of two-pence, of Messrs. Gillmor, Ratcliffe-street, Sligo.

I have room only for a short extract from this able pamphlet:—

"As to your attempt to brand the Protestant clergy of this country with the odious crime of persecution, we can smile at the charge. The reminiscences of the protracted famine, with which God visited the land, are still fresh in the minds of our countrymen; and they know who they were that in the time of need proved themselves the true friends of the people.

"How fearfully that vile superstition which you profess

darkens the understanding, so as to nullify the influence of the most patent facts, appears in your attack upon the Society for Irish Church Missions, on the score of the humble rank of some of its agents. Let us tell you, sir, that your sneer at the 'sanctified policemen, predestined weavers, righteous Birmingham cabmen, and holy London waiters,' comes with an ill grace from the advocate of a church *whose priests are taken from the lowest of the people*. Why, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of this province *is the son of a shebeen-house keeper, and was some years ago running as a bare-legged peasant through the bogs of Nephin*. We do not consider this any disgrace, we think it an honour to be borne by the buoyancy of genius above the depression of an humble parentage. We merely allude to the fact, to illustrate the blind and undiscerning bigotry which impelled you to assail the Protestant Mission at a point in which the Church of Rome is more vulnerable than any other sect in this country.

"We pass your charge of bribery with this one remark—you have been challenged over and over again to produce a single instance of it. The challenge has never been answered."

•

The environs of Sligo appear to be very interesting and full of picturesque beauty, but we had only leisure to explore Lough Gill, a lake which is considered by some persons to be the most beautiful in Ireland, next to those of Killarney. The fine surrounding woods and the richly wooded islands give a character of sylvan beauty which is not now possessed by many Irish lakes. There are some church ruins on one of the islands, which we attempted to reach, but could not succeed, owing to the tempestuous wind which opposed us. Our route lay from Sligo to Manor Hamilton, and thence to Eniskillen, through most lovely scenery, reminding me of the finest parts of Derbyshire. Cragged

cliffs of columnar appearance rise amidst richly wooded slopes, and breezy downs, affording fine pasture for sheep, whilst the valleys are cultivated in Scotch or English style, and the air was, in parts, loaded with the scent of the blossoming may. The upper and lower lakes of Macnean, with their quiet beauty, diversified the scene, and an Irish market, seen from afar, with its long procession of busy trafficking peasantry, brought the animation of real life into view. Near the upper lake we crossed the shoulder of a mountain ridge, and looked down upon a prospect which, as we saw it, might be accounted grand, for the opposing ridge was black with the shade of an advancing thunder-shower, whilst the sun gleamed brightly on the white rocks in the foreground; the intervening glen would have tempted me to follow its windings had time and circumstances permitted, for in that direction, at the distance of from one to three miles from the hamlet of Largy, near which we pass, is the source of the Shannon, that noble river whose course I had traced,* from near its embouchure in the wide Atlantic up to Limerick, and again through Lough Derry to Athlone. The course of this river is two hundred and thirty-four miles; and the most singular feature about it is, that throughout almost the whole of its course it possesses a sufficient depth of water for the purpose of internal intercourse.

The streams in this neighbourhood run, on one

* Vide First Part of "The Protestant in Ireland."

side, through the lakes I have mentioned and Lough Erne, into Donegal Bay, on the other, through Lough Allen and the Shannon to the Atlantic. The source of the Shannon is said to be "at the head of a wild district, called Glangavelin, and in the valley between Cuilcagh and Larganacallah mountains, close to the base of the former. The source or spring is of a circular form, about fifty feet in diameter, called the Shannon Pot, or more generally Leighmonshena. It boils up in the centre, and a continued stream flows from it about eight feet wide and two feet deep in the driest season, and runs about four miles per hour. In rainy weather, the flow of water is so much increased that its banks, and all the low grounds in its immediate vicinity are overflowed. There are numerous caverns and clefts on the top and sides of Cuilcagh mountain, which receive the rain-water, and from the circumstance of no streams descending the mountain, it is concluded that the drainage of this mountain, combined with its subterranean springs, here find an outlet and give birth to this river."*

The whole of this region would well repay the attention of the tourist.

At Manor Hamilton are the ruins of the splendid baronial mansion, built by Sir Frederick Hamilton, in 1641. We enquired what castle it was whose gaunt remains so overlook the peaceful town, and

* First published in the *Dublin Penny Journal*, dated Killeshandra, March, 1836; quoted in "Two Months at Kilkee," p. 149.

were told it was built by "an English king," whose name could not be remembered. Happy for the land, that the sway of these petty tyrants has passed away for ever.

CHAPTER XI.

ENISKILLEN is situated on an island formed by the branching of the river Erne in its progress from the upper to the lower Lough Erne. It is now a place of considerable importance, and will doubtless become more so when it can be reached by railway from Dublin, as will soon be the case, if the works proceed as they are now doing. It is surrounded by a very beautiful, well-inhabited, and fertile country. Two miles below the town is Devenish island, which specially attracted our attention, on account of the ruins of its ancient religious establishment. The lower Church is dedicated to St. Molush, "who read the planets," we were told; and near it are the ruins of an ancient building, called St. Molush's kitchen. In the vicinity is a coffin of hewn stone, in which, if the saint found a resting place, he has been long dispossessed of it, and superstition now ascribes to this stone-bed the power of removing pains in the back.* Near the summit of the hill are the re-

* I can give the reader no further information regarding this astronomical saint. The only name approximating to Molush in Butler's "Lives of the Saints," is a certain St. Moluc of Scotch celebrity; but this is perhaps quite as likely to be an *in memoriam*

mains of the abbey. The centre of the building is an arch resting on four pillars, and supporting a belfry tower, with a winding staircase of good workmanship leading to the summit. An inscription records the date of the erection, and the name of the architect, etc.

That which was apparently the northern aisle of the church, is now changed into a stall for cattle, a desecration much resented by the herdsman, a very superstitious, and apparently a very devout Catholic, who repeated with much zest an observation which had been made to him, that probably the author of this piece of barbarism would be found to be adorned with hoofs and horns in the next world! The worthy hind related with much earnestness the judgments which he considered had fallen on sundry persons who had either desecrated the sacred well, which in revenge has, it appears, dried up its waters; or, worse still, had stolen the ornament of bronze, or some other metal, which once surmounted the noble Round Tower, which rears its elegant form untouched by the storms of time, to the height of 82 feet. It is 49 feet in circumference. This is, after all, the chief point of interest in the island; and in comparing the admirable architecture of this building with the miserable remains of the ecclesiastical edifices, one of which

to the *Moloch* of the Phœnicians, who was certainly worshipped of old in Ireland (see Moore's "History of Ireland," vol. i. p. 25), and was perhaps as likely to be found in the catalogue of Saints as St. Balaam and his ass, honoured by the Abyssinians.

is said to date from the sixth century, the other, by the inscription, the fifteenth, I could not but conclude that its erection must be ascribed altogether to other hands. The outside is of hard grit, of a kind brought from a distance, as it is not found on the island; the inside is of blocks of limestone, probably not so well calculated to resist the weather, for the very beading which runs round the bottom of the conical apex is almost uninjured, as well as the faces which point to the four quarters of the heavens, and between which the beading assumes a different character, distinct for each quarter of the horizon. The arrangement of the tower is strictly in accordance with the study of the heavens, reminding us of the name, "Celestial Indexes," given to the Round Towers by the early historians of Ireland. It fronts to the rising of the sun; and not only are the four openings near the summit directed towards the east, south, north, and west, but the door itself, raised some eight or ten feet above the ground, appears to point towards the place in the heavens where the sun would rise on the longest day. The opening for the door is not quite six feet high, and once had a door fitted to it, and working on the iron hinge, of which the remains are still imbedded in the stone. The stones are carefully cut, in accordance with the circular outline of the building, and also notched together in a manner calculated to resist the impetus of the wind. Nothing appears to have damaged the tower, except at the apex, where from lightning, or



Round Church and tower



St. Mary's Tower

— 1890 —

St. Mary's Tower, St. Mary's, County Down, Ireland

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some other cause, injury was sustained, which has recently been judiciously repaired—the mason, however, carrying off the metal ornament I mentioned.

It was really fascinating to enjoy the “dim religious light” so sparingly admitted at the summit of this tower—to cast the mind backward along the course of ages, for surely more than “a thousand years their cloudy wings expand around us” here—to behold the fair proportions and elaborate execution of this pile so objectless apparently, and to speculate on the purposes for which it was reared.

I can scarcely doubt, on the whole, that this was a real *fire temple* erected long before the Christian era, and that the church ruins are the remains of Christian edifices placed here originally on the ground of the reverence attaching in the mind of the natives to the island in its Pagan days. Such we know was continually the policy of the Church in its early days of corruption. Such is still the practice of Rome, adopting, as she does, on the one hand, the music of India, on the other, the fantastic dresses of the sun-worshipping Peruvians into her religious feasts.

This is not my impression as to all the Round Towers I have seen. One which we subsequently examined at Clones is of very inferior workmanship, and altogether gives the impression of a mere imitation (ecclesiastical probably) of the early religious buildings of the country.

The pretty little maidenhair (*Adiantum capillus*

Veneris) had found a congenial asylum in this temple, whose chief utilitarian purpose is now to foster this little plant. To what strange uses may our most elaborately executed temples come at last! The Phœnician fire-temple has become a conservatory for ferns, and the Christian abbey is turned into a stall for cattle!

The scenery of the lake is very pretty as far as we saw it, and attractive, though not grand; but near Eniskillen it has little in common with Windermere, to which it is compared by Mr. Inglis. I shall long remember that quiet island, and the distant notes of the bugle borne softly across the waters, and the simplicity of the rustic hind, and the good-natured looking boatman, an Eniskillen Protestant of the better sort, who pleased me much. An epithet he used in describing the feelings of the Romanists when excited as "very venomous," struck me as not ill chosen, when we remember the recent attempt to overset the train on the Londonderry and Eniskillen railway.

We pursued our way from Eniskillen to Clones through a country possessing rather fewer attractions. This town "lays claim to very high antiquity." "In its ecclesiastical records, it is stated, that an abbey dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul was founded here in the sixth century, and that the principal thereof was the first mitred abbot in Ireland." On the south side of the town are the ruins of an ancient church, and near it one of the ancient round towers, a very rude specimen of these singular

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Market Cross at Clonsilla

structures. This indeed seems to have served as a place of burial, if the accounts given by the good people of Clones are correct, but this by no means would imply that such was the original intention, for every "holy place" in Ireland is crowded with the relics of the dead.

The architecture of this round tower is of the rudest description, and it is rapidly falling into decay, notwithstanding, the superstitious people seem to think that there was something mysterious in its erection, and that nothing like it could be built at the present day.

There is in the market-place of Clones a cross, of the sort not uncommon in Ireland, but much defaced by the weather.

There are some peculiarities worthy of notice connected with the crosses of great antiquity in Ireland. The first which I shall notice is, the absence of those frightful exhibitions of torture and agony which *modern* religion thinks it well to set before the eye of the worshipper. It is acknowledged, that even at Rome all the old representations of the Saviour are of a metaphorical nature,—as a shepherd, for instance, carrying a lamb on his shoulder; and in the oldest relics in Ireland, the figure represented on the Cross is, at times, a crowned Christ, arrayed in Roman robes, or holding in his hand sceptres of command. All this incongruity is a token to my apprehension of a more healthful feeling than the sentimental religion produced and sustained by the mere presentation to

the eye of well pourtrayed agony; seeing it is a risen and exalted Saviour whom we worship, and whose future advent we are told to expect in far different guise to that of the lowly suffering Man of Sorrows.

From Clones we continued our route to Ballybay, the ultimate point to which the railway is at present opened towards Eniskillen. From hence we started, in a style rather characteristic of the people, with two heavy coupling chains appended to the safety valve of the engine. Nevertheless, we reached Dundalk in safety, from whence, passing through the fine scenery of the Eastern coast, we arrived in Dublin. The extract in the Appendix which is headed "Persecution in Dundalk," will show that bigotry is as rampant, persecution as severe, and the degradation of woman under the power of the priest as great on the eastern coast, as it could be in the wild west of Ireland.

Since I have been in England, I have heard more of the interesting work, which is carried forward by means of ragged schools, controversial meetings, Scripture readers, etc., in Dublin itself, of which I can say nothing, as the few hours I passed in that city were otherwise occupied. Indeed, I would advise any reader who wishes to inspect these institutions, to obtain beforehand correct information from the secretaries of the different societies. For want of this much time is lost, and disappointment is likely to arise.

I had the opportunity of inspecting the museums,

and amongst these, that of the Royal Irish Academy, in which is preserved the cross of Cong, a remarkable relic of very rich workmanship, to which I have before made allusion. There is also a great variety of very interesting relics of antiquity, indicating the similarity of customs of the early inhabitants of Ireland with those of Spain and North Africa, and tending strongly to corroborate those traditions to which I have referred in the first volume, as deriving the first colonists of Ireland from this direction.

I had much conversation with a gentleman—a member of the Antiquarian Society—in the course of which he adduced the eastern derivation of the Irish race as the cause of the inferior position in the social scale which he considered that woman holds in Ireland, as compared with England. This is a point on which, of course, I am not qualified, from my own observation, to offer an opinion; but this inferiority is strongly stated by Edgeworth in his “History of Ireland,” and it seems, indeed, to be generally admitted as a fact. We see that in the case of the water of a specially holy well in the “far west” and peculiarly sacred “Island of Glory” (see “Inisglory,” Appendix), that a woman is not permitted even to draw water, unless she will put the hand of her little male urchin within her own. How unlike this is to “giving all honour to the wife as to the weaker vessel” in Scripture! Superstition always degrades woman; but it is obvious that a distinction of race so strik-

ingly pourtrayed by Tacitus, must be allowed to enter into the question here. The Teutonic women were the friends and companions of their husbands, and the Celtic only the slaves of their masters. But this very difference is of immense importance to the vital interests of Protestantism in England; for it is in the superior tone of British Protestant females that (humanly speaking) the whole hope of British Protestantism rests. It is they who form the minds of the rising generation. It is they who keep alive the flame of domestic devotion. It is they who, under God, sustain the hands of their husbands and brothers in the holy strife. Long may they continue to deserve this character, and long may it be ere they become reconciled to the *via media*, the treacherous slope, prepared with infernal art, to land them at last in the power of the priest, and the embraces of Rome!

If the wives and mothers of Ireland are ever raised to the habits of neatness and order of the English, they must first be delivered from the slavery of the confessional; for it is not possible that they should be subjected to this, and still retain their self-respect. And when this is lost, farewell to whatever makes *home* lovely! It was once a proverb of meaning in England's Popish days, that "Priests and doves make foul houses." May it never be an intelligible axiom in this land again; as, unhappily for poor Erin, it must be admitted to be in her Emerald Isle!

CHAPTER XII.

IN concluding my remarks on that which fell under my notice in Ireland, I wish it to be understood that I by no means desire that this volume should be considered as a full and particular account of the missionary work in that country. If I had availed myself of introductions, and devoted time to the examination of schools and other institutions, I should have been able to present, perhaps, more gratifying details. From the course which I have chosen, I trust this advantage, at least, may arise, that the Reader is presented with a view of such results of the work as were easily to be discovered by a stranger passing through the country—not indifferent, certainly, to the question, but warmly and anxiously interested in the prosperity of this new Reformation, whilst, at the same time, unconnected with the particular religious bodies and societies whose work has been here described. Simply as a subscriber, do I belong to any of the varied associations directed to the one object of the evangelization of Ireland. I hope, therefore, that the favourable testimony which I am thankful to

bear to the efficacy of the labour thus bestowed may be taken as, at least, uninfluenced by sectarian bias.

My belief is, that a blessing rests on all such Christian effort; and if I have omitted the mention of the services of any body of Christians, it is because the details did not fall under my notice.

In seeking to gather up in my own mind the general result of my observations, I find that these arrange themselves under two heads, and furnish answers to two separate enquiries.

First, as to the genuineness of the conversions.

Second, as to the extent of the work already achieved.

In reference to the first of the enquiries, I am happy to be able to bear that full testimony, in which, I trust, the reader, who has accompanied me through these pages, will be prepared to unite. The sincerity of the converts appears to me to be attested in every way in which it is possible that this could be shewn out. Of course, it is Rome's interest to depreciate these; but shall we lightly take up with unfounded reports set afloat with an obvious purpose by the agents of this persecuting power, and listened to with a too easy credulity,

by sectarian jealousy? For, alas! among Protestants also may be found lingering the feeling expressed by the disciples of old, "Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbade him, *because he followeth not with us.*"

I notice, in the volume recently published, called "Pearls from the Deep, consisting of Remains and Reminiscences of Two Sisters," an allusion to the Popish misrepresentation of "the numerous conversions in the West of Ireland," and referring to the ladies whose lives are thus recorded as evidently above all consideration of worldly advantage in their separation from the Church of Rome.

Now, true as this is, and bright and beautiful as is the remembrance both of the piety and of the natural endowments of one of these sisters, whom the author had the privilege to meet; yet, surely, it is also true of the conversions in the West of Ireland, that, for the most part, it is in the *abandonment of all considerations of worldly advantage*, at the risk often of starvation, and *always* of persecution, that they are enabled to avow themselves Protestants. I do not say that the "Connemara pearls," whose cause I plead, would be found equal in personal attractions, or in intellectual endowments, to the ladies referred to; but I must believe that the ransom of their souls has been quite as precious, and that there has been equal joy in heaven on their conversion.

But if any of my readers still entertain lingering

doubts on this point, let me entreat them to go and *see for themselves*; and I can almost engage they will find the reality much brighter than the description.

In reference to the second point of inquiry—the extent of the impression produced—I feel that it is much more difficult to give an opinion. It is clear, that the systems of Maynooth and of National Education act with great power on the middle classes of Irish society, especially on the farmers, who may be looked upon as a class most hostile to Protestantism. The means of access to these are comparatively limited; and though the truth may have made its way in some instances, yet, on the whole, I should question whether there is any country in the world so thoroughly Popish as Ireland is at the present moment, as regards the bulk of its population, excepting, of course, the northern division of the island.

The higher classes of society have still more powerful inducements to adhere to Romanism. The ministerial patronage of popery—the feelings of patriotism and of traditional reverence for the religion of a land, trodden down indeed in times that are past, but all the more beloved in her sorrows—these, and numberless other reasons, combine to retain them in their bondage to Rome.

But apart from the interference of the priests, the common people hear the gospel gladly; and hence arises a bright gleam of hope, shaded indeed

by the thought of the power which the priests possess to stir up "the baser sort" continually against the converts, and also saddened by the reflection that there is a great absence of that self-reliance and personal independence which mark the Saxon character. The people are afraid of each other. The most intimate friends may be spies upon each other's actions. Natural ties, even the most endearing, afford no security against cruel persecution of each other. The priest, like an incarnation of evil, dissolves all the ties of family, and the female conscience especially lies powerless in his grasp. The confessional! Who ever shall tell out a tithe of the secrets of that prison-house, in which manly independence and feminine confiding love and truth lie hopelessly enfettered?

Truly, the difficulties are too great for any but Divine power to surmount; but *this* is pledged to the prayer of faith, and before faith and prayer all the obstacles will give way. Only let there be *sustained* Christian effort. This is a point I feel most anxious to press. How great things have been accorded where this has not been wanting! "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they had been encompassed about *seven days*."

There are, nevertheless, circumstances occurring which seem to indicate a very marked effect on the whole population, and which justify the expectation, that in some localities Popery will be abandoned altogether. Such an encouraging fact has

recently come to my knowledge, as to Clifden, in connexion with the opening of the new convent, which is seen in the view of the town ostentatiously overlooking the whole place. July 10th of this year was fixed for the ceremonial, and it was given out beforehand, that Dr. M'Hale, the priests, nuns, etc., would make a procession through the town, carrying the host, and that there were to be illuminations, bonfires, etc., in the evening, and great doings were expected. Dr. M'Hale and his party arrived on Sunday evening, and were only met by a few ragged boys. *Not one respectable Roman Catholic joined them.* On Monday morning, Mr. D'Arcy and his fellow missionaries took their stand on the bridge, the former with his open Bible, and all determined to show from that Bible the idolatry of the mass. But hours passed by and no Dr. M'Hale, no procession, no crowd or stir of any kind about the town, not even curiosity excited. The party did not leave the convent till evening, when they quietly drove off. Not a house in Clifden was illuminated, not a single bonfire was lighted except within the convent gates; and thus faded the hopes of the priests.

Such facts are full of encouragement, and tend to dispel the feelings of sadness which cannot but be excited by some other aspects of so great a work carried forwards amid so many difficulties.

Amongst these sources of regret, I must deprecate the tendency, excessive as it seems to me, towards

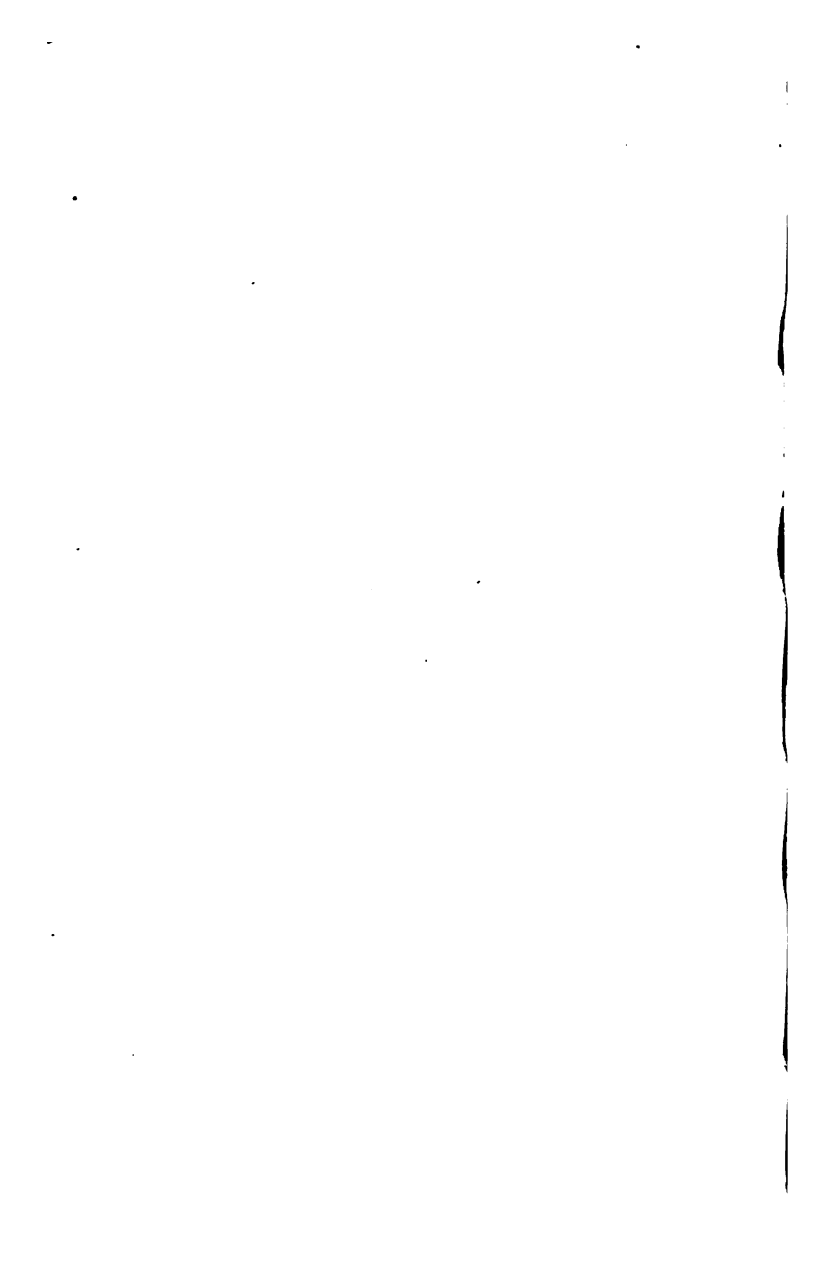
expatriation on the part of the converts. They very naturally wish to escape from a scene of continual trial and persecution; but the result is, that their testimony is lost, and the light which was intended to be set on a candlestick *may* shine indeed elsewhere, but not in the sphere which it seemed specially designed to illuminate. Moreover, I greatly fear that the light becomes at times obscured. A friend of mine who is deeply interested in the direction of the city mission in one of our great manufacturing towns, assures me, that the persecution of converts is much more severe in these than it can be in Ireland, owing to the very confined way in which the Irish live, so excessively crowded together; and then it is well known, that the priests are very watchful, in a certain way, over their flocks in this country. My friend added, that a number of those who came from the West of Ireland as converts, were thus induced to return to Popery. This is, I fear, a melancholy fact.

Moreover, a number of the young men are induced to enlist, and are sent off to the Crimea. Now it is certain, that if they persevere in their Protestantism there, it will not be from any encouragement so to do from quarters in which this might be expected.

Owing to these and similar circumstances, some localities in which many *have been* delivered from the thralldom of Rome, seem in danger of being again overspread by its Upas shade. But, on the

whole, I believe the reformation to be advancing, if not with *rapid*, yet with *firm* and *steady* step; and I anticipate that, with the blessing from on high, a much greater gathering into the heavenly garner will be achieved from these fields of promise, than has ever yet blessed the labours of the spiritual husbandman in that "Isle of Saints."

APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

*Extracts from recent numbers of the "Banner of the Truth,"—
monthly information concerning Irish Church Missions to
Roman Catholics.*

"THE BAD HEART" HAS NO OBJECTION TO MASS.

"But all is not encouragement, God would try our faith, and keep us close to himself, while pressing onwards in the spirit of faith and prayer. Within the last week, a poor woman in this district has gone back herself, and has drawn her husband and children with her, into the ranks of the apostate church; and why, because (as she said herself two days before this fatal step was taken), 'her own bad heart did not allow her to go to church any more, she felt what she heard there was taking hold of her heart, and she was obliged to put it from her.' She allowed again that the badness was not in the teaching, but in her own heart. And now she is gone back to Mass. *Her own bad heart it seems then does not prevent her going there.* What a powerful testimony of the truth of the Gospel, that the natural man receiveth it not,—that while it is a savour of life unto life to those that believe, to others it is a savour of death. What an evidence too, does this case afford, that the religion of Rome is the religion of the unconverted heart.

THE ENLIGHTENED BLACKSMITH.

"There is a convert in the village, a tradesman, whom I mentioned some months ago, as almost the first-fruits of our work unto the Lord. This man is now dangerously ill, and

there are various efforts made by the Roman Catholics to have the priest brought to him, but he strenuously refuses, declaring that he has full confidence in his Great High Priest, and that he needs, and will have no other. As I visited him this day, I was delighted with his firmness, and implicit trust in the mercy of Jesus. As I rose from prayer at his bedside, he seemed comforted and refreshed, and exclaimed, 'what a blessing to be able to come in prayer to Jesus, who can hear, and help, and save; and not to be blindly calling upon the Virgin Mary, who could neither hear nor help; and have a minister pray by my side in plain English, that I can understand, instead of the mumbling of Latin, which I too long listened to.' 'And, he added, 'Glory be to the Holy Spirit, that he shewed me my sins, and led me to the fountain.'

"There are two fine intelligent lads, sons of this man, who are becoming bold champions for the truth, and will, I trust, be strengthened by the testimony of their father."

SUPERSTITIOUS TERRORS.

"A respectable Roman Catholic woman who is married to a Protestant, and sends her children to a Protestant school, became very ill and was taken into hospital. One day a priest came into the hospital and asked if any one wanted him; the nurse brought him to Mrs. S., who made her confession to him, and amongst other things she told him that her children went to a Protestant school. The priest told her she would certainly be lost if she did not remove them; however he gave her absolution, and as she desired it, preparations were made for giving her the communion; but when the water was deposited in her mouth it dropped out, and the priest taking instant advantage of this, declared that *the body of the Lord Jesus Christ would not remain in a body evidently possessed of the devil!* The poor woman got dreadfully alarmed, and lost her reason for a time. When she recovered she requested her husband to send again for the priest, but he persuaded her to remain quiet, telling her it would be better to do without the priest until she would get a little stronger. One of the readers having been made acquainted with the circumstances, visited the woman repeatedly, and the Lord has blessed his visits to her soul."

PURGATORY NOT IN THE BIBLE.

"A Roman Catholic servant living in a christian family, was found by her mistress weeping. The cause of her distress was, that she was unable to pay for masses for the repose of her husband's soul, as she had promised to him. 'Well,' said her mistress, 'I will give you money on two conditions; here is a Roman Catholic Testament, take it to your priest and ask him if it is a right one.' She went, and returned in great joy, saying, 'Oh! yes, his Reverence says it is our own Testament.' 'Well then,' said the lady, 'read it through; and when you you have read it, tell me if you can find anything in it about saying masses for the dead.' After some time, she found her weeping more bitterly than before, and enquired, "what is the matter now?" 'Oh! mistress, this is worse than all; if this Testament is true we are all wrong; there is not a word in it about masses or purgatory.' 'You had better read it again,' said the mistress. The woman did so, and found that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. She gave up Popery, and was in consequence so much persecuted by her friends, that her mistress got her a situation in England. She constantly writes to her friends, telling them of the peace she enjoys, and urging them to read the Roman Catholic Bible for themselves."

JUBILEE PRAYERS.

"Had a long conversation with a poor old woman, who complained very much of what she had suffered in getting through the duties of the Jubilee. She said (to use her own words), that they made her fast two days, and get twice through the 14 stations of the holy cross on her bare knees. Remembering how things of this kind are done in the church of Rome, I asked her to tell me truly, if she had actually said five Paters and five Aves at every one of the stations. 'Why then,' said she, 'I said every whole one of them the first time, and the creed at the last station, and I was bent on saying them the second time too, but I saw the people getting past me so fast, that I found it better to get off my knees along with the person next me, or else I should be left behind if I stopped to count them all.' 'Well then,' said I, 'do you think that all the people went properly

through the stations.' 'No, not any one of them,' said she, 'for none of them could say the prayers faster than myself, and I'm sure I didn't say half of them.' I remarked it must have been painful to be on her bare knees whilst saying even so much. 'And so it was,' she replied, 'and my knees are sore and stiff since.' 'And do you think that any good man would inflict such severe punishment as this on a poor old woman like you?' I asked. 'I know he would not.' 'Then how can you think that God who is all tenderness, love, and mercy, can be pleased with such sufferings.' She shook her head significantly, and looking cautiously round she said, 'I know that it does not please God at all, but the priests and the people would not think that I'd be right if I didn't do it.'

"REDEMPTORIST FATHERS."

"After a careful revision of the work generally through the district, and from the familiar manner in which the Roman Catholics have entered into conversation on scriptural subjects, I find that there is a vast change generally in the minds of the people; and although they can be aroused by the efforts of the priests to an extraordinary degree of superstition and violence, yet it seems as if it were excited by mechanical force; for no sooner is the lever withdrawn than all falls back to its former level; and this cannot be better illustrated than by the fact, that men, women, and children, have delivered to me, Beads, Books, Crosses, Agnus-Deis, etc., which, during their excited enthusiasm, they had received from the Redemptorist fathers at the last Jubilee.

"Some of the efforts made by these priestly emissaries were so extravagant that we could scarcely imagine them to have taken place in an enlightened country.

"I was present myself in the South chapel on two occasions when some of these deluding scenes were acted. One priest stood erect whilst another enveloped him in clouds of incense; he who swang the censor affected the wildest raptures, whilst the standing priest exclaimed, 'see, the Blessed Virgin is ascending in the smoke!' I perceived that no one in the foreground appeared to believe it except the priests, whose action was most theatrical; but in the more distant parts of the chapel the bold deception was received as a reality.

"On a second evening, whilst I was present at the same chapel, after the priest had spoken at great length on the certainty of the Virgin Mary sending Christ to whoever asked her for him, the priest stretched forth his hands with enthusiasm and exclaimed, 'see him! see him!' and then, clasping his arms as in the action of embracing, he cried out, 'I have him! I have him!' whilst numbers gazed upon him with the greatest reverence."

AN IRISH WELCOME.

"A circumstance connected with the Mission of the priest to Lettermore I must relate. There was a bon-fire in honour of the landlord when the new priest arrived. Immediately on his arrival he went to the bon-fire. He was known to none of the persons present, and he bore a strong resemblance to one of my readers. The people said he was a jumper, and shouted him. So they attacked the priest, kicked him heartily, one man beating him with his stick. The priest ran away, and they set dogs at him. Next morning they discovered their mistake, and seeing it is not a jumper they had beaten, but their own priest, they expressed their sorrow."

PERSECUTION.

"The outrage committed on Thursday night, the 1st of February, by burning the house and property of a convert widow, named O'Donnell, exceeds all others, and casts into the shade the numberless instances of Popish persecution which converts have to endure. Whilst the poor widow and her family were asleep, a coal of fire was placed in the thatch, at the eastern end of the house (the wind being from the east at the time). One of the inmates—the wife of a Scripture Reader, who lodged in a part of the house—providentially felt some oppression, as if arising from the pressure of smoke; she arose to examine the cause, and opened the door, when to her horror she found the roof of the house on fire. It was a most awful and appalling sight, over the heads of so many human beings sleeping beneath, unconscious of their danger. She immediately gave the alarm, and all rushed out of their beds,—the roof was already falling in; and in a few minutes burning portions of it fell upon their beds. Every attempt was made to save some of the pro-

perty, but in vain; with the exception of a few articles of furniture all was consumed. Four bushels of potatoes—the winter stock of food—which were in a loft, were burnt. The books belonging to the reader and to the family were also destroyed. When young O'Donnell saw the books enveloped in flames, he exclaimed, 'Oh! the books, the books (though they principally belonged to the reader), can no effort be made to save my reference Bible?' Some of the Romanists who were present threatened to assault him, and ceased to afford him the least assistance.

"Widow O'Donnell was one of the first converts from Popery in Connemara. She and her family have suffered much persecution for conscience' sake. She was deprived of a former house, though she paid her rent most regularly, because she presumed to tell the priest some truths out of his Bible. On an occasion, when the latter abused him and his mother, for renouncing his authority, the son was asked to apologise, but declined to do so, as the priest was the aggressor; the result was she was deprived of her house and little farm, and lay with her furniture by the side of a wall, in most inclement weather. When she succeeded in obtaining her present holding, there was no house on the land. She very soon, by her industry and the exertions of her children, built a neat and comfortable house, large enough to enable her to let one of the rooms to a Scripture Reader; and on the very night on which he and his family promised to come (although through some cause they did not come), a coal of fire was placed in a stack of turf adjoining her house, and when she opened the door of the house to see that all was right outside as well as inside, on account of her consciousness of danger arising from her knowledge of Popery, the first thing she beheld were the flames emerging from her stack of turf, and the roof of her house also on fire. She gave the alarm, and, with the help of her family succeeded in saving the house.

"It is now only two months since that occurrence that her house and property have been completely consumed; and on last Friday morning the poor widow was houseless, homeless, and I may say, penniless. When I visited the ruin in company with two policemen, nothing remained but the four roofless blackened walls, and a few articles of furniture. The most

bigoted Romanist had to admit that it was the work of an incendiary; yet the poor widow does not give way to despair, she thanked her Heavenly Father who had preserved herself and her children, and she knows and believes that He will "never leave her nor forsake her." He has promised it. She says He is faithful to fulfil the promise, for a hair of their head was not injured. As for their property, he can either give it or take it away. He will provide for her children. The probable reason of the act of incendiarism on that night, was, the fact of another Scripture Reader coming on a visit to his brother Reader; they slept together, having held an inquiring class in the school-house the evening before. After they arrived at Mrs. O'Donnell's house, many Romanists came to make enquiries on the subject of religion, and remained in controversy with them till a late hour, and this was doubtless considered an excellent opportunity to punish the widow, if not to exterminate her, and the two readers. The object of the incendiary is in part attained, the widow is burnt out, and the Scripture readers banished from the district. Unless her house be slated, she and her lodgers will always be exposed to the same danger. But where are the means for thus securing her life to be provided?

PRIEST AND BOY.

"Well, boy," said he, "where are you going now?" "I am going home, Sir." "Is that the Bible you have there?" "Yes, Sir; would you like to look at it?" "I would as soon handle a serpent." "That is very strange, it never hurts any one." "I suppose you think yourself a great fellow because you can read that book. Would you believe nothing but what is there?" "I would, Sir. I believe you are standing on the road, though the Bible does not say so; but I would not believe anything to be necessary to the salvation of my soul that is not in the Bible."

The Romanists began to titter among themselves, and one of them said, "Excellent, you're a fine little fellow; don't be afraid." The priest appeared annoyed that the boy was prepared to dispute with him. "Come now, my good fellow," said he, "prove to me, out of your lying Bible, that God had no beginning; and yet it is necessary to your salvation to believe it." "I will prove to you my God had no beginning, because He is

called Eternal, that is, without beginning or end; but I could not prove that your God had no beginning, *because the God you worship has no beginning till you read the Mass, and then you make a new God at every Mass.*"

The priest was thunderstruck; he roared and stamped with rage. The Romanists covered their faces. There was an end to the controversy, and most likely will be while he is in Errismore. This has spread through the parish, and is creating immense sensation, and from this arose his awful cursing on last Sunday. What we ourselves could find no opportunity of doing, the Lord does by means of these noble little missionaries: he covers with confusion those impostors before their own hearers. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings he perfects praise."

ABDUCTION OF A YOUNG MISSIONARY.

A little boy, about 12 years old, became an object of great anxiety to the priests; his intelligence and knowledge of scripture gave them so much uneasiness that they determined to get possession of him in some way. A short time ago, this little boy received a message from the work-house, stating that his brother was dangerously ill of fever, and desired to see him. Some thought this a trap, and told him so, but he would not believe it. The danger of visiting any one in such a state of fever as it was represented his brother was in, was then pointed out to him, but, deaf to everything but his poor brother's message, he determined to go to him; two of his school-fellows, however, accompanied him, and, while he was rather rudely admitted to the workhouse, they were left to wait for him at the gate. After the lapse of two hours, however, they thought it high time to make some enquiry about him, but they were roughly told they might go home, as the boy had made up his mind not to leave the house any more. This answer was but a confirmation of their fears respecting their companion, so they lingered about the gate very much puzzled to know what they should do. At last they saw a respectable-looking man leave the building, so they went up and told him what they were waiting for. "Oh," said he, "sure the boy you speak of went away long ago." Knowing well that this was a lie, as none could leave the house without their knowledge, they made up their minds to return to the school and tell what had happened. A message was then sent

to the workhouse, stating that, as the boy was not regularly admitted, they had no control over him, and that proceedings would be instituted against them if the boy was not instantly given up. The threat succeeded, and so fearful were they of giving further offence, that the messenger was courteously admitted, and he found the little fellow somewhat similarly situated as his Divine Master at the same age, with this difference, that one was "in the midst of the doctors," the other "in the midst of the paupers." One of the servants who was standing by said, as soon as she became aware that the messenger came for the boy, and no doubt guessing what would be the effect if he was left there long, "Oh, you may as well let him go, for he is as big a protestant as any of them. The priests, not discouraged by the failure of this attempt, next threatened to turn his mother out of her little cabin except she compelled her son to give up the school. Under the influence of this threat, it may be supposed she did her best, and, although her motive was strongly suspected, the moment she asked to see the boy, nevertheless every facility was given her. The little fellow's conduct fully justified the confidence that was placed in him. He not only absolutely refused to go, but told his mother so much about the errors of popery, that she went back with her story to the priests. They, however, imagining that she had not exercised sufficient authority, turned her out of the cabin. The heartbroken wanderer in her distress often thought of all that her son told her—it only corresponded with the priest's injustice and inhumanity to herself—her mind recurred to the reasons he gave for his attachment to the school; "may be," she thought, "I would like it quite as well if I knew as much of it as he does." In short, she went to the school, became a regular attendant, and has now turned her back completely upon the priests and their system.

DREAD OF THE BIBLE.

How terrible is the bondage of Romanism, as seen in this poor woman; and her son, who is now dying in the faith of Christ, declares that the first time he took a Bible into his hand, he trembled most violently all over! Yet that book, so dreaded, has, I am sure, proved to him to be "the power of God unto salvation."

THE BOY AND THE MONK.

One of our schoolboys, a few days ago, had the curiosity to accompany one of the monk's boys (ever on the alert, and always glad to find any to believe their promises) to the monastery, to see what was going on there. He was kindly received at first by the monks, who affected the greatest pity for the poor children who had the misfortune to go to that cursed school and church. He was then brought into the kitchen, and shewn a large pot of stirabout, and a churnful of milk, for the boys of the school, and asked "if that was not better than the jumper's treatment." The monk again alluded to the children that were attending the jumpers' school, and said that they were selling their souls for a morsel of stirabout, that they were chained to the chief devil, and that there was no hope of salvation for them. The boy then replied, "Does not the Bible say, sir, that 'whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved?'" "Your Bible says so," said the monk. Boy, "Yes, sir, and so does yours too." Monk, "How do you know?" B. "I saw it in it; we have your Bible at our school." M. angrily, "You never saw our Bible." B. "Oh, yes, I could shew it to you if you were at the school." M. "You appear to know a great deal about Bibles; do you know who wrote your Bible at all?" B. "I do: the Prophets and Apostles wrote it." M. "No, but Martin Luther, and Henry VIII. wrote it, and the devil is the author of your Bible." B. "No, but God told his prophets and apostles to write it; and is not God the author of it so?" M. becoming very angry, "You are a liar, you puppy, how dare you contradict me, and tell me that God is the author of Luther's Bible—the Bible that himself and Henry VIII. composed; did not Luther say when he was dying, and sent for the priest, that he knew he would be burning in hell after his death, on account of composing the Bible?" B. "Luther had no hand in writing the Bible. Why do you speak so hard against him? Was not he one of yourselves, a German monk? What harm did he do? He was one day going through some old books in the monastery, that were not stirred for a great length of time, and found a Bible amongst them; he took it up and read it, and when he saw what it said, he said to himself, 'If this book be true, I am going the wrong way all my life.' So he followed the Bible ever after." Another monk who stood

by and heard the discourse said to him who talked with the boy, "That fellow is a devil; you might as well think to change Cashel Hill into the sea, as to bring him from the Jumpers, he is so full of Luther's Bible." B. "If you can shew me Luther's name in it, I will go to Mass." M. "You are a liar; and I will teach you never to contradict me again." So saying, he pulled the boy by the hair of the head, and threw his cap into a field, and thus ended the controversy.

Extracts from the Report of the Ladies' Irish Association.

GALWAY.

STEADFASTNESS OF CONVERTS.

In spite of Bishop M'H——'s visit to this locality lately, the Lord's cause is gaining ground in a way which cannot fail to let its opponents see that it is ruled by a power which its strongest enemies are not able to resist. I think it was last Wednesday that the Bishop was in the chapel here, and said all he could to create hostility in the minds of the people against ourselves and our work; yet, how remarkable, that since his harangue I find the people more cordial to me, and having a greater desire to receive the Lord's message to them, than what I could see in them since I came here.

A few nights since I had about two hours' conversation with two men, on the "one thing needful." Not long since these men would have killed me if they got the opportunity, instead of holding religious conversation with me. The very consistent life and conduct of all our converts is strengthening our cause *very much*.

As to the convert S——. His relations, who are very respectable people, came round him lately, and offered him everything if he would go back to Mass; so when bribes failed they had recourse to argument, the result of which was, that one of his cousins stood up and said to the rest, "I see, boys, that J—— is in earnest, and he has made use of arguments that none of us can answer; but what puzzles me chiefly is, the wonderful change which I see in his life and conduct since he turned his back on our religion. After all, let us take care who is on the right side."

Since this I had discourse with this man, and I find his faith in the Church of Rome much shaken. There is a far greater work done here than what appears from the number of converts that we have got; and, indeed, if the circumstances of the place permitted those who left Popery to remain, we would have a nice little congregation of converts here now; but as we have no means of assisting them, they have been all, except five or six, exiled to other countries, where they will be able to live by their industry, independent of Priest-ridden farmers or landlords. But, thank God! notwithstanding all the severe trials to which our poor faithful converts are exposed, they every one, through the grace of God, have been found to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free; and the cheering hope of meeting them in that world of joy and peace, where the Lord's people will never fall, and where trials and persecutions will never come, affords me a consolation which I cannot describe.

GOOD FRUITS.

I read to Widow M'H— some passages of God's Word, to show her the complete redemption there is in Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin. "Thank God! I trust in nothing else," said she, "and it is trusting in this, and in nothing else, I will die. I suffered a great deal after my daughter turned to church, when the rest of our family could not get a day's work on account of it, and though I did not wish to be complaining, *we were nearly starved to death*; and when I came home one night, and told her all the people said about us, and called us Jumpers, she said, 'Never heed them, mother, the priest is mad because I jumped from him into the right way, and for your own sakes, I wish that you and all belonging to me would give the same jump.' Surely, I never seen any girl changed like her from the time she went to church; she would not say any angry word to any one, let them say what they would; and the most time we were in want she would say, '*The Lord will provide for us.*' And so He did provide for her, at any rate, for you know she has a good situation in England, and *she does not forget sending me all she can spare of her wages, so that in every way I find the Jumpers the best of all the children that I have reared.*"

PRIESTS DO NOT "SCOLD" IN LATIN.

J—— was talking of the speech the priest made in the chapel abusing the Jumpers, etc. "Did the priest give that speech to his hearers in Latin?" said J——. "O no," said she, "he never scolds in Latin; he is too anxious the people should understand his scolding." "Well," said I, "as some Roman Catholics themselves remark, it is a poor way with them when they can understand nothing on the Lord's day from their priest at their place of worship but scolding and cursing."

FATHER M——'S MEDALS.

An old woman, ninety years of age, said to me, after hearing the Word of God, "*Musha, a cuisle*, was not I the fool, when I went a journey of near one hundred miles to Father M—— to get a medal and his blessing, thinking it would make a good Christian of me; and sure it was not but I was old enough to be wise enough; but the longer we live the more we know. God was always merciful to me, but the greatest of all His mercies was to spare me to hear that blessed Book which, in the latter end of my long life, tells me such delightful news about my Saviour and my soul."

ROSCOMMON.

FOLLY OF THE MASS.

We had a long discourse on the mass with a man who said it was a folly to think that "He who made heaven and earth, and even the priest, that *then* the priest could make Him." "How long are you that way?" said Widow H——, "sure you are as bad as any Jumper." "And so I am," said he, "it's useless to deny that." "O, God help you," said the widow. "I hope He will," said he, "and He *is* helping us every day."

DONEGAL.

An old Reader thus writes:—"There is here a young man, who is a very intelligent Romanist, and, I have reason to hope, a sincere enquirer after truth. You will be surprised when I tell you that he is son to the man whom the priest lodged with at the time he burned our Bibles. This young man, when the Books

were a-burning in the house, stole one of them, a fine English Bible, out of the fire, unhurt, as the smoke was so great that the priest did not observe him—and he has made it his constant study since that period. The neighbours and I are all on very good terms.”

THE PRIEST'S CURSE INEFFECTUAL.

One priest cursed a little boy for standing to speak to me, and said, in the presence of all his blind dupes, that he gave God's curse, and his own curse, to all that would let a Reader in; and he said to the boy, “Let him take that with him.” Nothing has happened to the boy ever since, so it is becoming in these days a laughing-sport.

LOUTH.

NUNS' PRACTICE OF THE HEALING ART.

Shortly after my return I got entrance to a most cheering family. The man is a good tradesman, and a good scholar; his wife and children all can read. It pleased God to afflict his wife with sore eyes; a neighbour advised her to go to the Nuns, who would cure her, which she did, but they could not heal her that day; but the nun wanted a groat. The next day she had not her healing power, but wanted sixpence; the third day she gave Mrs. H—— an *Agnus Dei*, demanding a shilling. Her requests and demands were obeyed, but no cure. The man told his wife she was worse than an idiot to credit any such thing, and she threw from her the charm. I gave his daughter a tract, which pleased the father; she soon came for another. The next request of me was a visit, and the next a Testament; the next was three Testaments and two Bibles, and a daily visit if possible. I visit them as often as I can; they are progressing in Scriptural knowledge very rapidly. The children are daily attending our scriptural-school; and the whole family attending Divine service constantly for the last six weeks. They have caused great excitement in the town, but they are independent.

THE SCAPULAR FAILS TO QUENCH FIRE.

A circumstance occurred in this neighbourhood, which has caused a doubting among some people. A fire broke out in a farmer's place, which threatened destruction to all his houses.

The farmer and one of his family had each a scapular, one of the alleged qualities of which is to quench fire. As soon as the fire broke out, both scapulars were thrown into the flames, which had no effect. The farmer's brother, on seeing the flames, came running, and shouted. "Where are the scapulars?" The answer was, "Bad luck to the use in them; run and stop the brook, that the neighbours may get their buckets full." The fire was got under without much harm, by the power of water, in which the farmer will put his trust to quench fires in future before the scapular.

SEED SCATTERED BY THE HIGHWAY SIDE.

I got the best of opportunity this summer about the Bog of B——; there would be five or six at least, both male and female, on every bank in the bog, and some of them would come far; and they got at last that they would like to see me coming to tell them the time of day. No matter how far from home I would go, I would always go to the Bog, as soon as I had eaten a bit of dinner.

WESTMEATH.

AMERICA, THE LAND OF PROMISE.

There is but one Reader employed in this county, but he seems to be gaining ground:—

"Not long since there was a young man hired with a Protestant for three or four years, and when he was going to America, he asked his master to get him a Bible. When the master was giving it to him, 'You're going home,' says he, 'and if your people find this Bible with you, they'll take it from you.' 'No, no,' said the boy, 'I'll keep it hid, and if God sends me safe to America, I'll make use of it; *that's where I'll not be afraid of any person*, and I never intend to trouble a Priest any more during my life.' I have lately got liberty to read the Bible in many houses where they always refused me before."

DUBLIN.

BURNING BIBLES.

This Association supports three Readers in the County Dublin, from whose journals they extract the following intelligence:—

"Walking along the canal I met an old respectable-looking man. We talked of the crops and potatoes, and he said, 'We will have enough in the country for the few that are left to eat them.' I said, 'What happened—have you not all your people?' He said, 'We have all that could not get a means of getting away; we got a new chapel built in our parish about ten years ago, the old one could not hold one-half of them, but now you might count from the altar every one within the three squares of the house.'

"I asked him what he thought was the cause? 'Why, then,' said he, smiling, 'I will just give you the opinion of one of the wisest and oldest men in our county. About twenty years ago, there came some people about, and they gave Bibles and Testaments to a great many of the poor, and taught them to read them, some in Irish, and some in English; they were doing very well for a long time, until we got a young curate red-hot from college. He went from house to house collecting all the Bibles he could get, burning some and carrying away some. When the old man heard it, he said, 'You will see desolation and famine and want in this very place; his chapel will be yet without a man to hear him;' and I really think it is very like it, and all this is for burning the Word of God.' We discoursed a long time."

[It is remarkable enough, that the people in Madeira have expressed a similar opinion since the persecution of Dr. Kalley and of the native Protestants. They think the ashes of the Bibles have originated the disease of the vines, which resembles a whitish powder].

A HAPPY DEATH.

I explained to him the "Way, the Truth, and the Life," etc.; and his mind opened for the first time to the true character of his God. One evening when I went in, he said he was going to die, and added, "I feel that I am a great sinner, but I have given myself to Jesus Christ, whose blood cleanseth from all sin; all my hope is in Jesus, I have no other." I said to him, "You seem very happy—what makes you so happy?" "I think," said he, "it is the sense of God's love, and the assurance of Heaven makes me so; I long to depart, and hope it is not alone to be free from pain." Once more he said, "Do you think when

I die that Jesus will come and take me?" I said, "He would." Then gently folding his arms, he uttered, "Come, Lord Jesus!" That precious word was his last.

CARLOW.

POWER OF PRIEST'S GARMENTS.

We have a new inquirer; he has an uncle a priest. I said, "You are sure of heaven, because the priest will bring all his relations with him—and without money." He said, "The priest is no more than any other man unless he has his vestments on." I said, "It seems that it is the vestments have the power of forgiving sins." He said, "If the priest gets the money, *that* is the forgiveness of sins."

PREACHING TO THE REAPERS.

Went to the reapers and read; they seemed to pay great attention. The farmer is a Roman Catholic. He said I had great courage to come. I read to him Psa. cxviii. 6-9, and Deut. vi. 6-9. He smiled, and said I was welcome to come every day to the reapers. I gave God and him thanks.

THE BEADS THROWN AWAY.

I chanced to meet an old woman, Roman Catholic, who had her beads in her hands praying. I said, was she counting pebbles? She said, agra, she was saying her prayers. I said I would be thankful to her if she would show me how she prays on those pebbles. "O, agra, I will, and welcome—First, to say the Creed entering on the cross; secondly, three Hail Marys on three stones; thirdly, three Lord's Prayers on three stones; fourth, ten Hail Marys on ten stones; fifth, one Lord's Prayer on one stone called the dixeth." I thanked her, and asked her why she prayed ten times to the Virgin for the once she prays to God? She said, Agra, she does not know more than that bullock, but the priest bid her do so. I asked her with good feeling, which would she believe, God's word or the priest's. She said, God's. I took my Bible and read John iii. 14, 16, 36; vi. 47. She kept her eyes on me as if I were not a living creature, and said, agra, she is fifty-nine years of age, and has never heard those words before. I read Acts xvi. 30, 31. She threw her beads over the ditch, and was very angry against the priest. I

said I would read for her what Christ had done for poor sinners. She said, no wonder she should lose her temper, these sixty-nine years deceived by a priest, who never mentioned one word of Christ Jesus to save her. She asked my name and where I lived. I knew she would be surprised when she heard it. She never opened her eyes half so wide as when she heard it. She said I was the man the priests often spoke of in the chapel, saying, I was a firebrand of the devil's out of hell. I said the priests give me a bad name, because I had read God's holy Word for the people, and asked what did she think of me? She said, agra, I was one of God's angels whom God sent to tell sinners how Christ Jesus died to save all who believe in him. I said if she would wait I would show her how she should pray. I referred to Matt. vii. 7, etc. She said God sent me in her way to-day, because she won't live long; and she went away thanking me, and said she would call at my house.

The old woman came to see me. She said she had much peace of mind now; she knows how to be saved through Christ Jesus. I asked, did she pray ten Hail Marys for one Lord's Prayer since she heard God's Word. She said, no; but she was lonesome after her beads; but when she thinks of Christ's holy words—"He is the way, and no man cometh to God but by him"—how can she have the face or heart to pray to the Virgin Mary, or have any hopes in her? No priest, no Hail Mary, no beads for her, but Jesus Christ to be her winning-post to save her soul.

TIPPERARY.

CONVERSATION IN A FIELD.

N.—"If you were as bad again you would get absolution by getting a mass." K.—"Who would give it to me?" N.—"The priest, to be sure." K.—"Where would he get absolution to give me when he wants it himself?" N.—"He would get it from the bishop, and the bishop from the pope." K.—"But where does the pope get it?" N.—"From God; he gets it the first day of every week, for you know they do be talking together." K.—"I have you now, what need I go all that round about? Can't I get it straight from God myself? Sure God will hear me when I pray to Him." This seemed to be a poser to N—, as he made no reply.

BAD PROTESTANTS HINDER THE TRUTH.

Was well received in R—'s. His wife questioned me on the difference between the two Churches, and deeply considered on the things she heard, and appeared earnest. Her brother, a respectable farmer, happened in, and listened attentively, and said, "What you say and read is very good." A farmer said, "Where is the man goes by it? What kind of a parson is such a one (naming some, and other Protestants)? *Why if I had a mind to turn Protestant, such heads and members would hinder me.*" I said, "What a different view you and I take of such matters; if they are bad, God's own Word is good: such talk only makes me thankful for having a Bible to read, which is able to make wise, etc., and is profitable for correction, etc. If a man caused a lamp to be lit at night in a dark place, would you not follow him, though he might stumble himself, through reason of his own eyes being dim?" "I would," said he, smiling. "And if you could in any way get a lantern yourself, would you not walk by its light?"

ALL SOUL'S NIGHT.

"Visited at the house of W——, and conversed some time with his servant girl, K——. She seems to have a dawn of truth on her mind; she requested me to read for her, seemed highly delighted, and said 'Though I have lived in a Protestant family, they never took the trouble to read a chapter to me; sure, 'tis sorry I am I did not hear such good things long ago. I was working last night at cleaning corn, and though it was All Souls' night, I didn't care.' I said, 'Why should you care about All Souls' night above any other?' 'O, why they say I ought to be praying for all the souls belonging to me that died, and that it would be no wonder if I saw them around me, and if they killed me it was little harm. One said, 'Wasn't I afraid that Mr. W——'s mother, who is dead, would come in through the window and strike me dead?' "And what answer did you make him?" I told him I hoped she was better at rest, and that I did not believe it at all.' 'I tell you what,' said she, in a most serious manner, 'that if I was in England, or somewhere else that I would not be known, I wouldn't go one day to mass; sure if I was to go to Church here I would be dragged asunder before I

would reach home.' I read Luke xii. 4, etc.: this seemed to give her courage. In other visits this girl said, 'Sure, according to what you say and read, half the world is going astray—and it's no wonder; for every Sunday I went to mass it was the same thing over and over again, what no one could understand. No matter what any one says, Christ has all the power, and no one else; and if *He* does not take us to heaven, I am greatly afraid we'll never reach there.' "

WATERFORD.

THE BIBLE SECRETED.

The young person whom I mentioned some time ago as likely soon to attend church, has emigrated to America. Her case is singularly interesting. Her mother would not allow her openly to declare her Protestantism, nor to possess a Bible. For two years she treated her with the greatest severity, often declaring she would sooner have her in the bottom of the sea, than see her like her brother—now a Reader. The poor girl then laboured hard till she earned her passage-money, resolved to go where her conscience would be free. On her leaving this a friend gave her a Bible, which she stowed away in the bottom of her box as a priceless treasure. When she reached W—, her mother, who accompanied her to the vessel, gave her a terrible shock, by demanding to see the contents of her little box, observing, that she knew the heretics would be bestowing their "cursed favours," etc., and so she proceeded to search, when the good Providence of God interfered; some one called her away, and C—, in the mean while, secured the blessed book in her dress. When the mother returned all was right, and so she sailed for a land of liberty, a solitary stranger, young and inexperienced in the world, but in the safe guardianship of a blessed Saviour. Besides those who openly come out of Popery, there are multitudes who are secretly drinking in the truth; some bearing away to foreign lands the good seed not permitted *here* to show itself, and others, after a time, openly declare themselves converts to the true faith. We should never forget, that, as Christian servants, we have need *patiently* to wait our Master's pleasure, as well as to be zealous in his interests. After all, not *success*, but faithfulness, is required at our hands."

PRIESTS KNOW NOTHING OF THE TIES OF HOME AND
KINDRED.

I think one or two points are worth noticing, connected with the Humiliation Day, and the non-observance thereof by the priests and their people. You must bear in mind that here many of our poor neighbours have many of their nearest and dearest at the scene of war. Thus you can understand that nothing could be more popular than for the priests to have ordered their people to combine with the Protestants of the nation, in obeying the Queen's affecting proclamation. But bigotry is very blind, and in its blindness, and in the rebelliousness of Popish disloyalty, the day passed without any notice from the priests. I had had the proclamation posted on the most conspicuous place in our village, and got it done by the Roman Catholic serjeant of police, and its effect was greater than I can describe; and when our little bell was heard to toll, and the largest congregation we have had since the bathing season was seen by our Roman Catholic neighbours to assemble, murmurs not loud but deep escaped from many a knot of them, discussing together *why* they, so much interested, were not allowed to pray in their chapels for the safety of their sons, brothers, and husbands. One here and there would make some excuse, and alleged that they were to have a day of their own; but this even was not quite satisfactory, for the mass of the people saw the propriety of a National Humiliation on one set day. I will illustrate it by one or two incidents. The authorities sent me down some copies of the beautiful form of prayer, just sufficient for my own people; but such was the demand for them by *Romanists*, that several of the families of my congregation had to do without them. I read the prayer for the safety of the fleets to several Roman Catholics in my own kitchen, and they having husbands, etc., with the fleet, there was not a dry eye among them. There was no exception to the feeling of intense indignation, which found utterance in strong language, at the conduct of those who, they said, "*'twas easily known knew nothing of the ties of home and kindred, and were dead to all such feelings.*"

Another incident: An old woman, who has two sons in the Black Sea fleet, was only prevented, almost by force, from coming down to the church to pray with us for her boys. Well,

she did what she thought was second best, and went down on her knees to pray for me, because I "was going to ask the Lord to protect the boys for her!" The result has been that your Reader never enjoyed a more satisfactory week, or experienced more hearty welcomes than during the last."

THE HOARY HEAD NOT SPARED.

Last June, after breaking up from a meeting at C——, one of our converts, aged eighty-seven, was going home, and was met by two men who live in the same townland, and, without any provocation whatsoever, they unmercifully struck him in the head with a stone, leaving him weltering in his blood.

POPISH DARKNESS.

I had an Irish meeting on Friday, and had seventy-two at it; thirty-two repeated well off book in Irish, and translated. It was a cheering sight to see so many rescued from Popish darkness. I addressed them, and we prayed and sang a hymn. There is a light glimmering in the gross darkness, but Rome is still of awful power.

It is pleasant to think, when one is reading the Readers' Journal, written in simple, pious language, that he was a few years since a Papist, going to mass, but now, through grace, rescued from the idolatry of the Church of Rome, and one of his sons is my schoolmaster over an important school. He is, to the best of my judgment, a truly sincere, conscientious man, pious and humble, with a great zeal for the conversion of his countrymen to our Blessed Lord; as you will see, there are no harsh, unkind reflections, but an earnest exhortation to depend for salvation, full and free, on the alone righteousness of the Saviour; and as he is an excellent *Irish* speaker and Reader, I am confident this blessed doctrine must come home to the hearts of hundreds of the poor people; but you must not judge entirely from his Journal as to his usefulness, for poor uneducated men (as he is) can speak much better in their own language than they can write. Another thing in his favour is, that he knows this county well, and the habits of the people. His district of labour is extensive, and the people are in a most sad state as to knowledge of the Word of God. *Many believe the Virgin Mary to be the Holy Ghost*, and the customs of the people are perfectly

heathenish. Truly it is in these dark remote districts that you see Popery, as an old writer says, whipt and stript—without its tinsel and false glare;—such gross superstition, ignorance of God, Sabbath profanation, drunkenness, lies, thieving, and quarrelling, you cannot conceive—Popery's fruits; so that such men are invaluable helps to clergymen, in penetrating these dark dens of Satan, and proclaiming the true Light;—and only in the Great Day will it be known with what effect.

KERRY.

The readers of the first part of "The Protestant in Ireland," will rejoice with the writer to find the good cause still prospering in this early sphere of Ireland's new reformation.

In the neighbourhood of Ventry the work is prospering, as may be seen by the following intelligence:—

"Last Sunday fortnight two Roman Catholics, coming from mass, admitted that no doubt the Protestant ministers were proclaiming the truth of God as it is written in the Scriptures. One said to the other, 'The reason the priest does not wish us to hold communion with the Soupers is lest we should hear God's Word, and turn over from our own communion.' 'Do you know the most ancient rule of faith in our Church?' said one. 'I do, the Apostles Creed,' and he added, 'the Protestants are right in holding to that alone, and I don't know how long ago the doctrines of our Church were made;' so they agreed that the Protestant doctrine is good as coming from God, and older than theirs, and one said, 'We must believe that the authority they have (the Apostles) is greater and more blessed than what we have' (the Pope). A boy that travelled with them from mass, whom they did not know, told me every word of this; and it is my belief that two-thirds of the Roman Catholics think the same, or very near it."

"Some of the Convert families are suffering much destitution at present. They told me the Roman Catholic farmers would be willing to employ them, were it not for the Priest, who cautioned them lately from the altar not to give a Convert a single day's work, and if they did *that*, they would soon be compelled to go back to Romanism. We read many passages of Scripture to them, and endeavoured to comfort them: some of them told us they would rather suffer death than go back to Popery, and would

be satisfied to enter the workhouse professing the Gospel, if they got quietness ; but the cruel treatment and persecution which all who testify to the truth meet with there, and which some experienced already, causes them to shudder at the very thoughts of having to enter it again.

TOLERANCE OF ROME.

A Roman Catholic gave us the description of a sermon which the Vicar-General preached last Sunday in V—— chapel, a thing of very rare occurrence, except on some great occasion. The Priest said there was *a chance of salvation for the murderer, the drunkard, the thief, the adulterer, and in fact for any one guilty of all the seven deadly sins*, but for those that deny God, there was none. “Well,” says I, “the Priest said what was true in that respect, for there can be no chance of salvation for those that deny God.” “Oh!” says the man, “we knew very well who he meant—it was *ye*, the Converts.” “Well,” says I, “The meaning of what he said was, there was a chance of salvation for all but those who hear or read God’s Word, and there was no chance for them.” “That’s what he meant,” said the man, “and do you know what we said in the chapel? There was about a dozen of us together, and when we heard him say *that*, we asked among ourselves, was there any person there that would have the courage to tell the Priest, that the Converts, at all events, were not the persons that denied God, for we all knew they worshipped the true God, and none else; and, therefore, how could *ye* deny Him, when He is the top and bottom, the sum and substance of all your teaching and preaching?” Such were the thoughts and such the conversation of the Roman Catholics in the chapel while the Priest was preaching.

Selections from the Publications of the General Irish Reformation Society (1854).

The population of this country has greatly thinned; multitudes of Roman Catholics have already emigrated, and the potatoe blight, which has lately set in with extreme virulence, will cause more to emigrate still: in fact, the whole population, I may say,

is on the move, sooner or later, and *only the independent farmers will finally remain, who are, as yet, fast friends of the priest, for the latter shew such people great friendship and attention*—while they rule the common people with a rod of iron.

Our schools would be now crowded, only for the National schools. Government funds, to the amount, annually, of one hundred and eighty thousand a year, enable the priests to set up and surround all our schools. With these establishments, and the funds of St. Vincent de Paul Society, whose central depot is in Dublin, and thence extending through every parish in Ireland, especially where the Scriptures are working their way, enable the priests to feed and clothe the children of the poor; so that, between the public and private funds at their command, great local influence of various kinds, aided by the superstition and sinfulness of a people, much in heathen darkness, the Church of Rome is presenting, just now, a firm front, and thoroughly united, against the Word of God. But great is truth; though the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing, to obstruct it. The truth now sowing in tears, will yet spring up a glorious harvest.

VISIT TO INNISGLORY.

Thursday, August 11th.—To-day we procured a boat; and, both weather and tide favouring us, we visited the island of Innisglory (or the "Island of Glory," according to Romish phraseology), and were kindly received by the inhabitants, who number about twenty souls, including young and old. The boatman, who is a lobster-fisher on that coast, had first applied for their permission, before running the risk of incurring their displeasure by landing a cargo so unholy in their estimation, on ground which they literally deify for its imputed sanctity in the annals of Romish superstition.

"First, permit me to inform you of the reception that the Gospel message received among these poor deluded people; and afterwards we shall describe the peculiarities of the people, and the place. We determined on visiting every house, as there were so few, and the place so small: accordingly, to try our success separately, I began in one place and the Scripture Reader in another, as we perceived no hostility: finally, we both met in one house, and having perceived a good opening, we declared

our message, and asked permission to read a portion of God's Word, which was willingly granted. We then commented on the nature of sin—its origin in the fall of our first parents—its grievous effects in destroying the image of God's holiness in man—and its grievous effects as now manifested in a fallen world. Next, the infinite atonement graciously provided by God, to satisfy His own Divine justice, which was also infinite,—and His sovereign love in doing all this for poor fallen man.

Kelly read the 14th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, in Irish, and afterwards commented on the same, as well as the Lord had enabled him. We backed all our remarks by passages from the Holy Scriptures; thus endeavouring to stamp on the minds of our hearers a favourable impression of the Holy Scriptures, which are studiously kept from them by their priests. In justice to them I must add that we were listened to with every mark of respect—the males amongst them having uncovered their heads, and the females seated themselves on the floor. There were at that time present six adults and a big boy.

In conclusion, they insisted on our partaking of their hospitality, and accordingly gave us a good feed of potatoes and eggs. We, in turn, forced their acceptance of our lunch—bread, etc., which we had carried from home. In the evening, at leaving, we had a general *shake-hands* from all parties, and an invitation to come soon again.

Now for the superstitions, etc., of this place called "Glory Island." They have a *large wooden image* of the patron saint, standing by what they call an altar, in a small building ruined by time; the entrance to which is so low, that one could only crawl in on bended knees. The features of the image are also obliterated by time. They informed us that none could be permitted to go in there unless they would *on bended knees, before the image and the altar*, say a certain number of "Paters and Aves," which is a form of worship addressed to the Virgin Mary. Having done so, they would be permitted to carry away some of the clay of the floor, which is believed to be miraculous, so that it is often *put into coffins with the dead bodies, in order to help the soul in its passage to the world of spirits*. The superstitions of the well we have formerly described—that *no female would be*

allowed to draw of the water, until it would be first handed to her by a male (be it even an infant, whose hand she should place within her own in laying hold of the vessel when drawing)! It may be afterwards used for the usual purposes of life: we had the privilege of a measure of it at table while dining there.

We saw two underground cells there, which seemed as prisons or dungeons. The roof of one had fallen, but the other is still up, having no way of admitting light but by a small hole in the top, which seems not to have been originally intended for that purpose, but more probably from the top stone having fallen in, as the whole roof was formed of long stones.

We were also shewn a separate ruin, where the nuns lived, under the benediction of this [un]holy father; and from ourselves we cannot but say, that if the above prisons were for their use, it would have been well if Mr. Chambers' Bill 'for inspecting Nunneries' had come into requisition at that period of spiritual darkness.

CONVERSATION WITH THE KING.

Monday, September 12.—To-day I had the privilege of an interesting conversation with the king, who, accompanied by four of his subjects, was in his own garden, where they were preparing to rick his corn. The first subject which engaged our attention was *the sanctity of these western islands beyond the mainland, or other interior parts of Ireland.* This subject was brought about by one of the men enquiring about the sanctity of this place, in consequence of having just turned up in the earth he was digging, a human jaw-bone, having a very large tooth in it. "Oh!" said the king, "that may have been the remains of a saint—may the Lord have mercy on him!" Then followed some devout ejaculations from His Majesty, in which he prayed for his mother's soul also.

PERSECUTIONS AT DUNDALK.

Quarterly Paper, March, 1855.

The wife of one Convert was near her confinement: whenever the priest met her he would walk behind her, muttering words which sent her home in great fear. One day he went to the door of her house, stood, and called, "All Christian women

come out of that Devil's house!"—they fled as from the plague. She was seized with labour-pains: her husband ran among the neighbours, begging for God's sake that some woman would come for a few moments—in vain. His wife lay in an agony on the floor: he left her, and ran at night to me: I sent him for a doctor, but, alas, it was eight miles off. At last one woman came in for a few minutes. The poor creature thought she was dying. They begged her to send for the priest now that she was dying: but no—she stood the test. By God's mercy she was spared: but mark the fiendish atrocity of that priest: he called afterwards at the house of the woman who went to her aid; placed her on her knees, and with her hands between his *swore her to make two pilgrimages to Lough Dearg in Donegal, to wash away the dreadful sin of saving the woman's life.* It is almost tantamount to a sentence of death to that woman, who is weakly and delicate; yet she says she must go: and the dreadful example of priestly wrath against any help to a *souper* has fallen fearfully on the bigoted minds of this benighted people. Since then she and her husband are hooted like mad dogs, and no one will hold the smallest intercourse with them. A man who had heard that another to whom he had lent a sack had permitted the *souper* to put his oats in it for market, followed him and emptied out the grain. In vain I offered the highest wages to all who had horses, Protestant and Papist, to plough his land last spring: at the last moment I had to send my own. Only last week he sent a web of frieze, his winter clothing, to the mill—when it was cut to pieces! and no remedy.

Another Convert had her house torn down in open day, and her little all scattered and stolen; and when I sent the police to inquire, although the house was in the midst of several others, and it happened at mid-day, nobody heard a noise, or saw any one. Shortly after, when near the place, she was struck with a stone which caused her to spit blood; and when the person was summoned, so many witnesses came swearing that she was the aggressor, that she narrowly escaped imprisonment.

REPORT FROM INISKEA.

Monday, 1st. January, 1855.—To-day my spiritual labours for this year commenced with an interesting conversation with six islanders in my own house. Some of them came, they said, to

demand their new year's gift. The idol-keeper was one of those present, and asked many questions, which tended much to the edification of all. The following were among the many proposed:—

“Is prayer of any use to departed souls? Do the Scriptures plainly tell when the world will be at an end? and, What will become of this world after?”

In answer to the above questions, the following chapters of the Bible were read, which, I am happy to say, were heard with breathless attention, and pronounced good and desirable to all those who love God rather than the sinful pleasures of this world;—Luke xvi; Eccles. ix. xi.; Matthew xxiv.; 2 Peter iii. &c.

Saturday, 6th.—After school, Kelly and I visited North Island, and commenced our work there by admonishing a man who was wantonly cursing and swearing. “I believe it is true for you, Sir, at any rate,” said he to me, “and God help us! we think there is no harm in it.” “Will I read for you what our Saviour says about cursing and swearing?” said I. “Oh! then, Sir,” said he, “I would be afraid of the Book, that the priest might be told, for many of the neighbours here are very bad; but at any rate let us sit down yonder under the wall, and they wont see us, for indeed, in compliment to yourself, I would not like to refuse you.” Having selected the most lonely situation, I read for him Matthew v. 33—37. “Indeed, Sir,” said he, “that is very fine talk, sure enough; no one could find fault with it: but is it not a wonder that the priests themselves don’t take pattern by that; for Father Kelly, that died in Belmullet lately, used to curse and swear, though a very good man otherwise: and, sure, Father Donohoe—there is no end to him for his cursing and swearing. I will tell you a story of him and not a word of lie in it—you can ask John Kean about it, for he was present:” as follows: Father Donohoe published confessions at Paddy Walsh’s house, and after confession and mass they had breakfast. Paddy Walsh laid a kettle of brandy on the table; and when Father Donohoe filled a glass he found it was not his favourite stuff—for he always took delight in *potheen*,—so he turned on Paddy Walsh and damned his soul to all the devils in hell for not having what he fancied; and not content with that he stood up to kick him, but he ran away.”

"Indeed, my friend," said I, "this is a sad story: contrast that man's mind and actions with what I will read for you now from the Word of God: this that I will read for you now is a sermon, preached by our blessed Saviour." So I read for him Matthew v., and commented fully upon it.

Saturday, 10th.—This evening, I made an interesting visit to Mrs. Kean's. There were six adults present; herself, her father, her brother and his wife, and two Coast Guards, new comers to the Island. Mrs. Kean's father, a very old man, sat on a low seat, very near the fire, having on his nightcap, and smoking his pipe. "Welcome, Sir," said he, "pull down to the fire; the day is very cold." I complied, and the following conversation commenced.

"I fear, Sir," said he, "that I will soon die, for I am very cold and chill: I am now eighty years of age, and cannot live much longer." "Are you afraid to die?" said I. "Oh! yea, Sir, very much; for I have often neglected my duty in not doing what the priest commanded, to take away my sins and earn heaven." "What did the priest command you to do that you might earn heaven," said I. "What did he command me to do! that is a droll question: he commanded me, of course, to do good works, and also the penance put on me in confession." "My dear friend," said I, "the door of mercy is open still for you; as I will shew you if you will permit me to read it for you from God's Word." "Ah! Sir," said he, "Sure I would gladly, only I am afraid of these; for my daughter is very bad, and the priest will be here too, in a few days, and this new priest is very severe; he is twice as hard on the people as the man that was before him—poor Father Kelly; may God be good to his soul." "Mick," said I, "let us begin at the beginning, and then we shall talk about praying for Father Kelly's soul. First, with regard to how we are to be saved: neither alms, penance, nor good works can save us—nothing but a lively or living faith in Christ our Saviour. Hear what St. Paul says." I quoted Titus iii. 5, 6, 7, and Eph. ii. 8, 9, and explained how good works are the fruits of a living faith. "After all, Sir, it is hard to think that heaven can be got without earning it," said he, "and also our priests (fine scholars) must know better than anybody else." From Matthew xxviii. I shewed what the Jewish chief priests (fine scholars) did

to Jesus; and from 1 Cor. i., how that not for worldly wisdom or human learning, our Lord had chosen his disciples. From Isaiah lv. 1—7, I shewed free salvation: and our discourse ended in the following observation from the old man; “What you say is very good; but after all the priest says there is a fog on your eyes, and ye cannot see what is right.” The Word is God’s: it is he alone can open the blind eyes: pray to Him therefore to send down the Holy Spirit to teach you: ask of Him in the name and for the sake of Jesus alone, the only Mediator of sinners.—1 Tim. ii. 5.

Monday, 12th.—This morning I returned from Belmullet, and, as is customary, was met by several of the islanders on landing on the strand, who accompanied me to my own house to receive news from the war. I embraced this opportunity of shewing them the spiritual warfare of the Christian, and what he has to contend with—the three great enemies of the soul; the world, the flesh, and the Devil. “That is the old story over and over again,” said one, “tell us some news or we will be off. Is it true that there is another nation going to assist the English and French against the Russians?” The religious opinions of those nations now engaged in war were considered; and in their opinion the Russians are in the true religion: the French were condemned for entering into an alliance with a heretical nation against another branch of their own church. “They will soon turn round on the English also,” said another, “and cut them down; and then we shall have French laws, and a happy country.”

Saturday, 17th.—We visited Ox island to-day, and had a good opportunity given us for reading and exhortation. I must say that however much opposed the priests are, still the Word of God is making an impression; for I now find many listen to me and converse on the subject, who, two years ago, would cut the sign of the cross on themselves, and walk away when a religious subject was introduced. There were two of this sort of persons in our company to-day, who listened quietly while Hebrews ix. and x. were read and expounded in Irish as well as it had pleased the Lord to give us utterance.

“Well,” said a man from Tarmoncarra, “that is as fine talk as ever I heard: where is the priest that could find fault with

that: surely this is a great society—'tis the best of all—it far exceeds the ——— Society: they have another very fine teacher in my place, and my girls are making great progress in that school; they are learning all sorts of fancy-work, and plenty of Scripture also." I asked him to give me a short account of the progress of God's work at Tarmoncarra. "There is a most excellent school:" said he, "the girls are highly improved in all kinds of fancy work, together with their education otherwise: they are too far gone in understanding now to care a pin for the priest." Here the Ox-island care-taker answered; "Neither do we care a pin for the priest; for these men, coming to this island, take more pains in instructing us than he does."

Inniskea, March 24th, 1855.—We have a new curate priest who will visit the Island shortly, and do wonders. He is described by one of our islanders as follows:—"Oh! Sir, he is a most holy man, just out from college. If you had seen him last Sunday after mass, at Binghamstown—he walked the street in presence of the whole congregation, dressed in a long black dress down to the ground, like one of the nuns, and great big frills to the lower part of it." Having quoted Matth. vii. 15, in reply, the answer returned me was, "O! God forgive you Sir."

Please pray for Inniskea, that God may turn this coming wolf in meekness like a lamb.—Your very humble Servant.

Quarterly Paper, July, 1855.

The following quotation is from an essay written by a poor youth, whose education was obtained in one of the wildest and most remote districts of Kerry:—

"But in the *last hour*, witness the BELIEVER'S TRIUMPH. My soul is abundantly comforted and refreshed. My body is dying, but my mind is still vigorous and alive. I feel the cold hand of death is actually upon me, and you may feel it too, if you touch my feet and legs, they are once more clay. Blessed be God, death is no king of terrors to me. He is a welcome messenger, because sent by my Heavenly Father. Here I am, Lord, awaiting thy pleasures, ready to obey the summons. Thy will, O God, be done. Blessed be God that the attack is made where it is. My head is yet clear, and till my heart feels the damps, I hope to engage in work suitable to a death-bed. It is not to me a bed of

languishing or wasting. This poor remainder of a body is hardly capable of any greater decay till it moulders in the grave—and *there let it moulder!* Who would not part with it as it is! It is no longer a bar to happiness: an hindrance to a lively and spiritual communion with God. But O, my friends, it is united to Christ, and shall, therefore, one day be a glorious body. This corruption shall put on incorruption, and shall be for ever with the Lord.”

The writer emigrated to America, in 1854, and the essay from which the above is extracted obtained the prize in the select school at Galion, Ohio, in 1855.

PRIESTS' DOINGS AT INNISKEEN, COUNTY LOUTH.

Letter dated June 24th, 1855.

“There is one point now under contemplation, which is the question now to be solved: what remedy can be taken to retard the progress of the Scriptures: and during the 19th, 20th, and 21st instant, there has been the above three days' devotion, addressed to the sacred heart of the Virgin Mary. I am informed seven priests were in attendance at Inniskeen on the occasion; and hundreds, from the cradle to the crutch crowding our streets, hurrying to the scene of exhibition which it has proved to be. The first day seven masses were said, one by each priest—all passed over quietly. Second day, when almost at the conclusion, when in the act of adoring the sacred heart, one of the officiating priests, when in the act of bowing to the statue of the Virgin Mary, he was seized with a weakness, and was obliged to be assisted to the Robe Room, where he recovered himself, all acknowledging the Supreme Power of Almighty God on the occasion. Third and last day, the bell tolled at 6 o'clock, a.m. for first mass, as it did previous to each mass on the foregoing days, this day being the great and last. I have witnessed many poor creatures returning from this scene of idolatry, having their hands trampled on, and their clothes torn, being trampled on when kneeling—some cursing their souls to the devil for such unchristian feeling one to another. When in the heat of the performance one of the priests came outside, and with a loud voice spoke, saying, “All ye that cannot get inside, and doing nothing but glouring about, go home, and go behind the ditch,

and pray to God, he will hear you behind the ditches as well as here;" on which numbers of those maimed and trampled creatures proceeded to their respective homes, their strength almost exhausted from fasting: but the scene did not close here—in the course of celebrating mass, the priest-begging curate of Inniskeen came forward, dressed in a purple robe, wearing a crown of thorns, on which the assistant priest mocked him by spitting on him, and threw dust in his face; on which this martyr of Christ fell to the ground, life apparently being extinct—where, to the great astonishment of the beholders, he remained for some time motionless, when all exclaimed, "O, the power of God!" After this scene subsided, the saint wearing the crown of thorns appeared to revive, and assisted by the other priest, he was again raised to his feet; on turning round to face the congregation, the breast of his shirt appeared, when, to the great surprise of all present, it was observed to be stained with blood, thus imitating the sweat of Christ in the garden of Gethsemane, all adoring in profound silence. This act being over, he retired from the altar behind the curtain where stood the statue of the Virgin Mary, the whole congregation astonished, gazing on him who represented Christ crucified, all adoring the creature, not the Creator. When all became tranquil, the assembly dispersed, rejoicing over the scene of their Idolatry. Having received their usual caution not to have anything to do with soupers, etc.

I further add—an old woman about eighty, borne on two sticks, one in each hand, and bowed together, having come a long distance, not able to go home, and return the next day, applied for lodgings at the several dwellings adjoining the chapel, being all Roman Catholics, and was refused; she was obliged to take refuge in the chapel, and lodge on the cold ground all night—so far for the reformation of the Roman Catholics of Inniskeen.

Report from Inniskeen, June, 1855.

The (so-called) King said:—"Your Church, the Protestant, is falling to pieces. Cardinal Wiseman is doing wonders in England, in bring to the true faith great numbers of the nobility, etc.; and here at home, in Ireland, Dr. Cahill is completely overthrowing your system, and as he says himself, the lemon-faced squalid-looking soupers, and the ministers themselves, are neither or-

dained nor christened, and having no mission or infallible creed, they have changed their Act of Parliament creed eight hundred and fifty-one times. You may have the paper for a read." At this moment he sprang from the cradle, and placed in my hands two newspapers, one, the "*Glasgow Free Press*," of April 21st., containing a very long list of "Converts to the Catholic Faith, since 1849." I saw about three hundred names, Right Honorables, Reverends, Very Reverends, Esquires, Ladies, etc. The other paper was the Dublin "*Telegraph*," containing Dr. Cahill's letter of May 5th, at Sligo. Having pointed out to the King, from 1 Tim. 3. iii; Gal. v. 22 to 25, how unscriptural and unchristian-like his manner and mode were, I proved that salvation through the Saviour alone was held out to all believers from the days of Adam and Eve, that the visible Church is, and must be, fallible! Here I explained the difference between the Church militant, and the Church triumphant.

I spent the whole of this evening, after school, in the King's house, and was kindly received. After much conversation on his part, on general subjects, I introduced religion: "Oh (said he), I feared you were displeased with me the other day, for having deprived you of the '*Catholic Layman*,' to give Mr. K——, to send to his son-in-law in America." "By no means (said I), but I hope you have read it yourself." "No, indeed (said he), I don't like that paper at all."

"If you read it (said I) you would see how the Roman Catholic newspaper the '*Rambler*,' tries to defend the Rosary, by saying, 'It is no matter whether those at mass join in offering the prayers there with the priest, or understand what he says, or even pray themselves! That it is quite sufficient for Divine Service, that they feel a kind of inward religious satisfaction, whilst with their lips they repeat their decades to the Blessed Virgin, and with their fingers count them over on the beads—that the action of the voice in the repetitions, accompanied by the motions of the fingers in counting over the beads, tends to keep up a kind of equilibrium in the body, whilst the mind is absorbed in religious thoughts.'" "Now (said he), that is exactly what the '*Rosary*' is; it is a kind of religious bodily action, which helps to fasten the mind more fully on God." "You are then (said I) talking and doing things quite the opposite of

what you are thinking on, that is, *saying one thing and thinking another.*"

"Make what you like of it (said he), you have the best explanation in my power on the matter."

"Will you permit me (said I), to read for you what the great Evangelist St. Matthew says on the subject—how we ought to pray?"

"With all my heart (said he), but I am determined to hold to my own opinion." I then read Matthew vi. 5, 13, and commented on these verses.

"I confess (said he) I feel a difficulty in that; but you know we are not allowed to make sense of the Bible in our Church."

June 11.—Till evening I spent in conversing with the Inspecting Commander of Coast Guards, and other gentlemen who paid a short visit to the Island; they were surprised to see such a number of children sporting about the strand, and very many able to answer, in English, any question put to them on the scope of religion. The improvement noticed by them in the children, I ascribed to the spread of Scriptural education among them. They visited the house of the "Idol in Flannel," and have been convinced, by their own eyes, that on our unhappy island, a dumb inanimate idol is worshipped in a degree, even surpassing that given to the wafer idol in the Mass. I had some profitable discourses with the islanders on the Gospel plan of salvation after they left.

From the "Achill Herald."

PRESENT STATE OF ACHILL.

The following extracts from the Achill Herald, for June, 1855, will show the present state of the work on the Island:—

"Time was, when the priests in this Island could always reckon upon the ready obedience of their followers when any deeds of violence were to be perpetrated on the persons of those who opposed them. That time is now gone by. The following report, supplied by one of the Scripture-readers, of a transaction which took place last month, shews how the priests' power has declined:—

"As I was going to Cashel, to our monthly meeting, in com-

pany with other readers, schoolmasters and mistresses, and knowing that we were to be examined on the third article of the Creed of Pope Pius, we were informing our minds on the way.

"As we travelled along the public road, we passed by Priest Henry, as he was superintending the filling of a cart, and he overheard us. Our subject at the time was 2 Peter ii. 1—4. He left the cart, and ran about forty perches to a gang of upwards of twenty men, superintended by two monks, making a road into Dr. M'Hale's farm, and began to talk to them.

"We continued our subject, and as we passed them, the priest said, 'Myself and my holy religion molested in this way!' Some one in the crowd with the priest said, 'To the devil with you, you blackguards.' I turned about and asked what was the matter, and the priest roared out in an angry tone, and stamping the ground with fury as he spoke, 'Go out of that, you brute! be off the road!' I maintained my right to stand on the Queen's high road; but he threatened that I should go, pulling out his watch, and saying that I was so many minutes in the face of his work, and only that he was there that his men would break the peace by assaulting us. And as I refused to go, he sent a lad for the police, saying, 'I will soon have you handcuffed.'

"I. 'So you can, if I deserve it.'

"P. 'You do.'

"I. 'How so?'

"P. 'You said there is no purgatory, but the Roman Catholic Church making merchandise of men's souls.'

"I. 'That I will maintain, even before magistrates; and do you contradict it if you can, even from your own Bible, and we will credit it. Why do you get angry with us for maintaining a doctrine that you hold yourself. I would not hold a doctrine that would cause me shame, or that I could not prove. What purgatory does St. John leave us, when he says that 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'

"'I should mention that I did not say all this without many interruptions from the priest and his party, who were striving to get us off, and when he saw that we insisted on waiting the arrival of the police, until we should learn what our crime was, he seemed much confused, and advised the monks to order us off, boasting all the while that it was he who kept the people quiet, and hindered them from assaulting us. 'No,' said I, 'but you

ran before us to stir them up, but they will not be led by your advice. I pass them often, and they don't molest me.' The Priest replied, 'You were not so in Tiranard,* you bruchaun.' I answered, 'That was the fruit of your teaching, and you should not boast of it; and as for bruchaun† is it not of it you make that which you worship in the Mass?'

"The police arrived after a little time, but we maintained our right to speak of God's Word on the Queen's high way, and the priest was confounded when the people saw that, after he had sent for the police to make prisoners of us, we stood our ground, and, having broken no law, he could do us no harm. 'But he thought to make us afraid,' Nehemiah vi. 13."

We have published the above report, because it shews, as we have already stated, the decline of priestly power in this island. We are sure that many of our English friends will blame the Scripture-reader and his companions for giving the priest such provocation; but we are sure that their censure will be turned into praise when we inform them that a traditional prejudice of the vast power of the priest is that which chiefly prevails with the Roman Catholic peasantry, in causing them to turn their ears from the truth. So great is the destructive power of which the priest is the supposed depository, that we have known some to evince much anxiety lest even the skirts of the coat of an enraged priest should touch them, under the apprehension that they might act as conductors to direct the spiritual electricity to their persons. We well remember when Dr. M'Hale first visited this Island, about eighteen years ago, accompanied by a number of priests, that, as they rode past our Settlement, the simple people thought that our houses would feel their potent influence, and fall in ruins over our heads. This persuasion of the power of the priest is, as we have said, a traditional prejudice; it is not founded on any reasons or proofs addressed to the understanding, and therefore it cannot be removed by argument. It must be overcome by practical demonstration. The priest must be confronted by his opponents, and his supposed power dared in the presence of his dupes. Such encounters with the priest as

* A place between Achill Sound and Newport, where this Reader was waylaid and severely beaten.

† The Irish name for porridge, or stirabout.

that which we have recorded above, and the similar one which took place in the neighbourhood of Tuam, do more to undeceive the people than an address embodying all the arguments of Barrow on the Pope's Supremacy.

The following report of the progress of the good work in this Island has been supplied by a Missionary engaged in it:—

"I rejoice to say, that the position and prospects of the good work of conversion assumes a very cheering and encouraging aspect—the old converts are becoming steady, settled, and grounded in the faith. The blessed gospel in the native tongue has free course, and is glorified. The Missionary is sure to meet a hearty welcome in most of the villages on the Island, and in places where, a short time since, he would be sure to meet insult and abuse.

"Several of the converts had been ill during the month, some dangerously so; it was truly cheering to witness their steadfast faith and joyful hope. Surely we have great cause to thank God and take courage.

"On the 26th ult., a respectable convert widow, named ———, passed from time to eternity. She was eighty years old, and only a short time out of Rome. Many friends entertained fears of her sincerity, but they have now reason to believe themselves agreeably mistaken. She begged me to administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to her. Having examined her, I found her views quite clear. She told me, till very lately she always had wrong views on the subject, but now that the Lord opened her eyes to her grievous errors, she was anxious to receive the memorials of a dying Saviour's love. Her language on the occasion was, 'To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' Her brother, an aged Romanist, asked her to have the priest. 'Dear brother,' said she, 'I had him already, I have him still, and will have him the other side of death. Jesus is my Priest; he alone can forgive sin; dear brother, look to Him, and turn away from priest ———.' She wished herself to be buried in the Protestant burial-ground, at the Colony. Her directions were obeyed; and, I am happy to say, several Romanists attended her funeral.

"There is a good attendance of Romanists at our controversial classes; they listen with earnest attention."

CATTLE DRIVEN TO HEAR MASS.

From "The Protestant Magazine," edited by the Rev. E. Nangle.

It was a fine Sabbath morning in summer, when all nature seemed to unite with the sacredness of the season in inviting God's intelligent creatures to holy and joyful meditation, that Mr. M'G—— heard the noise of some cattle passing at the end of his house. He at first supposed that it might be his own cows, which he had driven out to graze in the mountains, returning to seek refuge under the friendly roof from the oppressive heat of the sun and the annoyance of the flies. On going to the door, however, he discovered the son of one of his neighbours driving several cattle before him. "Where are you going with the cattle at this hour of the day?" said M'G. "I am driving them," said the boy, with that careless gravity with which a common-place question is usually answered—"I am driving them to mass."—"To mass!" exclaimed M'G.—"Yes," continued the boy, without taking any notice of the surprise which his extraordinary announcement had excited; "to mass—the priest is waiting yonder for them." The boy pursued his way, the cows were assembled, and the priest read mass for them, as represented in our frontispiece.

We pledge our veracity for the authenticity of this story. Indeed, the circumstance to which it relates is one of common occurrence, and by no means limited to the mountainous and secluded district which was the scene of the particular transaction described above. "They offer masses," writes the Rev. Mr. Nolan, in his second pamphlet, "for the prosperity of houses, lands, cattle, and various other appendages of property. O what an abominable notion! O what prostration of human intellect, to suppose that the Lord Jesus Christ should be summoned from the throne of his eternal justice to be offered upon the altar of human frailty, to remove the sickness or infirmity of dying or decaying beasts!"

It may well be asked, Why are the cattle assembled in the place where the mass is said for them? Being irrational creatures, it is impossible for them to participate in a religious service. There is, however, a good reason for this blasphemous absurdity. The mass which is offered for cattle is called the

mass of the Holy Ghost; and on account of the superior virtue which it is supposed to possess, is sold for double price. The usual price of a common mass is half-a-crown, but a mass of the Holy Ghost is considered a good bargain for five shillings. When such a mass is celebrated, the cattle of the purchaser are assembled in the house, in order to establish the belief in the priest's assertion, that they only enjoy the benefit of his spiritual services. If the priest did not make such a judicious exclusion, all the people of the district might imagine that their cattle had the benefit of the mass; a supposition which would tend much to diminish the revenue which is derived from this awful traffic. This is the true origin of the close communion which the priests have established in their bestial congregations.

How deeply is it to be lamented that intelligent men, whose rank in society gives them considerable influence on public opinion, should lend themselves to perpetuate such blasphemous frauds and impostures by the complimentary language in which they speak of the Romish priesthood who practise them! It is now time that the Christian world should free itself from any participation in such criminality, and, in holy disregard of the censure of an ungodly world, lift up their voice like a trumpet against such abominations and the teachers of them.

POPISH OPINION OF PUSEYITE CHURCHES.

From the Tablet, June 2nd, 1855.

"He illustrated the architectural and other extravagancies of Puseyism. There were "altars" without a sacrifice, screens which concealed no mystery, niches without Saints, aisles without processions, and sanctuaries without the Holy Presence. In vain were piscinas opened to receive the waste of the elements which formed the perquisite of the clerk! Holy water stoups were constructed to become the receptacles of dust and cobwebs; carved angels found themselves the tenants of unwonted mansions; and demons, with hideous faces, were seen making off from the portals of temples which, for anything that appeared to the contrary, they might have continued to inhabit with safety."



THE SCAPULAR GIVEN BY THE VIRGIN TO ST. SIMON STOCK.

From "A Short Treatise on the Scapular," p. 31.

In the year 1245, St. Simon Stock was chosen general of the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. This holy man was born in the county of Kent, in the year 1165. When he was twelve years of age he withdrew himself into a wood, where he lived for the space of twenty years in great austerity, and in the perpetual exercise of celestial meditations, having for his house the trunk of a hollow oak, from whence he was named Stock, and had for his food roots, herbs, and sometimes bread,

which a dog brought him in his mouth, especially on festival days.

* * * *

During the time that St. Simon was general, many persecutions were raised against our holy order, some opposing its privileges, others disliking the honourable title which they enjoyed, to be called the brothers and sisters of the blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel; and St. Simon suffered much for the defence of his order; all which, nevertheless, he at last overcame by the particular assistance and favour of the most sacred Virgin, to whom he had ever recourse in all his necessities, and she, as a pious mother, never frustrated him of his expectations. But at last, seeing himself decline of old age, and considering, on the other side, that the enemies of the order did daily increase, he ceased not with continual tears to beseech the sovereign empress of Mount Carmel that she would not forsake her beloved religious, but that she would vouchsafe to take it under her singular protection, and adorn it with her favours; seeing it was her order, which she had already honoured with her sacred name, and was confirmed by several Popes—Honorius III., Innocent IV., Gregory IX., Alexander V., and others. He composed many prayers and anthems in honour of the glorious Mother of God, which ejaculating very often with great fervour towards heaven, he deserved to be gratified with the precious pledge which he left to his posterity, the holy Scapular of the blessed Virgin, received from her hands in the manner following:—

As he was upon his knees in the oratory, the most glorious Virgin, environed with celestial splendour, in the company of many thousands of angels, appeared to him, and holding the sacred Scapular in her hand, she said to him these words:—“Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of thy order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and to all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire; behold the sign of salvation, a safe-guard in danger, the covenant of peace and everlasting alliance.”

Having said these words, she left the sacred habit in his hands, and vanished. This happened on the 16th day of July, A.D. 1251, in the Carmelite convent of Cambridge, which, like that of London, went by the name of Whitefriars, so called because of the white upper garment that those religious do ordinarily wear.



HISTORY OF A WAFER.

From the "Protestant Penny Magazine," edited by Edward Nangle.

We hasten to gratify the curiosity which our frontispiece will excite in our readers, by informing them that it faithfully represents the great idol of the church of Rome—the WAFER. It has been stated in former numbers that the Council of Trent, supposed by Roman Catholics to have been directed by infallible wisdom in all its decisions, decreed, that when the priest pronounces the words, "Hoc est corpus meum," the wafer is changed "truly and substantially into the body, blood, soul, and divinity of Jesus Christ;" and, therefore, though it still retains the form, colour, taste, and other properties of a wafer, the council commands it to be worshipped as God. The practice of the Roman church accords with the commands of the council; for in the mass, when the priest has consecrated his bit of paste, he worships it himself as God, and holds it up before the congregation that it may receive their adoration too, and if any individual fail to worship it with that supreme homage which is due to the Almighty Creator and Redeemer alone, he has the whole weight of the curse of the Trent council upon his back; though this need not trouble him, so long as it is written, "the curse causeless shall not come."

As the temple of the great goddess Diana, at Ephesus, had its Demetrius, so the great temple of Tuam has its idol maker. There is resident in that town a "craftsman" who makes wafers for the accommodation of the priests; but as those wafers are not supposed to possess any sanctity before they are consecrated, and

as men of like occupation with him of Ephesus are not insensible to their "gains," our Tuam Demetrius sells his wafers to the Protestant archbishop's registrar, by whom they are used for making those large seals which are affixed to licenses and other papers issuing from the episcopal office. Through that channel the wafer from which the above *fac simile* was taken came into the writer's possession.

Observe, then, reader, what an important personage our Tuam Demetrius must be in the eyes of his more devout Roman Catholic brethren. It is the prerogative of a king to single out an individual from his peers as the object of some honorary distinction; but all the prerogatives of royalty must "hide their diminished heads" when placed beside that of our Connaught artizan, who can select, from a promiscuous heap of his brittle manufacture, one favoured wafer to be God!

Extracts from the "Confession" of St. Patrick.

Ego Patricius peccator, rusticissimus et minimus omnium fidelium, et contemptibilissimus apud plurimos, patrem habui Calpornium diaconem, filium quondam Potiti Presbyteri, qui fuit in vico Bonavem Tabernæ; Villulam Enon propè habuit, ubi capturam dedi. Annorum eram tunc ferè sedecem. Deum verum ignorabam, et Hiberione in captivitate adductus sum, cum tot millibus hominum, secundum merita nostra, quia a Deo recessimus, et præcepta ejus non custodivimus, et sacerdotibus nostris non obedientes sumus, qui nostram salutem admonebant. Et Dominus induxit super nos iram animationis suæ et dispersit nos in gentibus nostris, etiam usque ad ultimum terræ, ubi nunc parvitas mea esse videtur inter alienigenas. Et ibi Dominus apperuit sensum incredulitatis meæ, ut, vel sera, rememorarem delicta mea et ut converterer toto corde ad Dominum Deum meum; qui repressit humilitatem meam, et misertus est adolescentiæ et ignorantiae meæ et custodivit me antequam scire Eum et antequam saperem vel distinguerem inter bonum et malum et munivit me et consolatus est me, ut pater filium.

Unde autem tacere non possum, neque expedit quidem tanta beneficia et tantam gratiam quam mihi. Dominus præstare dignatus (est) in terrâ captivitatis meæ, quia hæc est retributio

nostra, ut post correctionem vel agnitionem Dei exaltaremur, et confiteremur mirabilia ejus coram omni natione quae est sub omni coelo, quia non est alius Deus, nec unquam fuit nec erit post hunc, præter Deum patrem ingenitum, sine principio, a quo est omne principium omnia tenens (ut diximus) et hujus filium Jesum Christum quem cum patre scilicet fuisse semper testamur, ante originem seculi, spiritualiter apud patrem, inenarrabiliter genitum ante omne principium, et per ipsum facta sunt visibilia et invisibilia, hominum factum devicta morte, in celos ad patrem receptum. Et dedit illi omnem potestatem super omne nomen caelestium et terrestrium et infernorum, ut omnis lingua confiteatur, quia Dominus et Deus est Jesus Christus quem credimus et expectamus adventum ipsius, mox futurus Judex vivorum et mortuorum, qui reddet unicuique secundum facta sua, et insudit in nobis abunde Spiritus Sancti donum et pignus immortalitatis, qui facit credentes et obediētes, ut sint Filii Dei Patris cohæredes Christi, quem confitemur et adoramus unum Deum in Trinitate sacri nominis.

* * * *

Unde ego primus rusticus perfuga, indoctus scilicet qui, nescio in posterum providere; sed scio illud certissimè, quia utique priusquam humiliarer, ego eram velut lapis qui jacet in luto profundo, et venit qui potens est, et in suâ misericordiâ sustulit me, et quidem scilicet sursum adlevavit et collocavit me in summo pariete.

* * * *

In mensura itaque fidei Trinitatis oportet distinguere sine reprehensione periculi notum facere donum Dei et consolationem æternam sine timore fidutialiter Dei nomen nomine ubique expandere, ut etiam post obitum meum Gallicis relinquerem fratribus et filiis meis quos ego in Domino baptizavi, tot milia hominum. Et non eram dignus neque talis ut hoc Dominus servulo suo concederet post ærumnas et tantas moles, post captivitatem, post annos multos, in gentem illam tantam gratiam mihi donaret, quod ego aliquando in juventute mea nunquam speravi neque cogitavi.

Sed post quam Hiberionem deveneram, quotidie (igitur) pecora pascebam et frequens in die orabam, magis ac magis accedebat amor Dei et timor ipsius, et fides augebatur, et spiritus augebatur, ut in die unâ usque ad centum orationes, et in nocte prope simi-

liter; ut etiam in silvis et monte manebam et ante lucem excitabar ad orationem per nivem, per gelu, per pluviam, et nihil mali sentiebam neque ulla pigritia erat in me, sicut modo video quia tunc in me Spiritus fervebat.

Et ibi scilicet quadam nocte in somno audiui vocem dicentem mihi. "Bene jejunas citò iturus ad patriam tuam." Et iterum post paululum tempus, audiui responsum dicens mihi: "Ecce navis tua parata est." Et non erat propè, sed fortè habebat ducenta milia passus: et ibi numquam fueram, nec ibi notum quemquam de hominibus habebam. Et deinde post modum convertus sum in fugam, et intermisi hominem, cum quo fueram sex annia. Et veni in virtute Domini qui viam meam ad bonum dirigebat, et nihil metuebam donec perveni ad navem illam. Et illà (die) quâ perveni, profecta est navis de loco suo et locutus sum, ut haberem unde navigarem cum illis. Et gubernatori displicuit, et acriter cum indignatione respondit. "Nequaquam tu nobiscum adpetas ire?" Et cùm hæc audissem, separavi me ab illis, ut venirem ad tugureolum ubi hospitabam, et in itinere cepi orare, et antequam orationem consummare, audiui unum ex illis fortiter exclamantem post me: "Veni cito quia vocant te homines isti," et statim ad illos reversus sum, et coeperunt mihi dicere veni quia ex fide recipimus te, fac nobiscum amicitiam, quomodo volueris Veruntamque speravi ab illis ut mihi dicerent, "Veni in fide Jesu Christi, qui Gentes erant."

Et hoc obtinui cum illis (et protinus navigavimus) et post triduum terram cepimus, et viginti octo dies, per desertum iter fecimus et cibus defuit illis, et fames invaluit super eos. Et alia die cepit gubernator mihi dicere, "Quid Christiane dicis?" Deus tuus magnus et omnipotens est. Quare ergo non potes pro nobis orare, quia nos fame periclitamur? difficile est enim ut aliquem hominem unquam videamus." Ego enim evidenter dixi illis, "convertimini ex fide et ex toto corde ad Dominum Deum nostrum, quia nihil est illi impossibile, ut hodie cibum mittat vobis, in viam vestram, usque dum satiamini, quia ubique abundat illi." Et adjuvante Deo, ita factum est: Ecce grex porcorum in viâ ante oculos nostros apparuit: et multos ex illis interfecerunt, et ibi duas noctes manserunt bene refecti, et carne eorum relevati sunt, quia multi ex illis defecerunt, et secus viam semivivi derelicti sunt. Et post hæc summas gratias egerunt Deo, et ego honorificatus sum sub oculis eorum. (Et ex hâc die abundantur

cibum habuerunt). Etiam mel silvestre invenerunt, et mihi partem obtulerunt. Et unus ex illis dixit: "Hoc immolatitium est." Deo gratias. Exinde nihil gustavi. Eadem verò nocte, eram dormiens, et fortiter temptavit me Satanas, cujus memor ero quamdiu fuero in hoc corpore. Et cecidit super me veluti saxum ingens, et nihil membrorum meorum prævalens. Sed unde mihi venit, ignoro, in spiritum, ut Heliam vocarem: et inter hæc vidi in cælo solem oriri, et dum clamarem "Heliam, Heliam," viribus meis: ecce splendor solis decidit super me, et statim, discussit à me omnem gravitudinem. Et credo quòd à Christo Domino meo "(subventus sum et Spiritus ejus jam tunc) clamabat pro me, et spero quod sic erit in die pressuræ meæ, sicut in Evangelio, inquit: (in illa die) Dominus (testatur) non vos estis qui loquimini, sed Spiritus patris vestri qui loquitur in vobis.

* * * *

Et iterum post paucos annos in Britanniiis eram cum parentibus meis, qui me ut filium susceperunt et ex fide rogaverunt me, ut vel modo ego (post tantas tribulationes quas pertuli) nunquam ab illis discederem. Et ibi scilicet vidi in visu nocte virum venientem quasi de Hiberione, cui nomen Victoricius cum epistolis innumerabilibus, et dedit mihi unam ex illis, et legi principium epistolæ continentem "Vox Hiberionacum." Et dum recitabam principium epistolæ, putabam ipso momento, audire vocem ipsorum qui erant juxta sylvam Focluti, quæ est prope mare occidentale. Et sic exclamaverunt quasi ex uno ore: "Rogamus te sancte puer, ut venias et adhuc ambules inter nos." Et valde compunctus sum corde et amplius non potui legere; et sic expergefactus sum. Deo gratias, quia post annos plurimos præstitit illis Dominos, secundum clamorem eorum.

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Et quando temptatus sum ad aliquantis senioribus meis qui venerunt et peccata mea contra laboriosum episcopatum meum: utique in illo die fortiter impulsus sum ut caderem hic et in æternum. Sed Dominus pepercit proselito et peregrino, propter nomen suum benignè et valde mihi subvenit, in hac conculcatione, quod in labem et in opprobrium non malè deveni. Deum oro ut non illis in peccatum reputetur occasio. Post annos triginta invenerunt me et adversus verbum quod confessus fueram, antiquam essem Diaconus, propter anxietatem, infesto animo insinavi amicissimo meo, quæ in pueritia meâ, una die

gesseram, immo in una horâ, qui nec dum prævalebam. Nescio, Deus scit, si habeam tunc annos quindecim et Deum vivum non credebam, neque ex infantia mea, sed in morte et in incredulitate mansi, donec valde castigatus sum, et in veritate humilitatus sum à fame et nuditate, et quotidie. Contra Hiberionem non sponte pergebam, donec propé deficiebam. Sed hoc potiùs benè mihi fuit quia ex hoc emendatus sum à Domino et aptavit me ut hodiè essem quod aliquandò longè à me erat, ut ego curas haberem aut satagerem pro salute aliorum: quando tunc etiam de me ipso non cogitabam.

* * * *

Fortè autem quando baptizavi tot milie hominum, speraverim ad aliquo illorum vel dimidium scriptulæ. Dicite mihi et reddam vobis: aut quando ordinavit Dominus clericos per modicitatem meam et ministerium, gratis distribui illis, si poposci ab aliquo illorum vel pretium calceamenti mei, dicite adversus me, et reddam vobis.

* * * *

Quapropter non contingunt mihi à deo meo, ut unquam amittam plebem suam quam adquisivi in ultimis terræ. Oro Deum ut det mihi perseverantiam, et dignetur ut reddam illi fidelem, usque ad transitum meum propter Deum meum. Et si aliquid boni unquam imitatus sum propter Deum meum quem diligo, peto illum det mihi, ut cum illis proselytis et captivis, pro nomine sua, effundam sanguinem meum, et si ipse etiam caream sepulturâ aut miserimè cadaver per singula membra dividatur canibus, aut bestiis asperis aut volucres cœli comederint illud. Certissime reor, si mihi hoc incurrisset, lucratus sum animam cum corpore meo; Quia sine ulla dubitatione, in die illa resurgemus in claritate solis, hoc est in gloria Christi Jesu Redemptoris nostri, filii Dei vivi, et cohæredes Christi et conformes futuræ imaginis ipsius. Quoniam ex ipso, et per ipsum, et in ipso regnaturi sumus. Nam sol iste quem videmus Deo jubente, propter nos quotidie oritur sed nunquam regnabit neque permanebit splendor ejus. Sed et omnes qui adorant eum, in pœnam miseri male devenient. Nos autem credimus et adoramus Solem verum Christum qui nunquam interrebit, neque qui facit voluntatem ipsius sed manebit in æternam; qui regnat cum Deo patre omnipotente et cum Spiritu Sancto, ante secula, et nunc, et per omnia secula seculorum. Amen.

Ecce iterum iterumque breviter exponam verba confessionis meae. Testificor in veritate et in exultatione cordis, coram Deo et sanctis angelis ejus, quia nunquā habui aliquam occasionem, præter Evangelium et promissa illius ut unquam redderem ad gentem illam, unde autem prius vix evaseram.

Sed precor credentibus et timentibus Deum, quicumque dignatus fuerit inspicere vel recipere hanc scripturam quam Patricius peccator (indoctus scilicet) Hiberione conscripsit ut nemo unquam dicat quod mea ignorantia sed aliquid pusillum ego vel demonstraverim secundum Dei placitum. Sed arbitramini et verissime credatur, quod donum Dei fuisset. Et hæc est Confessio mea, antequā moriar.

ORIGIN OF THE WORSHIP OF THE IDOL IN FLANNEL AT INISKEA.

23rd August, 1855.

Dear Sir,—I respectfully beg to state, for your information, that I have made inquiries of the people of Iniskea, Erris, and Achill, as to the cause of the people of Iniskea and Erris worshipping the idol-stone called in the Irish language "Noomh on," and also its supposed age. Their answers are as follows: "There are none living who can state its age; but one thing we know, that it is more than one hundred years old; and the reason it was set up for adoration was, there came a great thunder-storm on the island of Eniskea on one occasion, when there was a young woman looking for some cattle; and when she saw the storm, thunder, and lightning coming towards her, she took refuge under this stone, which, she stated, saved her from the lightning and thunder then threatening her; and on her announcing how she was saved from the lightning and thunder, the islanders immediately proceeded to the place where the stone was, and brought it home, and dressed it in a flannel suit of clothes; and all the people collected together to return it their sincere thanks for saving the young woman in question, which practice has been continued up to the present day. The priests are very much inclined to keep it from the eyes of Protestants, for fear they should insult it, as they state. It was dressed in a suit of new flannel last week, because they were expecting the Romish bishop, Dr. M'Hale.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,



